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A COLLECTION OF TALES FROM UJI

A Study and Translation of Uji Shui Monogatari

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To

MY WIFE

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PREFACE

This book is a revised version of a doctoral dissertation presented some years ago at the University of London. The major revision has been the inclusion of a complete translation of the *Uji shūi monogatari* in place of the summaries which the dissertation contained. Other revisions have been made mainly to take account of more recent Japanese research. Since the war, and particularly in the last fifteen years, the field of tale literature studies in Japan has developed out of all recognition. There is so much interest in it that a nation-wide Society for the Study of Tale Literature was set up in 1962, and research is being carried on in many centres and by many scholars.

Until 1965, only a few individual *Uji shūi* tales had been translated. Unfortunately, the partial translation then published in *Monumenta Nipponica*, despite its charm of style, contains a number of grave inaccuracies. The present translation is the first complete English version of the work, or indeed of any such tale collection.

The general reader will, I hope, find adequate background material for the reading of the translation in the first three chapters. But the problems of the study of Japanese tale literature are so complicated, the literature on it is so vast and the subject is so little known to Western specialists in Japanese literature that in the remainder of my study I have not hesitated to discuss in detail questions of dating, authorship and the interrelationships of the main tale collections, or to go into technicalities of language etc.

The publication of this book has been made possible by a grant from the Publications Committee of the Faculty of Oriental Studies in the University of Cambridge, and for this I am very grateful.

I wish to acknowledge my gratitude also to Professor (now Professor Emeritus) F. J. Daniels of the University of London for his guidance and criticism of my work as my thesis supervisor; to Professor J. Nagano of Rikkyō University, Tokyo, for his kindness and patience in answering my myriad questions on the interpretation of difficult points in the text; and to the Center for Japanese and Korean Studies at the University of California, Berkeley, for their generous grant from research funds to pay the cost of typing the original manuscript.

Cambridge, October 1969 D.E.M.

ABBREVIATIONS

The titles of the four most frequently mentioned collections of tales are abbreviated in relation to story numbers as follows:

US	*Uji shūi monogatari*
KM	*Konjaku monogatari(shū)*
UGS	*Uchigikishū*
KSS	*Kohon setsuwashū*

Elsewhere, they are abbreviated as *Uji shūi*, *Konjaku*, *Uchigiki* and *Kohon* respectively.

The titles of two important works of reference are abbreviated as follows:

NBD	*Nihon bungaku daijiten*, ed. Fujimura Tsukuru
NBS	*Nihon bungakushi*, ed. Hisamatsu Sen'ichi

In addition, the titles of a number of books and articles which are cited several times are given in their full form only on their first appearance, and thereafter in a shortened form; for example, **Katayose**, *Kenkyū* (for *Konjaku monogatarishū no kenkyū*), and **Kawaguchi**, '*Konjaku to Kohon*' (for '*Konjaku monogatarishū* to *Kohon setsuwashū* ni tsuite'). The place of publication for all Japanese works cited in the footnotes is Tokyo.

INTRODUCTION

Uji shūi monogatari is a collection of just under two hundred short tales, usually thought to have been compiled in the early thirteenth century. It ranks as one of the most important works of its kind, along with the much larger *Konjaku monogatari*, with which it has a fairly close but obscure relationship.

The type of literature which these two works represent flourished particularly in the Heian and Kamakura periods (794–1191, 1192–1333) and is called by the Japanese *setsuwa bungaku*, 'tale literature'. This term describes a wide range of works having often little in common beyond the fact that the tales which they contain are relatively short, very rarely more than a handful of pages and sometimes only a few lines long. The category of 'tale literature' embraces Buddhist and secular works, works in Chinese and others in Japanese, works with some literary merit and others with none, works whose stories are limited to one basic theme and others, perhaps the most interesting of all, which range over a whole gamut of themes. *Uji shūi* is an example of this last type. Formerly it was overshadowed by, and discussed mostly in connection with, *Konjaku*. Even when it became recognized as more than just a supplement to *Konjaku*, it was considered to have borrowed close on half its material from the larger work. This view is no longer tenable, and it is clear that though no study of *Uji shūi* can be made without considering its relationship to *Konjaku*, it will in future be studied much more for its own sake, and not simply as an aid to the study of *Konjaku*. It is in this spirit that I approach the work myself.

As I have indicated, the term 'tale literature' is vague. I use it because it is the term always used by Japanese scholars, but it is difficult to define. In the following chapter, I shall outline the historical development of the kind of literature in question and briefly describe the individual works which are usually classed under this head. Nevertheless, it is desirable to attempt to define tale literature in general terms, if only to say what it is not.

The article on *setsuwa bungaku* by Shimazu Hisamoto in *NBD*[1] sets up four categories to which the term may be applied. The first is that of 'tales in a broad sense (as treated in the science of folk-tales, i.e., myths, legends and children's fairy-stories), when considered as a type of literature'; the second consists of 'oral traditions, legends, etc., when given literary expression and not simply recorded as source-material'; the third is 'literature cast in tale form and largely made up of material from tales'. In the latter sense, works like *Taketori monogatari* are, as Shimazu says, sometimes called 'tale literature', while the term may be applied, in senses one or two, to *Kojiki*, *Nihon shoki* and parts of the *Fudoki*. Yet in fact it is not commonly so applied, but is mostly used of Shimazu's fourth category of 'groups of tales gathered together in literary form, that is, literature whose main structural feature is that it consists of a collection of tales'. Here, he says, the term is used in a double sense, either meaning collections or groupings of individual items of tale literature, or referring to the fact that the groups of tales brought together can claim, as a whole, to be part of literature and works in their own right.

---

[1] IV, 317-18.

Though somewhat obscurely expressed, this is a useful analysis, but Shimazu seems to me to go too far when, in attempting a comprehensive definition of tale literature, he says that it consists of

> works in which a certain degree of literary consciousness has been brought to bear on tales of the kind studied by folklorists, and which have come to possess a simple primitive literary form and content—that is, books in the realm of folk literature, books which have not yet reached the realm of pure literature (where the creative consciousness of an individual author is at work).

It is true that tale literature is not creative art, in the usual sense of the term:

> the writer uses some design in the collection and choice of tales and expends some effort on the shaping of the work, but he usually has no responsibility, as an individual author, for the tales themselves; only through the literary qualities of the writer or his literary and scientific attitude when recording the stories or through his powers of expression can any literary flavor be given to these collections of tales...

But Shimazu seems here to mislead the reader into the impression that all tale literature consists of tales of the kind studied by folklorists. That is certainly not true of most of the collections (falling into his fourth category) with which I shall deal.

Let us look for a moment at the word *setsuwa*, which I have translated simply as 'tale'. It is of modern coinage and will not be found in the titles of any old collections (except *Kohon setsuwashū*, which is, however, a makeshift title given to a recently-discovered work whose original title is unknown). It is said[1] to have been coined as a Japanese equivalent for the Western 'folk-tale, fairy-tale, Märchen', as distinct from 'legend' (*densetsu*) and 'myth' (*shinwa*). But whatever the sense in which it was originally used, it now retains little of this specialized meaning. In the first place, it is not restricted to Märchen, being used as a general term for the kinds of narrative of which all folk-tales consist, whatever their category, and in the second, it is used of stories which cannot in any sense be classed as folk-tales. Thus the episodes from Chinese history that one finds interpolated in Kamakura war-tales, or anecdotes about life at the Japanese Imperial Court are described as *setsuwa*, no less than conventional fairy-tales. Folk-tales, we may say, are *setsuwa*, but *setsuwa* are not necessarily folk-tales.

In the collections with which I shall be concerned, there is undoubtedly much to interest the student of folk-tales, occasionally even stories of the conventional *mukashibanashi* or fairy-tale type. But such stories are relatively very few. As for Japanese mythology, it scarcely finds a place at all, for reasons that are perhaps fairly obvious, when one considers the predominant position of Buddhism in the society of the period in question. In fact, Buddhist tales of various kinds, from lives of famous priests to miracle-tales, form by far the largest proportion of the whole. The next largest group is that of tales of everyday life, both at Court and in the world outside, including tales which illustrate, mostly in a nostalgic search for precedents, the manners and customs of former times. Whatever the folk elements in these collections, therefore, they can clearly not be described purely and simply as 'folk literature'. Above all, the students of folk-tales must treat their material with reserve because it is frequently difficult to know what part oral tradition, as opposed to written sources, played in their compilation.

A brief comment is necessary, I think, on Shimazu's use of the word 'primitive', referring to the form and content of tale literature. Taken together with his talk of 'folk literature', it might give the reader the impression that tale literature is a product of the unsophisticated and uneducated. This is far from the truth, since the compilers, as we shall see, were largely courtiers and priests. It is true that many collections are primitive in the sense that they are put together with a minimum of literary artifice. At one time, Japanese scholars were almost unanimous in dismissing all tale literature as of no strictly literary value. But the more modern, and particularly the post-war, view is that the best of these collections have positive literary qualities which merit consideration.

It is important to realize that the world of the *setsuwa* is not some fantastic or outlandish area remote from real life. Above all, while its appeal could scarcely be more different in kind from that of the more artistic literary products of the Court circle, the world of tale literature was as much a part of their life as it was for any other section of society. Without a proper realization of this fact, I think that it is impossible to gain a truly rounded picture of Court society and the background to their refined literary art. Unfortunately not only the vast range but also the true nature of tale literature is all but unknown to foreign students of Japan. In order that the position of a work like *Uji shūi* may be understood, therefore, it is necessary to give an outline of the development of the field from its beginnings in early Heian to some hundred years after *Uji shūi*.

---

[1] *NBS*, I, 92. I reproduce the three European equivalents there given, though 'folk-tale' is in fact a wider term than the other two.

1

AN OUTLINE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF TALE LITERATURE IN JAPAN TO THE END OF THE KAMAKURA PERIOD (1333)

The oldest extant work of tale literature in Japan (in the sense in which that term is usually used by historians of Japanese literature, namely, describing works of the type comprised by Shimazu's fourth category) is a Buddhist work of the early ninth century, and for many centuries thereafter Buddhist collections continued to be made. Indeed, more than half of the extant collections from the period up to 1333 are purely Buddhist, and if the Buddhist tales in works of mixed content are taken into account, the proportion of Buddhist tales to all others in these collections must be nearly two to one. The secular tales[1] are of two main types, tales of Heian Court-life, and popular tales or local legends.

It will be convenient to treat the Buddhist and secular streams of tale literature separately, rather than to observe a strictly chronological order over the whole field. (A summary list of the works discussed in this chapter[2] will be found in Table 1, on pp. 437–8.) Whatever arrangement one adopts, however, the starting-point must be the early-ninth-century *Nihon ryōiki* (or *reiiki*),[3] by a priest of the Yakushi-ji named Kyōkai. As the full title of this collection, *Nihonkoku genpō zen'aku ryōiki*, shows, it was designed to illustrate with Japanese examples how in this present life virtue and faith are rewarded and sin and unbelief punished. We do not know whether *Ryōiki*, written probably in 821 or 822, was the first work of its kind in Japan. It contains references[4] which show that there already existed personal accounts by individuals of miracles which had happened to them. These references in fact tell us very little, but we do know from the preface to the first book of *Ryōiki* that the collection was modelled on Chinese works. After referring to two such works,[1] the author says, 'Why should only the records of another country be held in reverence and the miraculous happenings in our own land not believed?' As a Japanese counterpart to these two Chinese collections, therefore, he has assembled over a hundred stories, arranged in three books.[2] These stories are arranged roughly in chronological order and cover the period from the reign of Yūryaku, *c.* 456–79, to that of Saga, 809–23, but almost one-third of them deal with the reign of Shōmu, 724–48, and another third with the reigns of Kōken, 749–58, and Kōnin, 770–81. To what extent Kyōkai may have drawn on existing Japanese accounts we do not know. There is at least occasional evidence that he made some use of written records; nevertheless, it is clear from the prefaces to both the first and second books that much of *Ryōiki* was compiled from what Kyōkai had heard, rather than read. Though he is usually described as a priest of the Yakushi-ji, it is probable that he was in earlier life not officially recognized as a priest, and lived and worked among the people, instead of in a temple.[3] Thus he did not live the secluded life of the cloister, but was in close contact with the people and must have had ample opportunity of hearing popular legends about Buddhism in Japan.

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[1] The use of the term 'secular' here should not be taken as implying that Buddhist collections were necessarily the work of clerics.

[2] The principal secondary sources used in the preparation of this outline were:

(a) *NBD*;

(b) *NBS*, i–iii;

(c) Nomura Hachirō, *Kamakura jidai bungaku shinron* (1922; 8th ed. 1942);

(d) Nomura Hachirō, *Kinko jidai setsuwa bungaku ron* (1935);

(e) Masuda Katsumi, *Setsuwa bungaku to emaki* (1960).

[3] The commoner pronunciation of the title is *Nihon ryōiki*, although *NBD* gives the reading *Nihon reiiki*. It is thought possible that some of this collection may not be the work of Kyōkai (see *NBS*, ii, 50). There is a complete translation of *Ryōiki* into German by H. Bohner, 'Legenden aus der Frühzeit des japanischen Buddhismus', *Mitteilungen der deutschen Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens* (1934–5).

[4] Mentioned in *NBS*, ii, 48.

The fact that *Ryōiki* was compiled to a great extent from oral traditions gives the work considerable importance. It also helps to account for the presence in it of some stories which have no apparent connection with Buddhism, though even these are used to point a moral. It may even explain why the style of the work is not uniform. The language throughout is Chinese, but parts of it are considered to show clearly the influence of Japanese.[4]

---

[1] (*a*) *Ming pao chi*, a collection in two books of stories about the workings of karma from the Sui and T'ang periods, compiled by T'ang Lin between 650 and 655. Of this work, lost at an early date in China, several texts have survived in Japan. They are discussed by Katayose Masayoshi in *Konjaku monogatari-shū no kenkyū*, I (1943), 345–91. (*b*) *Pan-jo yen-chi*, an abbreviation of *Chin-kang pan-jo ching chi yen-chi*; not extant either in China or Japan. Compiled by Mêng Hsien-chung in 718. (See *NBS*, II, 48.)

[2] The text of Kariya Ekisai has one hundred and twelve stories, with thirty-one, forty-two and thirty-nine in the respective books, but the recently discovered Kōfuku-ji text of the first book adds four to the total, making in all one hundred and sixteen.

[3] I.e., he was one of what were known as *jido sōni* or *shido-sō*. According to *NBS*, II, 52, this is probable because *jido sōni* occurs so frequently in *Ryōiki*. The term *shido sō* is used by Masuda. In his discussion (*Bunka*, 80 ff.) of the *shido-sō* element in *Ryōiki*, he states as a fact that Kyōkai had been one.

[4] *NBS*, II, 54–5. In these sections, which it is thought probably have an oral source, the compiler's descriptive technique seems to be superior to that in the other sections. At the end of each story, there appear notes on the Japanese readings of certain expressions. It is not known whether these are original and thus indicate that *Ryōiki* was intended from the first to be read as Japanese. That they may be original is suggested by the fact that they appear as early as 904, in the oldest extant manuscript, the Kōfuku-ji text of the first book.

The importance of *Ryōiki* in the development of tale literature, both directly, in the sense that later works such as *Sambō-e* and *Konjaku* borrowed material from it,[1] and indirectly, can hardly be overestimated. It established in Japan a genre of tale collections of a kind which had long been prevalent in China and is ultimately traceable back to India. Buddhist Scripture is full of tales giving concrete illustrations of the wonder of the faith and the marvels which it can bring about, and it was inevitable that there should grow up, alongside the translated Indian tales, records of the Buddhist miracles which had taken place in China. *Ryōiki* mentions only two Chinese works, but already by the eighth century there existed in China a considerable body of such literature. Kyōkai set out to compile a work which should do the same for Japan as its Chinese models had for China. Its tales, therefore, are all ostensibly records of happenings in Japan, though on occasion they are closely modelled on Chinese tales.

Two things stand out in all *Ryōiki* tales, the importance of the miraculous, supernatural element and the fact that they convey their message in the simplest terms. We are a whole world away from the austere philosophy of Hīnayāna Buddhism, in which salvation is achieved only as a result of a long process of self-discipline. Here the rewards of faith and the punishment for sin or unbelief are immediate, coming in this present life, by miraculous means. In *Ryōiki* we are not yet at the most popular, Amidist stage of Buddhist belief, wherein a single invocation of the Holy Name can save the veriest sinner. But the essence of its doctrine is simple in the extreme. These tales contain no abstruse arguments or profound doctrines. They are simple illustrations of a few basic Buddhist beliefs. This doctrinal simplicity, one might even say crudity, persists throughout the Buddhist tale literature of the Heian and Kamakura periods.

Although there is no extant work of any real significance in the history of tale literature between *Ryōiki* and *Sambō-e*, which was completed in 984, we cannot of course say with certainty that no such work was produced in the century and a half between these two collections. All that can be said is that such fragmentary material of the *Ryōiki* type as has been preserved does not represent an advance on its predecessor. Of *Nihon kanreiroku*, thought to have been compiled not long after 848 by a priest of the Gangō-ji named Gishō, and originally composed of fifty-eight stories of miracles connected with various great temples, only fifteen stories remain. According to Masuda,[1] who quotes a passage from one story with the original Chinese translated into Japanese, these are closely similar to stories in *Ryōiki*, but lack the latter's interest and realism.

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[1] It should be noted, however, that there is only one *Uji shūi* parallel (Story 93) with *Ryōiki*, which is not close. It is curious that *Konjaku* in several places has consecutive runs of *Ryōiki* stories broken by, or adjacent to, stories which have parallels in *Uji shūi*, e.g., in Book 14, Nos. 26–8, 30–4 and 36–8 all correspond with *Ryōiki* stories, while Nos. 29 and 35 are in *Uji shūi* but not *Ryōiki*. Again, in Book 20, Nos. 10–13, 34, 39 and 43–4 are *Uji shūi* parallels but 15, 33, 37–8 and 41–2 are *Ryōiki* parallels, while in Book 23, Nos. 13–16 and 20–4 are *Uji shūi* parallels but 17–18 are *Ryōiki* parallels.

It must be mentioned that this period saw the beginning of the long series of *engi*, or stories recording the circumstances in which various temples were founded. *Daian-ji engi* was produced in 895, *Hasedera engi* in 896, and those of Kōfuku-ji and Yakushi-ji in 900.[2] There had in fact been temple records in the Nara period whose titles contained the word *engi*,[3] but the narrative element in these was in the nature of an appendix, the main purpose being to record the property of the temple. The *engi* of the ninth century and after were of a quite different kind. As source-books for other tale collections, they are not without interest to the student of tale literature, but they have little claim to literary status in their own right until the late Heian period, since they lack the human interest which is the chief virtue of tales originating, like those of *Ryōiki*, among the people. According to Masuda,[4] they are of little value as literature because they are handed down from above, as it were, by the priests of a particular temple, who were interested primarily in boosting the reputation of their own temple and its Buddha or Bodhisattva.

The first work of real interest after *Ryōiki*, then, is *Sambō-e* (or *Sambō ekotoba*). Indeed this is of particular interest because, unlike all too many works of tale literature, it was compiled for a specific purpose which is explicitly stated in its preface, and also because it appears to be the first collection of its kind written in Japanese, rather than Chinese. It is true that of the three extant old manuscripts the only complete one, dated 1230, is written entirely in a kind of Chinese, using no *kana* at all, but the other two, one of which is earlier (1120), are in Japanese, using a mixture of *kana* and Chinese characters. The earliest of the three unfortunately consists of fragments amounting to only about one-third of the whole, but it is thought to be closest in form to the original. Certainly it seems very likely that this is so, seeing

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[1] *Emaki*, 129–30.
[2] The information about the *engi* mentioned here is derived mainly from *NBD*. 1, 317.
[3] E.g., *Hōryū-ji garan engi narabi ni ryūki shizai chō* (747).
[4] *Emaki*, 130.

that *Sambō-e* was written for the use of a lady of the middle Heian period; it was compiled by Minamoto Tamenori for Princess Takako, second daughter of the Emperor Reizei. This lady had been a consort of the Emperor En'yū but later took religious vows, possibly because she no longer found favour. She died three years later, in 985, aged just under twenty. Tamenori makes clear in his preface that he has aimed to provide the Princess with an outline of Buddhism which is not only instructive but will replace for her the kind of fictional tales in which ladies delight. To this end he has set down stories in as simple a style as possible. As the title shows, the original was illustrated. Indeed, it may be that the text was no more important than the pictures, possibly even less, which would be an additional reason for the simplicity of the style. Certainly the attempt to simplify and to use language more easily grasped by a woman is evident in the stories in the second book which are based directly on *Ryōiki*.

The collection contains sixty-two stories, and is in three books, each devoted to one of the 'Three Treasures' of the title, the Buddha, the Law, and the Priesthood. The first consists of thirteen jātaka stories, telling of previous births of Śākyamuni and mostly illustrating the six virtues, the *haramitsu* or pāramitās. The second contains eighteen stories of the development of Buddhism in Japan, from Prince Shōtoku onwards, and the third has thirty-one stories recounting the origin of the various Buddhist services held in the course of the year.

If *Sambō-e* was indeed written in Japanese, this was almost certainly because it was compiled for a special purpose. It was thus exceptional. The normal medium used by men was Chinese, as for instance in a work written at almost the same time (985–6), *Nihon ōjō gokuraku-ki*, by Yoshishige Yasutane. It is therefore surprising to find that a collection called *Jizō bosatsu reigenki*, generally accepted as having been compiled in the first half of the eleventh century, though it may contain some later interpolations, is written in the mixed style of Japanese known as *wakan konkōbun*, which is characteristic of the late Heian period and was the forerunner of the language of the Kamakura war-tales. However, it has recently been shown,[1] through a comparison of stories in this work with the versions of them in *Konjaku*, that the original text of this work was in Chinese, and that the present text derives from a Muromachi-period manuscript in which the original Chinese is translated into Japanese. This incomplete collection[2] of twenty-five tales extolling the virtues of faith in the Bodhisattva Jizō and illustrating his miraculous power was written by the chief priest of the Mii-dera, Jitsuei. Nothing is known about Jitsuei except what is revealed in the first story in this work, in which he himself figures. Since it mentions the year 1033, in which he is said to have found an old statue of Jizō, Nomura[1] concludes that the collection was probably compiled at some time during the period covered by the reigns of Go-Ichijō, Go-Suzaku and Go-Reizei, that is, 1016–68.

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[1] See *ibid.* 136–7.
[2] The existing text preserves only the first book, with nine stories, and the second, with sixteen, of the original three.

As *Jizō bosatsu reigenki* deals with Jizō and his power, so the work known as (*Dai Nihon* or *Honchō*) *Hokke genki*, written by the priest Chingen[2] of Mt Hiei in 1041, deals with the power and virtue of the Lotus Sūtra. Its three books contain one hundred and twenty-seven stories in Chinese about Japanese people from the time of Prince Shōtoku onwards in whose lives the Lotus Sūtra had worked wonders. This is a collection of some importance in the history of tale literature, being the source of a number of stories in *Konjaku*.

Like *Ryōiki*, it is a conscious attempt to produce a collection of Japanese stories to emulate a Chinese model, in this case the T'ang-period *Fa-hua yen-chi*, by I-chi. Unlike *Ryōiki*, however, it does not limit itself to one theme. It deals not only with rewards in this life, but also with salvation or rebirth (*ōjō*) either in the Tuṣita heaven or in Amida's Paradise. In that its stories all relate the lives of people who have experienced the saving power of Buddhism, it bears some resemblance to the collections of *ōjōden*, or biographies of persons who have achieved rebirth in Paradise; there is a whole series of these, beginning with *Nihon ōjō gokuraku-ki*, the work mentioned above in passing. The difference is certainly not great, only that *ōjōden* stories always end with the subject being welcomed into Paradise, whereas *Hokke genki* does not necessarily treat of the end of its subjects' lives. Nevertheless, *Hokke genki* is not usually considered as belonging to the category of *ōjōden*.

Nihon ōjō gokuraku-ki[3] was compiled in 985–6, at almost the same time as *Sambō-e*. The forty-five biographies which it contains go back in time as far as Prince Shōtoku, that is, to the beginnings of Buddhism as a serious force in Japan. They are based partly on historical sources, but also on information gathered from the lips of old people. If Yasutane's work had any immediate successors, they are no longer extant. Probably there were none, since the next extant work in this genre,

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[1] *Kinko*, 85.

[2] Masuda, *Bunki*, 143, mentions the existence of fragments of or quotations from other works with the same or almost the same title.

[3] The information on this and the following *ōjōden* is taken largely from *NBD*, 1, 348–9.

Zoku honchō ōjōden, though of considerably later date, is clearly a supplement to an earlier collection, perhaps to *Gokuraku-ki*. Its date is not known, but as it was written by the famous Ōe Masafusa, who died in 1111, it cannot be later than that date. It has forty-two biographies, some of them from a period later than *Gokuraku-ki*.

Zoku honchō ōjōden was followed by two further supplements, *Shūi ōjōden* and *Go-Shūi ōjōden*, containing ninety-four and eighty-two stories respectively. These again can be dated only approximately, according to the death of the author, Miyoshi Tameyasu, in 1139. The stories with which they supplement Masafusa's work are by no means all from a later period. *Shūi ōjōden*, for instance, though it goes up to the early twelfth century, also goes back as far as 768. A further supplement to all these was *Sangai ōjōden*, by a priest named Renzen, and this was followed by *Honchō shinshū ōjōden*, which contains biographies extending up to 1151. The late Heian period seems indeed to have been the most prolific in this type of work, but the genre continued for a long time thereafter, even into the Tokugawa period.[1]

If tale literature had never passed beyond the stage of these flat and stereotyped recitals in Chinese of Buddhist miracles (or of similarly uninterestingly told non-Buddhist anecdotes), it would have no claim to serious consideration as part of Japanese literature, unless 'literature' is taken to include all written documents. But the late Heian period saw two important developments in this field. One was that the vernacular language came into common use in tale collections, making possible narratives of much greater liveliness and realism than could have been achieved in the dry Chinese style commonly used by men, for example, in diaries. In part, this development is associated with the growth of the mixed style, *wakan konkōbun*.[2] The early stages in the development of this style are best illustrated in the twelfth-century *Konjaku*. However, even in *Konjaku* the style varies somewhat in different parts of the work, and certainly the Japanese used in tale collections of this period is not necessarily *wakan konkōbun*. The language of *Kohon* (and indeed of *Uji shūi*, compiled in its present form a century later than *Konjaku*) is rather in the tradition of Heian *monogatari*, though more colloquial and vigorous, probably very close to the language of tales as they were transmitted by word of mouth.

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[1] *NBD*, for instance, lists several *ōjōden* collections from the late seventeenth century, and shows too that several of these Heian works appeared in Tokugawa printed editions.

[2] Strictly speaking, *wakan konkōbun* includes any style in which Chinese and Japanese elements are mixed, whether Chinese with a slight admixture of Japanese, or Japanese containing many Chinese words and turns of expression, like the language of Kamakura war-tales. I use the term here in the latter sense. For the other style (that of diaries and, later, official documents), the term *hentai kanbun*, 'abnormal Chinese', is often used.

The second major feature of tale literature in the late Heian period is the emergence of collections which are no longer confined to one type of theme, that is to say, in which the religious and the secular both play significant parts. The most notable example is again *Konjaku*, which incorporates elements from every conceivable type of tale literature; its size and vast range are such that Japanese scholars proudly claim for it a place among the really great tale collections of the world. It has an extremely strong element of Buddhist propaganda, but there is so much besides that it cannot be classified simply as a Buddhist work, and it will be most convenient to defer description of it until after the 'pure' streams of tale literature, Buddhist and secular, have been considered separately. Partly for the same reason, but particularly because they have certain close relationships with *Konjaku* and/or with each other, I propose to leave aside for consideration along with *Konjaku* three other works of mixed content, *Kohon* (also twelfth century), *Kojidan* (1212–15), and the main object of our study, *Uji shūi*.

To return then to Buddhist works. It should not be supposed that because Chinese continued to be used in *ōjōden* the use of Japanese in the twelfth century was confined to mixed or non-Buddhist collections. There are extant two very interesting examples of Buddhist literature from the early part of the century written in Japanese, *Hokke shuhō ippyakuza kikigaki-shō* (commonly referred to as *Hokke hyakuza* or *Hyakuza hōdan*), and *Uchigikishū*. Both works have only comparatively recently been published, the former in 1934 and the latter in 1927. Their special interest for us lies in the fact that one is a recording of, and the other may be notes for use in, sermons.

Hokke hyakuza was certainly compiled from notes of sermons preached in the course of a hundred-day sūtra-reading ceremony at the Daian-ji in 1110, held under the patronage of an Imperial Princess thought to have been Fujiwara Sadako. It is not known when the notes were written up. The present text is not the original but a copy believed to have been made not later than the end of the Heian period. Although the nucleus of each sermon is a tale or tales, these tales are quite short and form only a part of the whole, illustrating the points which the preacher makes with examples from India, China and Japan. Thus *Hokke hyakuza* is not a tale collection in the same sense as the other works we have been considering. I have had the good fortune to read an unpublished translation of this work, by Joachim Glaubitz.[1] As regards the language of the work, Glaubitz comments that there is a considerable difference in style between the sermons proper and the stories embedded in them, the latter being much less literary. The whole, however, is written out in the same way, in a mixture of Chinese characters and *katakana*.

Uchigikishū, though probably written at about the same period as *Hokke hyakuza*, uses a development of the '*senmyō*' style, that is, with the *katakana* which accompany the Chinese characters written small, and where several *kana* follow one another, divided into two lines, and with the Chinese order of characters preserved in certain phrases. On account of the many *ate-ji* and strange uses of characters it is thought that the existing text may be, as the title implies, exactly as jotted down by some person who heard the stories told. The collection comprises twenty-seven items, two of which consist of one line only. The manuscript, which is written on the reverse side of used paper on which certain dates appear, the latest being 1111, seems from a statement on the cover[1] to be a copy made in 1134 and owned by a priest of Mt Hiei named Eigen. It is usually assumed that Eigen was not only the owner of the manuscript but had made the copy himself. It is not thought that this was the original manuscript and that Eigen was the author, since certain corrections and erasures suggest that the writer was copying.

The style of the stories in *Uchigiki* is such that they have little literary value. But the collection is of importance in the study of the knottiest problem in the field of tale literature—the relationship of *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*. Twenty-two of its twenty-seven stories have similarities, some very close, with items in *Konjaku*, and nine with items in *Uji shūi*.[2] Four of the items in *Uji shūi* are not in *Konjaku*. Moreover, in the stories common to all three, the wording of *Uchigiki* is on the whole closer to that of *Uji shūi* than to that of *Konjaku*. Comparison with the recently published *Kohon* shows that two of its stories correspond with items in *Uchigiki*.

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[1] My information on *Hokke hyakuza* is derived largely from Glaubitz's doctoral dissertation, presented at the University of Hamburg in 1958 (see Bibliography). Note that the work has attracted considerable attention from Japanese scholars recently, and one learned journal, *Ōchō bungaku*, has devoted two special numbers to articles on it (May and October 1963).

[1] This reads 'From the entry into Nirvāṇa of the Buddha to the third year of Chōshō (1134) is 2083 years, from the founding of the Central Hall to the third year of Chōshō is 347 years—The priest Eigen.' The manuscript also bears the words 'lower book'. It is impossible, of course, to determine from this alone whether the original was in two or three books. But it is still possible that it was in one, since the fourteenth-century bibliography *Honchō shojaku mokuroku* lists an *Uchigiki* [*sic*] in one book. This may be a different work, but there is a strong presumption that it is the same, since it is listed between two other works of tale literature, *Gōdanshō* and *Kojidan*.

[2] Since I have counted the admittedly very brief and fragmentary *Uchigiki* item No. 25 as having some similarity to items in *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku*, my figures differ from those (twenty-one and eight respectively) given by Nakajima Etsuji in the introduction to his commentary on *Uchigiki* in *Uji shūi monogatari shinshaku* (1928), 500–3. The figures given by Hashimoto in his introduction to *Uchigiki* (1927) are different again (twenty and seven respectively).

With the next work, *Hōbutsushū* (*c.* 1178–9), as with several subsequent works in the Buddhist category, there is some doubt as to its original form. The commonest text is in one book, but there are also in existence two, three, six, seven and nine-book versions. It is noteworthy that in those texts which are thought to contain later interpolations, non-Buddhist tales are found, along with those more in keeping with the pious purpose of the work. These non-Buddhist elements include tales of India and China, and even tales built around Japanese poems. Nevertheless, the essentially religious purpose of *Hōbutsushū* is clear. The book is written in dialogue form, on the same lines as *Ōkagami*. The author, Taira Yasuyori, after his return to the capital from the exile into which he was sent for rebellion against Kiyomori, hears a rumour that the statue of Śākyamuni at Saga is to return to India, because of the troubled conditions in Japan. He visits the temple and spends a night in conversation with the people he meets there. They discuss what is the most precious thing in the world and come to the conclusion that it is Buddhism. When a woman asks why, a priest expounds the faith, illustrating his exposition with many tales. Thus the night passes, and at dawn the company disperse.

Hōbutsushū is universally dismissed as having little literary flavour and lacking style. As against this, *Senjūshō* has a highly polished style, embellished with such devices as parallelism, running on occasion to purple passages and even breaking into the alternate seven and five-syllable rhythm of poetry. Like *Hōbutsushū*, however, it contains passages that are thought to be later interpolations. *Senjūshō* is traditionally attributed to Saigyō. It appears, for instance, among Saigyō's collected works. But it has a colophon stating that it was written in 1183, and if the author was, as the preface says, something over forty when he composed the work, he clearly cannot have been Saigyō, who in 1183 was in his mid-sixties. Some scholars[1] consider the attribution to Saigyō wholly spurious, though others[2] accept that he may have been the author of some stories. The work in its present form may have been compiled as late as the period 1241–58.[3]

Though we find in its one hundred and three stories most of the themes that are common in earlier Buddhist collections—miracles performed by Buddhas, rebirth in Paradise, the founding of temples, the magical powers of priests, etc.—*Senjūshō* has two features which

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[1] E.g., Nomura (*Kamakura jidai*, 185), who believes that the entire collection was the work of some unknown hermit, even that it was an enlargement of *Kankyo no tomo*, and therefore not written until after 1222.

[2] E.g., Takahashi (*NBD*, iv, 334) and Nishio (*NBK*, III, 151).

[3] According to Nishio, *ibid.* 147.

distinguish it from its predecessors and which are typical of Kamakura Buddhist collections. The first is the prominence of a theme much in keeping with the spirit of the age, that of renunciation of the world in favour of the life of the recluse. In a country which had been so torn by civil wars, and in this time of 'the latter end of the Law', when the period had already elapsed after which Buddhist Scriptures had predicted that there would be a weakening of the power of the Buddha's teaching, many men were sickened by the degenerate state of society and took refuge not only in monastic seclusion, but as hermits, in complete isolation. Saigyō himself, of course, had retired from the world of the Court to live a life of communion with Nature.

The other new feature of *Senjūshō* is the fairly extensive comments accompanying the stories; in perhaps one-third of the stories[1] there is more comment than story. These comment passages are of the type found in works of *zuihitsu*, or 'random notes' on various subjects, such as *Makura no sōshi* and *Tsurezuregusa*. There is thus an interesting link between tale literature and *zuihitsu*.

The next work, like *Senjūshō*, is also attributed to someone who had retired from the world, in this case to one of the most celebrated hermits in Japanese history, Kamo Chōmei. Of aristocratic origin, like Saigyō, he is best known for the short piece entitled *Hōjōki*, in which he recounted his reasons for abandoning the world and living in a 'ten-foot-square hut'. Also attributed to him, however, is a collection of Buddhist tales called *Hosshinshū*. The main theme of these, as the title implies, is the 'awakening of faith', but in fact the range is as wide as that of *Senjūshō*, with stories of *ōjō* or rebirth in Paradise, religious magic, etc.; not surprisingly, if the compiler was Chōmei, they cover also renunciation of the world by hermits. Stylistically, *Hosshinshū* differs considerably from *Senjūshō*, being in a plain style of an older type.

The form in which we have it now is almost certainly an enlargement of the original. There seems to be general agreement, however, that the original was probably the work of Chōmei himself.[2] The exact date of its composition is not known, but is estimated to be between 1208 and 1216.

Kankyo no tomo is accepted as having been composed in 1222, though the authorship is disputed, the most likely candidate being the Venerable Keisei (Keisei shōnin). It has twenty-one stories in its first book and eleven in the second. The latter are somewhat longer and more interesting tales; one in particular, No. 5, is commonly singled out as a short story of considerable merit. *Kankyo no tomo* is another collection with an extensive *zuihitsu* element; some two-fifths of the whole is taken up with the author's comments or expositions of points of religion.[1]

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[1] *Ibid.* 151.

[2] He is named as author by *Kankyo no tomo* (1222) and *Shishū hyaku-innenshū* (1257), which quote from *Hosshinshū*. Since *Honchō shojaku mokuroku* describes the work as being in three books, it may be that this was the extent of Chōmei's contribution.

Shishū hyaku-innenshū, written in 1257 by the priest Jūshin, differs in several respects from the other Kamakura collections which we have been examining. In the first place, it has no consistent style, varying from outright Chinese, through a mixture of Chinese and Japanese, to Japanese (written out in *senmyō* style). The reason for this is that Jūshin made no attempt to assimilate his sources, either incorporating them as they stood or translating them literally. In the second place, it has nothing corresponding to the expressions of personal opinion and comment which are such a feature of certain other Kamakura tale collections. It is not a work of any great importance in our field, its main interest lying in the fact that a quarter of its stories are either taken directly from or based on *Konjaku*. Like *Konjaku*, too, it is divided geographically, Books 1–4 dealing with India, 5 and 6 with China and 7–9 with Japan.

Much more intrinsically interesting than this work, though of perhaps less direct concern to us, are two collections by the priest Mujū, *Shasekishū* (1279–83, with additions made in 1295 and 1308) and *Zōtanshū* (1305). How much Mujū's work reflects its date may be seen in the fact that *Shasekishū* begins with a section of tales illustrating *honji suijaku*, the idea that Shinto deities are but avatars of one or other Buddha or Bodhisattva. Strangely, however, these works show little sign of that characteristic feature of so many other tale collections of the late Heian and Kamakura periods, the nostalgia for the great days of the Imperial Court in the early and middle Heian periods. Mujū was in fact of aristocratic birth, being a Kajiwara, but he had lived most of his life in contact with ordinary people in the country, away from centres of culture, and it was for these people that he wrote. His desire to preach Buddhism in a way which would appeal to a stupid layman determined both his matter and the manner in which he presented it. Any stories which could be turned to account he used—comic tales, tales about poetry, love-stories, even bawdy tales, in addition to the usual kinds of Buddhist tale. In particular, he tells us that he has made use of many stories current among the people of the time. His Japanese style is correspondingly unelevated and simple,

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[1] *NBS*, III, 151.

though not unattractive. Even the Buddhism which Mujū preaches has its novelty. Not only does he cover a wider variety of beliefs than was usual in tale collections, which had dealt very largely with Jōdo or 'Pure Land' Buddhism, but he even introduces the ideas of the Zen sect, to which he himself belonged.

The final work to be mentioned in this account of Buddhist tale literature to the end of the Kamakura period is *Shingonden*, a collection in three books of simply written biographies of Buddhist figures (Indian, Chinese and Japanese), composed in 1325 by a priest named Eikai. Strictly speaking, this is not a collection of *setsuwa*, but much of its material is of the *setsuwa* kind. Most important, however, is that it contains many stories with parallels in *Konjaku*, *Uchigiki*, *Kohon* and *Uji shūi*.[1]

Until comparatively recently, the earliest secular tale collection treated in surveys of the history of tale literature was *Yamato monogatari*, thought to have been compiled about the middle of the tenth century and greatly resembling the classic of 'poem-tales', *Ise monogatari*. However, the researches of Konno[2] have brought into prominence certain fragments by the celebrated scholar of Chinese, Miyoshi Kiyoyuki (847–918). These fragments are quotations in other works from a collection or collections of tales which antedate *Yamato monogatari* by some fifty years.

There are some questions which Konno's work is unable to answer, the most important being whether the various titles under which these fragments appear, *Zenke hiki*, *Zenke iki* and *Zenke isetsu*,[3] are simply variant titles for one book, or whether Kiyoyuki compiled more than one book of tales. Nor can the exact date of their composition be established, though Konno considers them all to date clearly from a period late in Kiyoyuki's life.[4]

The real importance of these fragments lies in the relation of one of the stories[5] to later tale literature, in particular to *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* (the latter also has parallels to two of the other stories), but they are not without interest in themselves. They had no particular purpose, according to Konno.[1] They are all stories of the supernatural, and were written down by Kiyoyuki, either from his personal experience or from tales that he had heard, simply because such stories aroused his curiosity or appealed to him. Strangely enough, Kiyoyuki's great rival as a Chinese scholar, Ki no Haseo, also seems to have compiled a collection of mystery stories, entitled *Ki-ke ka-i jitsuroku*, though only one[2] of these tales has been preserved. It goes without saying, perhaps, that these two great scholars wrote in Chinese.

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[1] The relationship between *Shingonden* and these works is discussed by Konno Tōru in '*Zenke hiki* to *Shingonden* shoin setsuwa monogatari', *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xxxv/11 (1958), 38–43. It is of particular interest because *Shingonden* may have used as a source a now-lost work *Uji dainagon monogatari*, thought to have been a source for *Konjaku*, *Uji shūi*, etc.

[2] See '*Zenke hiki*', 90–8.

[3] *Fusō ryakki* contains, in different places, two tales quoted from a '*Zenke hiki*' (one of these, similarly attributed, occurs also in *Shingonden*), while *Seiji yōryaku* contains two stories quoted from a '*Zenke iki*' and two from a '*Zenke isetsu*'.

[4] Internal evidence, he says ('*Zenke hiki*', 91–2), shows that one passage must have been written after 901, another after 910, one in the middle or latter half of the Engi period (901–23) and one clearly not before 917—while Kiyoyuki died in 918.

[5] Discussed in Chapter 2 below, p. 31.

Ise monogatari was described above as the classic of 'poem-tales', and it might well be asked why this kind of collection, consisting of a number of short anecdotes built around poems which at least in *Ise monogatari* are relatively self-contained and independent, is not normally reckoned by Japanese scholars among tale literature. After all, not only do versions of several *Ise monogatari* tales appear in works of tale literature throughout our period but even Buddhist tale collections, as we have seen, may include tales built around Japanese poems, while *Konjaku* has a great part of one book devoted to such tales. Formally, perhaps, there are no very strong reasons for excluding *Ise* from tale literature. Moreover one scholar, Masuda,[3] goes so far as to maintain that, in a broad sense, 'poem-tales' do belong to this category. He does not subscribe to the hitherto accepted theory of the genesis of poem-tales, first propounded by Ikeda Kikan, that their narrative parts were a development of the *kotobagaki*, or short introductions to poems in anthologies describing the circumstances in which they came to be written. He claims that poem-tales developed not from literary sources but from oral tradition, from tales (woven around poems) which were current among the Court aristocracy. If Masuda's view is correct, poem-tales would seem to be very close to the category of tale literature. Yet Masuda himself admits[4] the considerable difference between poem-tales and collections of tales such as we are considering. It is, indeed, a fundamental difference, not of form, but of spirit.

This point is well illustrated by an examination of *Yamato monogatari*, a collection which has, so to speak, a foot in both camps. This work, whose authorship and date are both uncertain, though it was undoubtedly written about the middle of the tenth century, consists of one hundred and seventy-three tales, varying greatly in length, but each incorporating one or more poems. The predominant theme is love, although there is no one central figure who appears throughout, as in

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[1] 'Zenshū', 31.

[2] Ibid. 198 ff.

[3] Mentioned in Masuda, *Enshū*, 160–1.

[4] Ibid. 194.

Ise monogatari. *Yamato monogatari* is described[1] as 'having always been praised, along with *Ise monogatari* and *Genji monogatari*, as indispensable reading for poets', and as 'a work valued down to the present day among poets as a book for would-be poets to study'. But it cannot be said to constitute one uniform whole. While the first half is indeed very similar in nature to *Ise monogatari*, the second half, and in particular the last twenty or thirty stories, show a rather different approach. In *Ise monogatari*, there is no question that the poems are the most important feature, the stories being woven round them and serving as a lyrical build-up to them. *Yamato monogatari*, on the other hand, at least in the latter part, leaves one with the impression that the poems are no longer the *raison d'être* of the stories. These still describe the circumstances in which the poems were composed, but more in a mood of prosaic explanation than of pure lyricism. From Tale 147 onward, *Yamato monogatari* tends to become simply a collection of legends attaching to certain old poems. It is these aspects of the work which justify its inclusion in the category of tale literature, though one must beware of overstating the extent of its differences from *Ise monogatari*, since it clearly had such an attraction for poets throughout the centuries.

After *Yamato monogatari* there is a long period from which no secular tale literature has been preserved, though of course it may have produced some works which have vanished without trace. The next work to be considered is therefore *Gōdanshō*, thought to have been compiled between 1104 and 1108. This is a collection by a disciple of Ōe Masafusa of anecdotes related by his master. Its literary value is not high, for it consists of somewhat bald and simple records of fact, written down in the same concise Chinese that was employed in men's diaries, but with an occasional admixture of *kana*. Its interest for us is that it reveals very clearly the kind of subjects which occupied the minds of the courtiers of the time. The current text is divided into six books, as follows: the first deals with Court affairs, such as official ceremonies; the second and third are entitled 'Miscellaneous matters'; the fourth has no title, but is similar to the fifth, which has the title '(Chinese) poetry'; the last is entitled 'Long verses'. In the miscellaneous sections will be found anecdotes about Emperors, stories of famous musical instruments, and many old legends, such as that of a demon on the Rashō Gate which cried out in admiration of the recitation of a passer-by, or of the goddess Benzaiten on Chikubu-shima, who taught someone the correct reading of an obscure phrase. There are, too, many anecdotes about Chinese poems and about Confucianism. Indeed, the range of subjects is extremely wide, and it must be admitted that what we are considering here as a secular work does at one point treat of Buddha and the Gods. Nevertheless, this material plays only a minor part in the collection. In a society like that of the Heian Court, it would be surprising to find a collection of varied tales which did not make some reference to religion. But the main emphasis lies elsewhere.

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[1] By Nomura, *Kōkō*, 72, and *NBS*, II, 142.

Another figure of the late Heian period whose conversations have been recorded is Fujiwara Tadazane (1078–1162). These conversations, consisting mostly of anecdotes of real life, are found in two works, *Chūgaishō* and *Fuke godan*.[1] Neither is really a tale collection, in the sense in which we have been using the term, but both embody much material of the *setsuwa* type, and, like *Gōdanshō*, are of value for the light they cast upon the tastes and preoccupations of the Heian courtier.

The most noteworthy feature of works of this kind is the evidence they provide of men's growing interest in seeking precedents, whether for Court ceremonial or for the conduct of everyday life, in the bygone heyday of Fujiwara society. Such nostalgia is an outstanding characteristic of late Heian and Kamakura Court society. This same nostalgia which in the field of tale literature expresses itself in the love of anecdotes explaining what Japanese call *yūsoku kojitsu* also lay behind the vogue for historical romances (*rekishi monogatari*) like *Eiga monogatari*. Works like *Gōdanshō* or *Fuke godan*, however, have not the literary status of *rekishi monogatari*. Their anecdotes are recorded plainly and with no attempt at artistic presentation.

Mention must be made of one other type of work, of which there are two well-known examples in the twelfth century, *Shumpishō* and *Fukuro sōshi*, both concerned with Japanese poetry and poets. These again are not tale collections really, since a large part of both is taken up with poetics. But in addition to matters of poetic form, they include a certain amount of *setsuwa*-type material dealing with poems and poets. Some parts resemble the poem-tale style of *Ise monogatari*, others quote legends associated with certain poems. Not surprisingly, in works which treat of Japanese poetry, the language used is Japanese. *Shumpishō*, in two books, is by Minamoto Toshiyori, hence the other names by which it is known, *Toshiyori zuinō*, *Toshiyori kudenshū* and *Toshiyori mumyōshō*. Its date is unknown, but cannot be later than *c.* 1124, the date of the author's death. Likewise unknown is the exact date of *Fukuro sōshi*, in four books, by Fujiwara Kiyosuke, who died in 1177.

Though in earlier tale literature there is an abundance of Chinese

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[1] Discussed by Ikeda Kikan in 'Setsuwa bungaku ni okeru Chisoku-in kampaku no chii', *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xi/2 (1934).

anecdotes, both Buddhist and otherwise, no collection had been devoted exclusively to Chinese subjects. The Kamakura period, however, produced three such collections. The first (1204) is a translation into Japanese by Minamoto Mitsuyuki of the T'ang-period Chinese children's book *Mêng-ch'iu*. Each of these tales of the careers of ancient figures in Chinese history is rounded off in the Japanese version with a thirty-one-syllable poem, hence the title, *Mōgyū waka*. The second collection of Chinese tales, *Kara monogatari*, compiled some time before the Bun'ei period (1264–75),[1] contains twenty-seven historical and literary anecdotes from such monuments of Chinese literature as *Shih chi*, *Han shu*, *Ch'ang-hên-ko*, etc., freely translated into Japanese. Though they have a certain didacticism and even a Buddhist flavour about them, most of the stories are love-stories. The third of this group of works, *Kara kagami*, also has a certain Buddhist flavour, although its stories are all historical tales translated from the same kind of works as those of *Kara monogatari*. It was written by Fujiwara Shigenori in his old age, after he had taken orders in 1294. The style is to some extent modelled on that of *Ōkagami*, *Ima kagami*, etc.

Two collections, *Kiri-bioke* and *Guhishō*, consist of anecdotes about poetry. Both are of unknown date, but the first is attributed to Fujiwara Teika, and the second may also be by him. Along with these, we may class a collection of anecdotes by Fujiwara Takamichi about music and musical instruments, *Kyōkunshō*, which dates from about 1232–3.

There remain three collections of a less specialized kind, comprising, that is to say, stories of different types. *Ima monogatari*, attributed to a half-brother of Teika named Nobuzane and written soon after 1239, consists of fifty-three quite short tales of the late Heian and early Kamakura periods, love-stories, tales about poems, comic tales, etc. This is a relatively small collection, far surpassed in size by two others which were completed in 1252 and 1254 respectively, *Jikkinshō* and *Kokon chomonjū*.

The former is frankly didactic, aiming to instruct children by means of brief tales in ten general principles of conduct. Although the most likely candidate for the disputed authorship of the work is a lay priest named Rokuhara Jirōzaemon (and the preface in several places speaks of Buddhism), the ten precepts are basically Confucian, though occasionally simply practical. The first concerns the relationship between sovereign and subject; the second warns against arrogance, the third against hatred or contempt, the fourth against slanderous talk; the fifth concerns the choice of friends and of wives, the sixth loyalty, filial piety, etc.; the seventh concerns success in life, the eighth, forbearance and endurance; the ninth admonishes against bearing resentment, while the tenth advises the mastery of some accomplishment. The most common text has some thirty stories expounding, for example, the need for talent and learning, the equal importance of civil and military pursuits and the importance of music. Despite the didactic intention, the stories are not always very apt illustrations of the precepts, and many appear to be included for their interest alone. The sources are many and varied, the majority of the stories being taken from works dealt with in this chapter.

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[1] There is said to be a manuscript of this collection copied by Saigyō, but Nomura (*Kamakura jidai*, [illegible]) thinks it is unlikely that the work was written early enough for that to be possible. However, it is clearly not later than the Bun'ei period, since there exists a colophon of that date.

A similarly wide range of sources was used by the author of *Kokon chomonjū*, Tachibana Narisue. This collection is perhaps second only to *Konjaku* in extent, comprising in twenty books about seven hundred tales classified into thirty sections. The coverage is vast, and the list of titles of the sections could well serve as a conspectus of the whole field of tale literature—Shinto deities, Buddhism, government and loyal ministers, public (Court) affairs, literature (mainly Chinese poetry), Japanese poetry, music, singing and dancing, calligraphy, love, military valour, archery, horsemanship, wrestling and strong men, painting, football, gambling, robbery, congratulatory (Court) ceremonies, grief, pleasure trips, attachment to worldly hopes, quarrels, humorous sayings, mystery, supernatural beings, food and drink, plants and trees, and finally fish, insects, birds and animals. The presence of a section on Buddhism and of Buddhist elements elsewhere (the last section, for instance, has stories of the achievement of Buddhahood by non-human creatures) does not, of course, alter the fact that this is a secular collection. The Buddhist section, small though it is, was essential in an encyclopedic work of this kind, and Buddhist elements could hardly fail to appear among so many stories of a society permeated by that faith. Still, this is no Buddhist propaganda. Narisue was a painter, and the work was originally conceived as a collection of anecdotes to serve as subjects for pictures. But the scale of the work suggests that it may have somewhat outgrown this purpose.

Throughout *Kokon chomonjū* there runs that nostalgia for the splendour and elegance of a bygone age and that interest in its manners and customs which has already been mentioned. Narisue is very conscious, and tells us in his preface, that his work is in the tradition of the 'enlightened tales' of Ōe Masafusa and the 'clever stories' of the Dainagon (Major Counsellor) from Uji, that is, Minamoto Takakuni

(1004–77). The former is the author of *Gōdanshō*, *Zoku honchō ōjōden* and similar works, and the latter of a now-lost collection entitled *Uji dainagon monogatari*, which is mentioned in the preface to *Uji shūi*. Yet along with traditional tales of Court life he occasionally includes local popular tales.

It must be emphasized that the *Uji dainagon monogatari* referred to here should not be confused with an existing work of that title, also of *setsuwa* type. This is a collection in three books of fifty-four tales which re-tell, in wording close to the originals, tales in earlier works. About five-sixths of these stories have parallels in Heian *monogatari* and *zuihitsu*, such as *Yamato monogatari*, *Eiga monogatari* and *Makura no sōshi*, though the largest number of parallels is with *Kokon setsuwashū*. Mostly these tales concern poems. The remaining one-sixth of the work, though its stories still contain poems, has slightly longer tales, of the kind found among the secular tales of *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*. This *Uji dainagon monogatari* appears to be a slightly altered version of a collection in one book, containing fifty-six tales, called *Yotsugi monogatari*. (The two collections have fifty tales in common, whose wording corresponds exactly.) It was formerly thought that the last section of these collections was a late addition to the first, which had been composed in the early Kamakura period.[1] One more recent theory[2] on their date, proposed since the publication of *Kokon*, places *Yotsugi* not long after *Kokon chomonjū* (1254), and *Uji dainagon monogatari*, which incorporates four stories from *Jikkinshō*, a little later. The latest contribution to the debate on this subject[3] would again place *Yotsugi*, on grounds which will be discussed later, in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. These collections are of great interest in the study of *Uji shūi* and related works, first because they contain one parallel with *Uji shūi*, five with *Konjaku* and thirteen with *Kokon*,[4] and secondly because a manuscript of *Yotsugi* in one book, known as *Koyotsugi*, is included in two texts of *Uji shūi* as if it formed part of that work.

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[1] This theory of Kasuga Seiji (or: Masaharu) is described in *NBS*, III, 146, and also in the article mentioned in the following note.

[2] See Kobayashi Tadao, '*Yotsugi monogatari*, *Uji dainagon monogatari* no seiritsu ni tsuite', in *Kokugo kokubun*, XXVI/8 (1957), particularly 43 ff.

[3] See Kōchiyama Kiyohiko, '*Yotsugi monogatari* to *Kokon setsuwashū* to', in *Kokubungaku: gengo to bungei*, XLIII (November 1965), and '*Uji dainagon monogatari no shōryū*', in *Kokubungaku: gengo to bungei*, XLIX (November 1966).

[4] Note that in the case of *Yotsugi* these have usually been thought to have been borrowed from *Kokon*. Kōchiyama, however, believes the reverse to be true, namely that *Kokon* was compiled *after Yotsugi* and borrowed from it. He bases his argument on the relationship between *Yamato monogatari* and these works, and at least part of it, concerning matters of the order of stories in the respective collections, seems plausible. However, Kawaguchi, in his full commentary on *Kokon* (in the *Nihon koten zensho* series, published by the *Asahi* newspaper (1967), 24) states, without going into details, that Kōchiyama's argument is invalidated by the evidence of a certain manuscript, the Tameie-bon, of the *Yamato monogatari*.

We may now turn to the works referred to earlier as 'mixed' collections. Since a detailed discussion of parallels between *Uji shūi* on the one hand, and *Konjaku*, *Kohon* and *Kojidan* on the other, and of the problems of their dates and interrelationships will form a major part of this study, there is no need here to do more than briefly describe the nature of these works.

Konjaku monogatari, or *Konjaku monogatarishū*, so called from the *on* readings of the Chinese characters used in the opening formula of each of its stories (*ima wa mukashi*), contains well over one thousand tales, some made up of more than one anecdote. In its present form, it is divided into thirty-one books, of which the eighth, eighteenth and twenty-first and some individual stories in other books are not extant, but there is some doubt whether the work was in fact ever completed. It is divided into three sections, the first five books containing Indian stories, all Buddhist except a few folk-tales in Book 5; the next five containing Chinese stories, the majority Buddhist; and the remainder containing Japanese stories, Books 11–20 on Buddhist themes and the rest mainly secular.

The Buddhist sections are full of tales in the tradition outlined earlier. Undoubtedly the most interesting parts of the work are the non-Buddhist ones, for the Buddhist stories tend to follow stereotyped formulas, with often a whole group of stories being little more than variations on a single theme. (The probable reason for this mixture of secular tales with Buddhist propaganda will be discussed in Chapter 2.) The main themes treated in the various books are as follows:

1–3 The birth, life, teaching and entry into Nirvāṇa of Śākyamuni.

4 The propagation of the Law by Buddha's disciples after his death.

5 Jātaka and other stories of the period before Śākyamuni.

6 The spread of Buddhism into and within China.

7 Miracles associated with the *Dai-Hannya* (Mahā-prajñā) and the Lotus Sūtras.

9 Tales of filial piety.

10 Strange tales from Chinese histories and other books.

11 The introduction of Buddhism to Japan and legends about the founding of famous temples.

12 Buddhist services, and the merit of reciting sūtras.

13 Mainly the virtue of the Lotus Sūtra.

14 Mainly miracles associated with the Lotus Sūtra.

15 Mainly examples of priests reborn in Amida's Paradise.

16 Miracles of Kannon.

17 Mainly miracles of Jizō.

19 Examples of laymen reborn in Amida's Paradise, and strange tales of Buddhism.

20 *Tengu*, revival after death, and immediate retribution for sin and reward for virtue.

22 The Fujiwara family.

23 Prodigious feats of strength (women as well as men).

24 Anecdotes about artistic matters (largely concerning the genesis of poems).

25 Warriors.

26 Secular tales explained by the workings of karma.

27 Tales of the supernatural.

28 Humorous anecdotes.

29 Criminals, and strange tales about animals.

30 Love-stories of the poem-tale type.

31 Strange tales (of the capital, the provinces, and also of ancient times).

Both the exact date and the identity of the compiler(s) of *Konjaku* are unknown. Since the description given in the preface to *Uji shūi* of the content of Takakuni's *Uji dainagon monogatari* calls to mind that of *Konjaku*, a tradition grew up that *Konjaku* was the work of Takakuni. He was supposed to have compiled it while in summer retreat at Uji, entertaining passers-by and persuading them to tell stories, which he then wrote down. For reasons discussed in Chapter 6, this tradition has long been discredited, and modern scholarship places the date of compilation several decades after the date of Takakuni's death (1077). It is clear, too, that it was not composed entirely from oral sources. Some stories undoubtedly come from such sources, but for the majority of stories in the work literary sources have been established, some of which are followed by *Konjaku* very closely. The variety of its sources, from contemporary popular tales to Buddhist sūtras, is reflected in its style, the first twenty books (and particularly the first ten) showing very clearly the influence of Chinese.

Konjaku is important in the history of Japanese literature for several reasons. Its linguistic importance has already been mentioned. It provides a rich fund of material to specialists in fields of study such as social history, popular religion, etc. Above all, its often skilfully-told tales give a picture of the times which is both wide in range and very lively.

Kohon setsuwashū is a recently discovered collection whose very existence was unknown before the only extant manuscript came to light in 1943. Though declared a 'National Treasure' in 1949, it was not published until 1955, when it appeared, edited by Kawaguchi Hisao, in the *Iwanami Bunko* series. The first full commentary, also by Kawaguchi, did not appear until 1967.

It is divided into two books, one containing forty-six mostly very short tales about poems, of which a few have some connection with Buddhism, and the other, twenty-four popular Buddhist tales, the majority of which concern miracles worked by Kannon. All the tales in Book 1 are Japanese. Three of those in Book 2 are Indian, but none are Chinese. All the stories begin in *Konjaku* fashion, with *ima wa mukashi*, but the style is very different from that of *Konjaku*, a pure Japanese style with an old flavour.

The importance of *Kohon* for the study of both *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* cannot be over-emphasized. Thirty-eight of its stories (nineteen in Book 1 and nineteen in Book 2) are found also in *Konjaku*,[1] and twenty-three (eleven in Book 1 and twelve in Book 2) in *Uji shūi*. Fifteen of the stories are found in both *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*. Two of the stories parallel with *Konjaku* also appear in *Uchigiki*. Besides these parallels, there are many with other Heian works, such as *Eiga monogatari*, *Ōkagami* and *Shumpishō*, from all of which *Kohon* is thought to have taken material. Only for six stories can no parallels be found.

The identity of the compiler is unknown. So too is the exact date of its composition, but internal evidence suggests that it was perhaps written about 1130.[2] The manuscript of *Kohon* is believed to date from the early Kamakura period, by which time the original title seems to have been lost. The title which the work now bears is a makeshift one, the full form being *Umezawa-bon Kohon setsuwashū*, after the name of the present owner of the manuscript.

Uji shūi monogatari is usually thought to have been compiled in the early Kamakura period (*c.* 1213–19), by some person unknown. Though I hope to show that the usual view of the genesis of this work is questionable, there can be little doubt that some of the stories were written about that time. Unfortunately, no manuscript earlier than the Muromachi period survives, and the only complete ones date from the

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[1] It is difficult to see how Kawaguchi arrives at the figure of forty (with twenty-one, not nineteen, in Book 2—see *Umezawa-bon Kohon setsuwashū* (1955), 202) for the *Kohon* correspondences with *Konjaku*. Though he says that there are three parallels in Book 17 of *Konjaku*, I find only two worth mentioning, one close and one very remote. Also, he appears to consider Story 48 as an additional (remote) parallel, along with 54, to the *Konjaku* story of the girl from Tsuruga (16/7); but his figures show that he does not count Story 48 in *Kohon* as a parallel to the *Uji shūi* version of the Tsuruga story (108), even though the latter is very close to that in *Konjaku*.

[2] *Ibid.* 205–6.

Tokugawa period. As printed in most modern editions, the stories which the work comprises are divided into fifteen books, but it seems very doubtful whether the original text was divided in the same way. In any case, the division into books is not based on differences in subject matter, for *Uji shūi* does not arrange stories in classified groups like *Konjaku*, and seems not to be organized according to any particular plan. (This lack of organization is emphasized by the variation in the introductory formulas, as opposed to the regular *ima wa mukashi* of *Konjaku* and *Kohon*.) Nor can the work be thought to have any particular purpose, except as a collection of interesting tales. The stories are of many kinds, Buddhist and secular, serious and humorous, Japanese and foreign. They are almost all written in a Japanese style like that of *Kohon*.

Some fifty *Uji shūi* stories are not found in any other collection and many of these must have been recorded from tales current among the people. But undoubtedly the most striking thing about the work is the great number of stories which it has in common with other works, particularly *Konjaku*, *Kohon*, *Uchigiki* and *Kojidan*. There are nearly ninety parallels with *Konjaku*, some very close. The closest parallels of all are with *Kohon*. Possible reasons for these close relationships, and the interpretations that have been placed on the preface to *Uji shūi* (which states that it is derived from Takakuni's *Uji dainagon monogatari*) will be discussed in Chapters 5–7. But it should perhaps be said at the outset that the majority of Japanese scholars consider the relationships between *Uji shūi*, *Konjaku*, *Kohon* and *Uchigiki* to be indirect.

The one work containing a number of parallels with *Uji shūi* which is widely thought to have a direct relationship with it is *Kojidan*, written by Minamoto Akikane at some time in the period 1212–15. It is divided into six books, according to subject-matter. The first contains largely stories of *yūsoku kojitsu* type concerning Emperors and Empresses, though it also contains others of a different kind, such as the legend of Urashima. The second deals with famous non-Imperial secular figures such as Ban Yoshio, Sei Shōnagon, Ono no Komachi, Narihira, etc. The third comprises tales of famous priests. The fourth is entitled 'Brave warriors', telling of Masakado, Sumitomo, Yoriyoshi, Yoshiie and others. The fifth deals with Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples, and the last contains a mixture of stories, some concerning mansions but others concerning various arts such as music, dancing, wrestling, divination, etc. The sources of *Kojidan* include Buddhist *ojoden*, works like *Gōdanshō*, diaries, histories and tale collections like *Konjaku*. Not only are some of its items very brief, but its narrative technique is extremely plain, and it has little literary value. Its style is inconsistent, varying according to its sources. There are a few items in Japanese *kana-majiri* style, but mostly it is written either in Chinese or in the curious hybrid of Chinese and Japanese known as *hentai kambun*, 'abnormal Chinese'.[1]

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[1] For the sake of completeness, mention should perhaps also be made of a sequel to *Kojidan* written by some unknown author in 1219. This work is called *Zoku Kojidan*, but is only partly a continuation of the earlier collection, since it actually reproduces some stories from it. The division into books is roughly the same as in *Kojidan*, with the difference that the last of the six books contains Chinese stories. It differs also in that it is in a pure Japanese style (which is, however, rather dull). In general the content of the work has less relation to literature than that of *Kojidan*. In particular, despite its date and connection with *Kojidan*, *Zoku Kojidan* seems to have no relationship whatever with *Uji shūi*. It contains one tale remotely parallel with one in *Uji shūi* (151), but this is so brief that, like some in *Kojidan* and *Gōdanshō*, it scarcely seems to merit description as a 'tale'.

2

PROBLEMS AND ASPECTS OF TALE LITERATURE

There are few fields of Japanese literature in the Heian and Kamakura periods which do not present the student with baffling problems, and that of tale literature is no exception. In addition to the usual questions of dating and authorship, some works present other problems even more vital and fundamental, such as that of the very purpose for which they were compiled.

It may perhaps seem dangerous to speak of 'the field of tale literature', as though these collections of tales formed one homogeneous group. Nevertheless, I think there is ample justification for considering them all together. First, as the outline of their development will have shown, it is not possible to draw hard and fast lines between the different types of collection. Even avowedly Buddhist propaganda like *Ryōiki* includes some non-Buddhist tales, while *Kara monogatari* and *Kara kagami*, with no ostensible Buddhist purpose, have a distinctly Buddhist flavour. Above all, the most important collections, *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*, and some works associated with them, cannot be said to belong to any one category, but are rather an amalgam of various traditions, with Buddhist miracle-tales accompanied by comic anecdotes of Court life, edifying moral tales by stories of almost grotesque crudeness. In this respect, *Uji shūi* goes even further than *Konjaku*, as it does not arrange its material in classified blocks of tales. Moreover, these mixed collections not only contain stories of almost all the kinds found in the different types of works, but make direct use of material from those works. Thus, if the field of tale literature is heterogeneous, at least none of its sub-fields is irrelevant to the study of a work like *Uji shūi*.

Secondly, there is a basic similarity of attitude on the part of all the compilers of these tale collections. Essentially, they are recording traditions or (in a broad sense) legends. Their aims in doing so were, of course, widely divergent; the proselytizing of Buddhist works is in strong contrast to the 'gossipy' flavour of some secular works. But all alike are concerned to present their narrative material as a record of fact, just as it had been handed down. This attitude remains more or less constant, no matter what the material may be. It is remarkable, indeed, that in *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* the same kind of introductory formulas are found in both folk-tale-type stories and in anecdotes of Court life, even in those concerning people who may have been still alive or at least were not long dead. In the latter case, the formula *ima wa mukashi* obviously has a somewhat weaker sense than the 'once upon a time' of a fairy-tale;[1] but its use demonstrates clearly that the compilers' approach is akin to that of the traditional story-teller.

For this reason, it is important to investigate what part may have been played by oral tradition in the development of this genre. Studies of tale literature were until recently concerned to an overwhelming extent with establishing the interrelationships of different collections and attempting to determine the sources of individual stories by going back to earlier literature, either Japanese or foreign. Unquestionably the achievements of pioneers in the work of tracing sources, such as Haga Yaichi,[2] were very great indeed. But it is also true that the search for sources has tended to be based on a somewhat too ready assumption that they were to be found in written literature.

Certainly, and as one would expect, these collections of traditional narratives borrow very freely from other types of work and from one another. In doing so, they often follow a common practice of story-tellers and name the source of their material. Sometimes sources are copied verbatim, or at least with only trivial alterations of wording; sometimes, where the language of the original is Chinese, the Japanese version may be little more than a literal translation. Thus there was much to encourage the concentration of study on literary, rather than oral, transmission of tales.

This was particularly true in the case of *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*. In the Tokugawa period, *Konjaku* was identified with the *Uji dainagon monogatari* mentioned in the preface to *Uji shūi* and was regarded as having been compiled in the manner there described, that is, from the tales told by travellers entertained by Minamoto Takakuni. It was inevitable that serious research into parallels for *Konjaku* stories should soon explode the idea that *Konjaku* was all written down from travellers' tales, but the reaction against an obviously unreliable legend perhaps went too far. It was admitted that the parts of *Konjaku* for which no literary parallels could be found may have been compiled in some way from oral tradition. But in those sections, such as the Indian and Chinese and the Japanese Buddhist sections, where many often very close literary parallels could be adduced, the tendency was to emphasize

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[1] See note 5 on p. 135.

[2] Some work had already been done in the Tokugawa period, but nothing on the monumental scale of Haga's *Kōhō Konjaku monogatarishū*.

the similarities and overlook small differences. Discrepancies of wording between the text of *Konjaku* and a presumed original were regarded as incidental, as the result, even, of whim on the part of the compiler of *Konjaku*; unless they were major variants, they were not thought to bring the relationship of *Konjaku* and the 'original' into question.[1]

Of course, it would be ridiculous to suggest that the potentialities of this line of inquiry into literary parallels for stories in such collections as *Konjaku* have been exhausted. Indeed, a good illustration of the need for its continuation is provided by the researches of Konno into the work of Kiyoyuki. One of the tales found both there and in *Konjaku* (20/7) concerns the violation of the Empress[2] by a *tengu*. The existence of such a tale in *Konjaku* was considered by Nagano Jōichi[3] to be evidence that the compiler had anti-aristocrat and anti-Fujiwara tendencies (though Nagano's candidate for authorship was Takakuni, himself an aristocrat). This view can have force, if at all, only so long as the story is thought to be recorded in *Konjaku* for the first time. Now, however, we know that the story was recorded also by Kiyoyuki; and it was already known that the compiler of *Konjaku* was aware of the connection of another of his tales (16/17) with Kiyoyuki, since it states that the tale was handed down after having been told by him. We cannot be sure whether the *tengu* story too was connected in the compiler's mind with Kiyoyuki. But even if it was not, the fact that *Konjaku* is not the only book to have recorded this story discreditable to an Empress must surely invalidate Nagano's conclusion.

Nevertheless, recent research has demonstrated convincingly that the factor of oral transmission in our collections deserves much more consideration than has generally been given to it. It has always been obvious that this factor could not be left out of account altogether. We have seen that parts of *Ryōiki* originate in oral tradition; Kiyoyuki's tales were not, according to Konno,[4] taken from books, but were based on his own experience or on hearsay; and *Hokke genki* actually admits the lack of a literary basis for one of its stories, saying that its information came from old men.[5] Even in the case of *Uji shūi*, which has more stories in common with other works than almost any other single collection, the sources of the folk-tale or fairy-tale type of stories, such as that of the old man with the wen on his cheek, or of 'salty' stories like that of Kotōda (Nos. 3 and 14 respectively), are clearly not to be sought in books. But nowadays the element of oral tradition has come to be recognized as a factor to be taken into account not only in the case of tales for which no literary parallels can be found, but even in some cases where they can.

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[1] The same attitude has been shown by those who have held that *Uji shūi* is based directly on *Konjaku* (see Chapter 5 below).

[2] Somedono-no-kisaki, i.e., Fujiwara Akirakeiko, said in *Konjaku* to be the mother of the Emperor Montoku, but actually his consort, and the mother of the Emperor Seiwa.

[3] In, e.g., 'Kindai sekai ni tōsō o idomu *Konjaku monogatari*', in *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, xvi/10 (1951).

[4] '*Zenke hiki*', 31.

[5] This is pointed out by Miyata Hiroshi, in '*Uji shūi monogatari* no setsuwa—setsuwa-shū to no hikaku kentō o tōshite', *Kokubungaku kenkyū*, xxi (1960), 75.

For instance, Kawaguchi has shown[1] that there is reason to doubt Katayose's conclusion about the first eight stories of *Konjaku*, which was that they are derived directly from *Kako genzai inga kyō*. Many elements in these *Konjaku* stories differ from the sūtra, and while some may have come from other Buddhist works, some, he thinks, cannot be explained as coming from any sūtra. He cites the case of Tun-huang *pien-wen*, whose stories are derived not directly from sūtras but from popular traditions based on them, and claims that in the same way some of the 'foreign' stories in *Konjaku* may have been composed not from literary sources, but from oral tradition.

Again, Kunisaki Fumimaro has pointed out[2] that of twenty-nine items in Book 9 of *Konjaku* for which parallels are found in *Ming-pao-chi*, twenty-seven are directly based on the originals, in fact are little more than free translations of them, but the remaining two (Nos. 19 and 18) are only paraphrases. These he believes to be popular versions of the stories, even if not direct recordings of oral tradition by *Konjaku*.

Further, my own investigation of Book 5 of *Konjaku* has revealed a curious inconsistency in the treatment of jātaka tales. Some retain the identifications of the characters with Śākyamuni, Devadatta, etc., which are made in the Chinese texts usually regarded as the sources for these *Konjaku* stories, but in others no identification is made. This would be less surprising if there were some obvious reason for the identification to be dropped from particular stories. But there is not, and it remains a mystery. Could it perhaps be that some stories were based on literary sources and others on oral traditions derived originally from Scripture but secularized by the elimination of the jātaka framework? This is not a very satisfying explanation since it leaves unanswered the question why 'identified' and 'unidentified' stories are juxtaposed. But I can find no other. I would add that two of the tales of jātaka origin in *Konjaku* (5/1 and 5/18) also occur in *Uji shūi* (91–2). But whereas *Uji shūi* makes no identifications with Śākyamuni or any other figure in either tale, *Konjaku* does so in the second story but not in the first.

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[1] '*Konjaku monogatari-shū seiritsu no haikei to henshū—seiritsu no mondai*', *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, xxiv/3 (1959), 6.

[2] '*Konjaku monogatari-shū no seiritsu jijō ni tsuite—hitotsu no kenmon-kiroku-setsuwa o tōshite*', *Kokubungaku kenkyū*, xviii (1958), 35 ff.

While admitting that oral tradition is an important factor in the development of tale literature, I think it behoves us to be clear what we mean by the term. It would most usually refer to stories circulated, say, by the normal process of gossip. This would be likely to preserve the broad outlines of the narrative but not necessarily the original phraseology. One can hardly imagine that ordinary people with no training or experience as story-tellers would have much aptitude, or for that matter concern, for the retention of the exact wording as a whole, though they would doubtless retain certain verbal formulas. What, then, are we to make of the suggestion[1] that certain stories in *Uji shūi* and the versions of the same stories in other works may be independent recordings, at different times or in different places, of oral traditions? After all, there is a very striking similarity of wording, and only slight differences, between them. In such cases, the similarity is surely too extraordinarily close to result from transmission by ordinary people, particularly over a long period of time. If these stories are not literary borrowings, could such closeness of wording have been maintained except by specialists in the telling of tales?

Unfortunately we have no knowledge of what professional story-tellers might have circulated these stories. Nor, indeed, does much of the material of tale literature seem particularly suited, either in subject-matter or form, consisting as it does of very brief anecdotes, for recital by such people. Yet there is one type of specialists for whom the purveying of short tales was an integral part of their activities, namely preachers. Transmission of tales through preaching is, of course, oral transmission, though possibly only in a restricted sense, since the sources from which the preachers obtained their material might have been literary. They used tales in the course of sermons designed to expound some scriptural text, as simple concrete illustrations of the points they wished to make. Though the language of sermons was very flowery and by no means easy, the stories would be presented in terms which the populace could understand. Several collections of sermons survive, and the later the date, the more the tales seem to be preserved only in the form of synopses, rather than the full text; clearly, they must have served as source-books for the preachers.[2] Since they do not consist exclusively of tales, these collections of sermons are not usually considered under the head of tale literature. But there is undeniably a great affinity between the two types of collection, for the tales with which the sermons are illustrated are of precisely the same kind as those in the Buddhist collections described in Chapter 1.

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[1] Kunisaki, '*Uji shūi monogatari to senko setsuwashū*', *Kokubungaku kenkyū*, xvii (1958), 76.

[2] Two Heian collections have already been mentioned, namely *Hokke hyakuza*, consisting of notes taken down from sermons, and *Uchigiki*, which consists of stories either noted down during or noted down for use in sermons. Another, dated 1140 or just before, is a fragmentary and rather disordered group of stories preserved in the Kanazawa Bunko, and known simply as *Kanazawa bunko-bon bukkyō setsuwashū*. Again, there is some doubt whether this was recorded from sermons or was a collection of tales for use in sermons. Despite a certain Chinese influence on the language, it is still said to have something of the flavour of speech, unlike

The question then arises whether Buddhist tale collections had any direct connection with preaching. All, of course, are Buddhist propaganda, with varying degrees of didacticism. It is true that the compilation, and even the reading, of such things as accounts of the lives of saints and eminent priests will have had pious value and may have been an end in itself. Yet it seems probable that a good proportion of the vast corpus of Buddhist tales was assembled for some more practical purpose, as source-material, perhaps, for the use of preachers to popular audiences.[1] Certainly there is a popular feel about the language used. To some extent this can be said even of the collections written in Chinese; at least, they have a simple style, often heavily influenced by Japanese and thus showing signs of the corruption of Chinese which was to lead, via the curious hybrid style known as *hentai kanbun*, 'abnormal Chinese', to the *wakan konkōbun* style. This style of Japanese is very different from the elegant *kana-bun* style of the golden age of Heian literature in the tenth and early eleventh centuries. *Konjaku*, for instance, has none of the allusive vagueness and economy of words of, say, *Genji monogatari*, being prolix, repetitive, and, to use an expressive Japanese term, *setsumeiteki*, 'explanatory'. One cannot but feel that it is just the style to have a down-to-earth popular appeal.

The 'popular' nature of the language of Buddhist tale collections is matched by their content. The intellectual demands made by the religion embodied in the stories are never very high. The doctrines and teachings are of the simplest and most commonplace kind, typical of the beliefs which spread through the whole of Japanese society in the course of the Heian period and culminated in the great Pure Land movements of the thirteenth century; and they are presented in the most appealing form, illustrated by tales. It is worth noting in this connection a point stressed by Kawaguchi, concerning the nature of popular services in China and Japan. He describes the atmosphere at such services as that of a carnival, with all manner of means employed to appeal to and sway the minds of the congregation.[1] The religious side was enlivened by such things as plays, musical performances and all kinds of attractive entertainments. An essential part of these blandishments was the telling of stories, and one can imagine that in the atmosphere described by Kawaguchi, the range of stories may have been fairly wide and their level may not always have been high. Almost any story may be made to bear a moral—and some may even have been told without any moralizing intent, merely as an inducement to listen.

Even so, it must be said that some *Konjaku* stories are remarkably unedifying for a work containing so much Buddhist propaganda. Moreover, not only are the morals drawn sometimes very commonplace, but the points made are often rather strange, and not at all what one would expect. For instance, in 29/40 a young priest dreams during a nap one afternoon that a beautiful woman comes and lies with him, then he wakes to find a snake lying dead beside him, and realizes the reason for his dream. The snake had seen the priest's erect penis and taken it into its mouth, thus giving the priest the impression of copulation. The snake had then died as a result of his ejaculation of semen. At the end of this rather curious tale, the writer does not make the comment one might expect, about lustful thoughts in a priest; he says only that 'one should not take a nap alone in a deserted spot', further pointing out that beasts, if they receive human semen, find it too much for them and die. Even more striking is the equivocal attitude to wrongdoers revealed in 28/44 and 29/23. In the former, a man sheltering in a cave is thought by a subsequent visitor to the cave to be a supernatural being, and taking advantage of this, makes off with the newcomer's possessions. It is true that he is described as 'utterly despicable'; but the writer also comments appreciatively on his resourcefulness—'So we see how a quick-witted fellow, however humble his station, makes an unexpected gain even at a time like this, if he knows what's what and goes the right way about things.' In the latter story (that treated by Akutagawa Ryūnosuke in his *Yabu no naka*), a bandit lures a samurai and

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Kamakura collections (e.g. *Shasekishū*, *Senjūshō* and *Hōbutsushū*), whose rather précis-type versions of tales have little of the colloquial about them. These texts related to popular preaching (*shōdō*) and their relation to tale literature have been more and more actively studied in recent years. For a good discussion and bibliography of the subject, see Nagai Yoshinori, *Nihon bukkyō bungaku kenkyū*, I (1966), 89–108. Another useful bibliography will be found in Nishio Kōichi, *Chūsei setsuwa bungaku ron* (1963).

[1] This is the conclusion of most scholars, e.g., Nagai, *Kenkyū*, I, 107–8 (see also II (1967), 269–76), and Nakano in his article '*Konjaku monogatarishū* maki no jūgo no hensan ishiki ni tsuite', *Kokugo kokubungaku: gengo to bungei*, VIII (1967), 16–17. It is possible that the Yangaze-ke text fragment of *Konjaku*, consisting of one story of which only the title is listed in other texts and which seems to differ somewhat from the other stories, being in a kind of *shōdō*, may have served the same purpose as the material of the preachers' prompt-books of the Kamakura period.

[1] 'Tonkō henbun no seikaku to waga kuni shōdō bungaku – setsuwa to sekkyōshi no keifu', *Kanazawa daigaku kyōikugakubu kiyō*, *Bungaku-hen*, VIII (1960), 1. See also the general description of *shōdō* by Orikuchi Shinobu quoted in Nagai, *Kenkyū*, I, 70, and the following discussion of *shōdō* in China, *ibid.* 71 ff.

his wife into some woods, ties up the man and rapes the wife. But the only criticism made is of the husband for his stupidity in giving his bow and arrows to a complete stranger in the heart of the mountains. No comment is made on the rape; instead, the bandit is praised for not having stolen the woman's clothes.

The same elements which will have given popular appeal to Buddhist tales—their simplicity of style, their concentration on narrative and ignoring of description and psychological analysis, their naïve concern with the curious or the miraculous—are also to be found in secular tales. Some writers go so far as to describe a work like *Konjaku* as 'literature of the common people', but the use of this term is justified only in the sense that its tales are not, like the typical Heian Court literature, limited to the activities of the Court circle, with the outside world appearing only vaguely and incidentally. Here we have peasants as well as noblemen, beggars as well as grandees. But this is no 'folk literature'. Though it may draw material from oral tradition, there is nothing to suggest that the traditions in question were any less current among the higher, cultured classes than among the lower, uncultured strata of society. One might imagine that a group so renowned for its insistence on elegance and refinement as the Court circle would have little or no interest in tales of the kind we are dealing with. It is, I think, very significant that this is not so.

The nobility were no less naïve in their approach to Buddhism than the common people. They may have enjoyed the pomp and splendour of complicated forms of religious ceremony like that of Shingon, but intellectually they were just as ready as the common people to accept the simple doctrine of rebirth in Amida's Paradise or the promise of benefits on this earth, just as fond of magical hocus-pocus, just as riddled with superstition. We should not forget that it was for an Imperial Princess that *Sambō-e* was written and under the auspices of another that the preaching embodied in *Hokke hyakuza* took place; nor that a famous scholar like Ōe Masafusa could compile a collection of *ōjōden*, while such literary figures as Saigyō and Chōmei are thought to have compiled collections of Buddhist tales. As for secular tales, it is particularly revealing that those two great scholars of Chinese Kiyoyuki and Ki no Haseo had such a taste for stories of the supernatural as to make collections of them. In later times, too, the matter and manner of works like *Gōdanshō* and *Kokon chomonjū* prove that a sophisticated Court did not always insist on elegance and sophistication in the tales which it read.

It is this aspect of tale literature, its essentially universal appeal,

which makes it particularly valuable for the student of the times. Without these tales, our picture of the age would be incomplete, not only because the characters they depict are from all ranks of society, but also because they show us a side of the higher ranks that finds little expression in the more artistic literary productions of the Court. The latter have deservedly received most of the attention of scholars. But the atmosphere which they create is one of such over-subtle refinement, with such extreme emphasis on good taste and convention that it can sometimes be a relief to turn to *Konjaku* or *Uji shūi*, like leaving a stuffy room for a breath of fresh air. However stereotyped some of their stories may be, others bring before us people of real flesh and blood.

Nevertheless, it seems a gross exaggeration to endow this portrayal of the down-to-earth side of Court life, as several Japanese scholars do, with great historical significance. Masuda, for instance, sees a link between the steady increase in the number of tales about everyday life and the growing decadence or at least stagnation in the cultural life of the Court. He writes: 'The world of tales was also a sphere of life which the aristocratic society of the late classical period, shut in upon itself as it was, built up in an effort to break free.'[4] This somewhat curious conclusion is drawn after a discussion of the story (*Konjaku* 20/10 and *Uji shūi* 106) of a certain Michinori's efforts to acquire the art of making people's penises disappear. We may certainly agree with Masuda that Court nobles enjoyed such stories. But does this mean more than that they were ordinary men, with ordinary tastes? It suggests, not so much that they were struggling to free themselves from the limitations of their society, as that the picture which we have of that society, based on the romances of Court ladies, is too one-sided.

There is a similar tendency on the part of some writers to draw sweeping conclusions from a minimum of evidence as regards the extent to which the emergence of the warrior class at the end of the Heian period is reflected in tale literature. The historian Ishimoda, for instance, writes:[5]

> For the authors of *monogatari* literature, the sole reality was aristocratic and urban society, and because they never got beyond this, they were unable to find in reality anything new which might have helped them to be self-critical; therefore, after the two peaks of *Utsubo* and *Genji*, there was an inevitable decadence. But this is only one side of later Heian literature, and it is noteworthy that another important side

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[4] *Emaki*, 21.

[5] In *Chūseiteki sekai no keisei* (1946), quoted in Masuda, *Emaki*, 160–9.

> had come into being, with the composition of such works as *Shōmonki*,[1] *Mutsu waki*[2] and *Konjaku monogatari*. The authors of all these works are unknown, but it is remarkable that writers had emerged who, from within the aristocracy, had an interest in samurai society and had discovered the existence of a different world outside urban and aristocratic society. *Shōmonki* depicts that ambitious hero [i.e., Masakado] from Eastern Japan, *Mutsu waki* depicts the toils of war on the frontier and the heroic knightly character of Yoriyoshi, and in addition the beauty of the relationship between lord and retainer. A comparison between the discovery of such a world and the account in *Utsubo* of Eastern warriors shows them to be so different in kind that it is difficult to think of their authors as coming from the same social class, but essentially they are only two types of reflective individual produced by the late Heian period. The realities of life in aristocratic and urban society, which was at a dead end and going to rack and ruin, inevitably produced a few writers for whom the stern human relationships and the spectacle of heroic generals in battle were a source of wonderment. This was aristocratic society exercising self-criticism and facing up to a new world. Such an attitude could not give rise to fiction, such as the authors of *monogatari* produced. These writers...though their approach was that of simple factual recording, were at least trying to get at the real facts. There was, too, a considerable lack of artistic feeling and polish, but if one assumes that the sole way for literature to advance was for aristocratic society to exercise self-criticism and rise above the actual world of the aristocracy, then the line of advance for the spirit of literature lay through the world discovered by *Shōmonki* and *Konjaku monogatari*.

Of course, implicit in this statement is the assumption, usual at the time when Ishimoda was writing, that *Konjaku* was the work of an aristocrat. In the light of the fact that scholarly opinion in Japan has to a great extent swung away from this idea, since it has been convincingly demonstrated[3] that the writer of *Konjaku* was not as well-read and learned as was formerly thought, and made mistakes unthinkable in an aristocrat of even average education, Ishimoda's assertions are perhaps quite invalid. But even if one retains the assumption of noble authorship of *Konjaku*, Ishimoda's statement surely makes a mountain out of a molehill. It is universally accepted that the three works he mentions contributed in some measure to the development of the 'war-tales', the most distinctive new prose form of the Kamakura period, when the leadership of the country had passed out of the hands of the Court aristocracy into the hands of the military

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[1] The title can also be read *Masakado-ki*. This is an account in Chinese (though to some extent 'abnormal Chinese') of the rebellion of Taira Masakado in 938–40. It is thought (*NBD*, iv, 86) to have been written within a period of months after Masakado's death, perhaps by a priest from the eastern provinces, and is considered the first example of 'war-tales'.

[2] An account, in roughly the same style as *Shōmonki*, of the rebellion of Abe Yoritoki (and Sadatō) and its suppression by Minamoto Yoriyoshi (and Yoshiie). It is thought to have been written soon after the end of the war in 1062, possibly by a supporter of the Imperial side (*NBD*, vi, 196).

[3] Kawaguchi, 'Setsuwa no keisei', 6–7, and Konno, '*Konjaku monogatarishū no sakusha o megutte*', in *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xxxv/2 (1958).

class. Particularly in a linguistic sense *Konjaku* is a forerunner of the war-tales, though it must be said that its style gives little foretaste of the poetic grandeur which the best war-tales can achieve. But the role of *Konjaku* should not be exaggerated. After all, the stories on which Ishimoda bases his statement, the dozen which make up Book 25, constitute only about one-hundredth of the total. Indeed, many more stories than this could be cited to show that *Konjaku* harks back nostalgically to the past, as well as anticipates the future.

It is true that there are many other places besides the stories in Book 25 where *Konjaku* reflects the changing nature of late Heian society. But these sidelights on the growth of the feudal society into which Japan was finally transformed do not seem to me to provide sufficient evidence to justify Nagano in claiming[1] to see in *Konjaku* the reflection of a society in such an unstable state that even in the relations between parents and children, between brothers and between husbands and wives, no one could trust anyone else, so that everyone inevitably became an egoist acting according to his own instincts. Nagano describes the keynote of *Konjaku* as reason and determination, in contrast to the emotional nature of the literature of the mid-Heian Court ladies; the qualities *Konjaku* admires are boldness and resourcefulness, qualities necessary for self-preservation in the society of the time. Nagano's views, like those of Ishimoda, are open to the objection that they are based largely on one part of the work, in this case the non-Buddhist Japanese section, amounting to a third of the whole. It is a simple matter to find in the Buddhist section stories preaching the very opposite of the opportunism which Nagano thinks so characteristic of *Konjaku*. Moreover, does *Konjaku's* praise of resourcefulness really have such great significance? Is it really any more than ordinary appreciative comment on commonsense or quick-wittedness? Nagano's admiration for the merits of *Konjaku* stories as literature is so unbounded that it perhaps makes his views on other aspects of them rather more forceful than is justified.

If the degree of Nagano's enthusiasm for *Konjaku* is almost unique, he is by no means alone in his championship of its literary qualities. Indeed, perhaps no one would now maintain the view commonly held at one time, that it has no value other than as material for the student of folklore, religion, philology, etc. To that extent, the status of tale literature has been raised, but it must be admitted that few works besides *Konjaku* merit examination from a literary point of view. Of those that do, *Uji shūi* is certainly the best. Since the literary aspect of this work will be treated in the next chapter, the discussion of the appreciation of tales as literature will here be confined to *Konjaku*.

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[1] *NBS*, ii, 581–4.

One of the first to claim some literary merit for tale literature was Sakai Kōhei, in his pioneering study of *Konjaku*.[1] But perhaps a more notable supporter was the novelist Akutagawa, who, as is well known, made extensive use of tales from both *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*, taking from them material on which he based some eleven of his short stories. It is somewhat paradoxical that he praises *Konjaku* stories for the way in which the psychology of their characters emerges naturally from the action without explicit analysis, since it is this very simplicity of characterization in the original stories that allowed him with such ease to clothe the stories in modern psychological dress. Akutagawa's approach to *Konjaku* was highly individual and possibly even rather strange. For him,[2] it was the 'Human Comedy' of the pre-feudal period, and its distinguishing characteristic was *utsukushii namanamashisa*, 'a beautiful freshness (literally "rawness")'. He further stresses its primitive forcefulness in a phrase that says much the same thing, but in the reverse order—*brutality no utsukushisa*, 'the beauty of brutality' (by which he means the primitive or the wild). Especially interesting is his praise of the Buddhist as well as of the non-Buddhist stories; he describes how forcefully they bring home to him the fact that to the people of the time the supernatural elements of their foreign religion were a vital reality.

We have already seen something of Nagano's views on *Konjaku*. It was almost certainly the example of Akutagawa that fired Nagano's interest;[3] indeed he has even tried his hand at writing Akutagawa-type stories based on *Konjaku* originals. He characterizes *Konjaku* as 'the literature of action (*kōdō*)'.[4] Essentially, the qualities he sees in it (though it should be stressed that he is interested mainly in the secular stories) are those praised by Akutagawa. It shows us real people, with living instincts and intensely human reactions. But it is not only the matter which he values. He maintains that the best of the stories are little gems of short-story writing, composed with consummate skill and quite remarkable for their period. In the light of recent developments in research into the identity of the compiler of *Konjaku*, Nagano is no

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[1] *Konjaku monogatarishū no shin-kenkyū* (1923), 579–83.

[2] '*Konjaku monogatari* kanshō', in *Nihon bungaku kōza*, xiv (1927).

[3] He also acknowledges (*Konjaku monogatari*, *Nihon koten zensho* series (6 vols., *Asahi* newspaper 1953–6), i, 145) his debt to another advocate of the literary merits of *Konjaku*, Kojima Masajirō.

[4] E.g., in 'Heianchō no kōdō bungaku', *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xxv/6 (1948). Nagano's views on *Konjaku* as literature are set out at greater length in *Konjaku monogatari kōwa* (1940).

longer able to maintain his confident and characteristically energetic assertion of the claims of Takakuni (he always accepted, of course, that there must be some later interpolations). To my mind, however, his views were always open to the objection that if Takakuni were indeed the author of the bulk of the work, this would mean that a writer who in Nagano's estimation should be ranked high in Japanese literary history was capable of churning out a great many dull and repetitious stories such as are found in the Buddhist section. Thus either Nagano exaggerated the skill with which the best stories are written, or much of the work must have been written by someone other than Takakuni.

Although Nagano's work was done mostly after the war, it is not really typical of the post-war period. His persistent advocacy of the claims of Takakuni to be considered the author of *Konjaku*, and in particular his readiness, in approaching it as literature, to make use of terms perhaps better suited to modern literary criticism, take him to some extent out of the mainstream of post-war *Konjaku* studies. For instance, there has been a significant tendency in recent years to abandon the idea that *Konjaku* was the work of a single writer, and to postulate that it was the product of a number of people, presumably priests, in collaboration. This theory of multiple authorship[1] naturally does not accord very well with the picture of *Konjaku* as a work of creative genius, particularly since seemingly conclusive evidence has now been produced that *Konjaku* was not written by such learned and cultured hands as was formerly thought. At the same time, while admitting that certain mistakes are made which would scarcely have been possible if the writing had been done by someone with the cultural background of the nobility, Kawaguchi points out[2] that *Konjaku* often seems to choose for detailed telling the most interesting parts of the stories which it borrows from other works. His explanation[3] of this apparent paradox is that the compilation was planned and supervised by a high-ranking aristocratic priest, whose discriminating eye is revealed by the choice of materials, but that the actual writing was done by priests of lower rank and inferior education who transcribed, mechanically and often so hastily as even to omit phrases important to the narrative, tales told to them by the director of the project. This ingenious attempt to reconcile conflicting evidence, while at the same time bringing in an oral element, does not seem very convincing. It is true that Kawaguchi believes the work as it stands to be incomplete,[1] but even so his conjecture presupposes a remarkable slackness on the part of an otherwise discriminating director in not exercising more control over the manner in which his project was being executed.

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[1] Proposed by Kawaguchi in '*Konjaku monogatarishū* to *Kohon setsuwashū* ni tsuite', *Bungaku*, xxiii/4 (1955), 36 ff., and also by Nakano Takeshi in '*Konjaku monogatarishū* no seiritsu ni tsuite', *Kokugo*, v/1 and 2 (April 1957), 31. Although at this point I discuss only one suggestion along this line, several others have been proposed. They will be discussed below, in Chapter 6.

[2] 'Setsuwa no keisei', 7.

[3] *Ibid.* 9.

If the post-war trend has been away from consideration of *Konjaku* as the work of an individual author (partly as a result of the new insistence on the importance of oral tradition in its composition), this has not meant that its literary qualities have ceased to find supporters. On the contrary, *Konjaku* may be said to have come into its own since the war, and to be far more widely appreciated. Its most convincing advocates are those who do not make wildly exaggerated claims for it. But it is now common, and not eccentric, to treat this collection of tales as exceptional in its genre, because in certain stories it can rise to the level of literature as that word is generally understood, written with skill and dealing with real human foibles and problems in a way that gives it more depth than is found in apparently similar collections. Indeed, some students of tale literature would restrict the use of that term to those tales or groups of tales which measure up to this literary standard. Nishio,[2] for instance, talks of the need to discover what makes the 'pre-literary' tale into 'tale literature', while Masuda[3] stresses that committing a tale to writing does not necessarily produce 'tale literature'.

In what, then, does the difference lie between the best *Konjaku* stories and the ordinary run of stories, whether in *Konjaku* or elsewhere? It is certainly not a marked difference of kind. It is true that the tales of everyday life (not including Buddhist tales, folk-tales or local legends) have not quite the same approach as the *yūsoku kojitsu* or anecdotes about ceremonies, public occasions and protocol. Recorders of the latter type of tale seem to have found it sufficient to restrict their accounts to the barest outline of events. Nishio[4] describes collections of such tales as being a kind of index for reference, written in a style appropriately concise for that purpose. Tales of everyday life, on the other hand, tend to be more circumstantial and detailed. For all the

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[1] The idea that the work as we have it is still in the nature of a draft, and not in finalized form, was developed by Mabuchi Kazuo in '*Konjaku monogatarishū ni okeru kensubun no* ken'kyū', in *Kokugo kokubun*, xvii/8 (1948).

[2] In '*Konjaku monogatarishū ni okeru setsuwateki hassō*', *Bungaku*, xvi/7 (1948).

[3] *Kōsatsu*, 45–6.

[4] *Chūsei setsuwa bungaku*, in *Iwanami kōza Nihon bungakushi*, vi (1959), 20–1.

conciseness of *yūsoku kojitsu*, which is perhaps accentuated when they are written in Chinese, I do not think that in collections composed in Japanese one is unduly conscious of any fundamental difference in feeling between this and other types of story, particularly in *Konjaku*, whose standardized narrative formulas show the author's basically similar attitude to all his material, though greater detail in the telling of a story usually makes it more effective and realistic.

It is not only in narrative technique, however, that some tales are superior to others, but also in their degree of human understanding and portrayal of human nature. Again, let me emphasize that their superiority does not result from any fundamental difference in technique. If their characters come alive, it is not through explicit analysis of their motives and feelings. Character portrayal remains indirect, the psychology emerging naturally from the action. It perhaps goes without saying that the use of the terms 'character portrayal' and 'psychology' should not be thought to imply any great subtlety in *Konjaku*. Tales of this kind are clearly not a medium for depicting complex mental states or expressing fine nuances of feeling. But they are capable of showing us real people. 'Every time I opened *Konjaku monogatari*', says Akutagawa,[1] 'I seemed to hear the people of those times sending up their cries of grief or merriment.' Inelegant and often naïve it may be, but it is of most interest for its concern with the activities and natural reactions of ordinary men and women.

Its simplicity and naïveté may well tend on occasion to distract the reader from a realization of its effectiveness, as for instance in the story (19/14) of which Akutagawa made use in his *Ōjō emaki*. A sinful and ferocious man named Gendayū comes upon a priest conducting a (Pure Land) Buddhist service, and having forced him to expound the benefits of belief in Amida, wishes to become a priest himself; he is unable to persuade the priest to administer the tonsure to him, but does it himself and marches off westward in search of Amida. Masuda, who discusses this story at great length,[2] points out that a comparison with the versions of the story in other collections shows up the effectiveness in *Konjaku* of the passage where the priest converts Gendayū by answering his questions, giving an exposition of Buddhism in a nutshell. In *Hōbutsushū*, *Hosshinshū* and *Shishū hyaku-innenshū*, this passage is rather compressed and much less appealing than in the more detailed *Konjaku* version. One especially human if rather comical touch in *Konjaku* is that when Gendayū marches off in search of Amida, he calls as he goes, 'Hey, Amida Buddha! Ahoy there, ahoy there!' whereas in the other collections he calls simply, 'Amida Buddha!' or 'Hail, Amida Buddha!'

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[1] 'Kanshō', 54.

[2] *Emaki*, 416 ff.

Even more revealing comparisons can be made where *Konjaku* stories have parallels in collections of the *Gōdanshō* or *Fuke godan* type, whose stories are generally very concisely told. A good example, quoted by Masuda,[1] is the *Konjaku* story (19/26) of Kinsuke, whose father becomes so ashamed of his son for his bad shooting one day at the archery ground that he strikes him. The son makes no attempt to run away and avoid the blows, explaining afterwards that if he had run away, his father, being old and infirm, might have fallen while chasing him. Masuda reproduces the version of this tale recorded from the conversations of Fujiwara Tadazane (though it does not appear in *Fuke godan*, the most widely current text of Tadazane's tales). This is so brief that it is little more than an outline of the incident (it also gives a different name to the father). On the other hand, the *Konjaku* story is very explicit, with a wealth of detail that not only makes the action more vivid but also makes the situation slightly more interesting; although Kinsuke's father thinks he has simply shot badly, he has in fact had a temporary black-out and not been able to see properly. The problem is, which version is closer to the form of the story as it was commonly known. Is the *Konjaku* version a more or less faithful reproduction, or has it improved on the tradition? Masuda, who believes that these stories of everyday life were circulated in a fairly circumstantial form, suggests[2] that the skeleton Tadazane version must be a reduction from a fuller tale, and with this we can perhaps agree. When he further suggests, however, that the writer of *Konjaku*, understanding the subtle human relationships sketched out in the oral tradition, consciously added to them and made them more complex, it is a little more difficult to follow him. For while it seems not unreasonable to assume more detail in a tradition than appears in Tadazane's tale, there can surely be no reason, other than a desire to give some credit to the writer of the *Konjaku* story, to suppose that the original tradition had *less* detail than now appears in *Konjaku*. It is perhaps as well to mention that, however good the *Konjaku* version of the Kinsuke story may be, its effect is somewhat spoiled by its use as propaganda; the writer rounds off this story by having a priest comment that Kinsuke must have been a Bodhisattva, since no ordinary person could have acted in this way. However, like the Gendayū story, it does show that it is not only in the non-Buddhist *Konjaku* stories that one can look for skilful touches in narrative technique and in motivation.

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[1] *Ibid.* 210–14.

[2] *Ibid.* 214.

My concern in this chapter has been to indicate the main trends in the study of tale literature. Inevitably, *Konjaku* has loomed large because it is the collection on which most work has been done, but nothing that has been said can be regarded as irrelevant to the consideration of *Uji shūi*. In the remainder of this study, I shall examine *Uji shūi* in detail, discuss its relationship with *Konjaku* and other works, and attempt an assessment of its position in the history of tale literature.

3

UJI SHŪI MONOGATARI—I

CONTENT, STYLE AND LITERARY QUALITIES

CONTENT

Watanabe and Nishio describe[1] all but one of the eleven texts of *Uji shūi* available to them for use in the preparation of their edition as probably dating from the Tokugawa period. The one exception is a fragment which they say was considered by Ikeda Kikan to have been copied in the late Muromachi period. They name several texts to which they did not have access, though they do not indicate their age (these texts have as yet been insufficiently studied).

The text on which almost all modern editions[2] are based is the 1659 printed edition, though its main virtue seems to be that it is the only one to contain a complete version of the preface, the text itself being often corrupt or defective. The detailed textual history of the work need not concern us here, particularly since textual variations are said[3] to be not sufficiently marked to justify the setting up of distinct groups. What must be pointed out, however, is the variations in the way in which different texts divide the work into books. This will be clear from Table 2 (pp. 438–40), based on the more detailed table given by Watanabe and Nishio.[4] There are texts in two, four, five and eight books, instead of the fifteen of the 1659 edition. Indeed, there is even a version of the latter in sixteen books, the sixteenth consisting of the table of contents and the preface. In several places, the dividing line falls before a story in one text but after it in another. Thus the divisions seem to be almost entirely arbitrary, possibly a matter of convenience. This impression from the figures alone becomes almost a certainty if we take into account the fact that several of the divisions between books actually fall between stories which are clearly linked by their subject-matter. The most striking case of this occurs between Stories 52 and 53, which are both fox-stories but in the fifteen-book text and also in the texts numbered in Table 2 I, V, VI and VII

are in different books. In the fifteen-book text, we find three further examples, a division between two Jizō stories, 82–3, between two Indian stories both of jātaka origin, 91–2, and between two stories, 174–5, in which a holy man tests his disciple's power to resist temptation, the second of which actually refers back to the first. For this reason, I propose in discussing *Uji shūi* to ignore all divisions into books and treat the work as one sequence of stories, numbered from 1 to 197, according to the convenient and straightforward method of Watanabe and Nishio. In my translations of the stories, however, I have for purposes of reference in each case indicated in brackets the more usual numbering according to the division of the work into fifteen books.

We have seen that tale collections commonly present their material in classified groups of stories, though the categories may be somewhat broad, few works being as highly organized as *Konjaku*, with its regional classification, its further subdivision into groups of tales with similar themes and its arrangement of tales within the groups mostly in pairs, with links, by association of ideas, not only within the pairs but also between one pair and the next.[1]

Uji shūi contains many such pairs of stories with similar subject-matter or similar characters. A few examples have already been mentioned in connection with the division into books. Some other very obviously associated pairs are 5–6 (about deceitful begging priests), 12–13 (about temple novices), 20–1 (about Jōkan), 44–5 (about Jizō), 74–5 (about festival musicians), 109–10 (about image-making), 115–16 (about Myōsen), 137–8 (stories of India), 141–2 (magical cures), 155–6 (tiger stories), 167–8 (about rebirth on a lower-than-human level), 172–3 (about flying begging-bowls) and 176–7 (about strong men). There is sometimes an unmistakable link or association of ideas even when there is less direct similarity of subject-matter or characters, for example, 1–2 (impurity in priests), 14–15 (humour involving genitals), 34–5 (disconcerting behaviour by a woman with her lover), 50–1 (notoriety—and here lack of success—as a lover), 60–1 (dying words), 107–8 (incarnations of Kannon), 196–7 (Chinese philosophers). Some links are rather less obvious, for example, 18–19 (enormous feasts of root vegetables), 76–7 (disastrous naïveté), 112–13 (sons-in-law),

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[1] *Uji shūi monogatari*, in *Nihon koten bungaku taikei* series (Iwanami 1960), 25 ff.

[2] That of Watanabe and Nishio, however, is based on the earlier, movable-type edition (text I in Table 2).

[3] By Nomura, *Uji shūi monogatari* (*Nihon koten zensho* series (2 vels., *Asahi* newspaper, 1949–50)), I, [illegible].

[4] 25–8.

[1] These links in *Konjaku* were originally discussed in detail by Kunisaki in several articles, of which the most important is '*Konjaku monogatarishū* no setsuwa tenkai yōshiki' (in *Waseda Shigaku*, xxxviii (1959)) but the whole is presented again in his book *Konjaku monogatarishū sakusha kō* (1962). Although Kunisaki's views on the organization of *Konjaku* seem to have gained a wide measure of acceptance, one recent article has cast doubt on their validity in relation to Books 10 and 24 (Kōchiyama, *Konjaku monogatarishū seiritsu-ron no ichi-shiron*, *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xxxiv/10 (October 1957), 146).

132–3 (basking in false glory), 162 and 163 (processions) and 188–9 (characters who are *hōshō*, that is, low-grade officials of the Guards or of the police, though the first of the two stories does not actually mention the fact). Occasionally the link extends over more than two stories, for example, 27–9 (and possibly 30–1 as well) are all examples of narrow escapes, 40–3 and 146–50 are all tales containing poems, 152–7 are all stories of China. In 57–9, there seems to be a double link, the first two items associated by the mention of a *hakkō*, a ceremony of readings and expositions of the Lotus Sūtra, and the second and third by their general theme (extraordinary facts about famous priests, one having been a criminal and one having ordered his men to perform an act of barbarity in order to strengthen his disgust with this world). In a few cases, one item consists of two parts which can be regarded as forming a pair of stories, for example, 62, 70.

It is not possible, however, to establish such links for all the stories in the work. Many seem to have no link with their context. Nor is it possible to discern any overall scheme of arrangement. There is no systematic grouping of Buddhist and secular elements in separate sections. Though between a third and a half of *Uji shūi* stories have Buddhist connections, they are distributed throughout the work. Thus it differs radically from *Konjaku*, which gives the impression of being Buddhist propaganda that has somewhat exceeded its original bounds. *Uji shūi* gives the impression of being a collection of interesting stories which happens to include a number about Buddhism and Buddhist priests.

Nevertheless, most of the usual themes of Buddhist tale literature are represented. For example, extreme piety or religious zeal is illustrated by the figure of Hankyū, Story 73, whose faith in Amida prevents him from ever allowing his back to be turned to the west, or by that of Takatada's retainer, 148, who, though ill-clad against the cold, uses a coat given him by his master as the present which he needs to offer to the priest whose disciple he wishes to become. Sometimes such zeal may enable the believer to endure extreme humiliation in a good cause, as in 144, or it may lead to eccentric and even apparently cruel conduct, as in 59.

Piety and faith may be rewarded in different ways. For the believer in Amida, such as Ninkai, 194, the reward is rebirth in Paradise after death. Trust in other divinities, such as Bishamon, 192, but more particularly Kannon, is usually found to bring rewards in this present life. For instance, when the believer is in difficulties and calls on Kannon, the Bodhisattva may present herself in different guises to bring help,

for example, as a snake, saving the hawk-catcher in 87, or as a serving-woman, aiding the girl from Tsuruga in 108. The source of such help is usually revealed later, as by the sword stuck into the sūtra in 87 or the skirt found hanging on the statue in 108.

Along with faith and piety, acts of self-sacrifice are lauded, for example, the refusal of the Captain of the Left Guards to jeopardize his colleague's safety by having prayers said on his own behalf, 183. Particularly praiseworthy is self-sacrifice or at least self-denial in order to save animal life, as in 7 and 164.

Just as faith and good works bring their rewards, so does sin bring awful retribution, though *Uji shūi* has no stories in which punishment for sin is immediate, as in the *Konjaku* story of the man whose mouth becomes permanently crooked after he has abused a priest.[1] The fate of the sinner may be torment in some hell, as in 102, where Toshiyuki is to be abandoned to the revenge of those people for whom he made copies of sūtras that brought them no merit because of the lascivious life of the copyist, or as in 112, where sinners are made to drink molten copper; or it may be rebirth in some other form of life, whether as a demon tormented by the fires of anger, 134, or as an animal, for example, a snake, 57, a sheep, 167, a fish, 168—or even as a mushroom, 2. For those who have become animals, all is not lost, for one may still be fortunate enough, like the snake in 57, to hear a sūtra recited, which will enable one to rise again to the human level. For the sinner destined for Hell, there is always a chance that a respite may be granted to enable him to repair the situation which brought him to the judgement-hall of King Yama (Emma), as in 45, or to counter-balance his sins by fulfilling some pious vow. These respites appear to be most commonly the result of intercession by Jizō (indeed, in 83 Jizō is actually identified with Yama), on account of even the most perfunctory show of reverence accorded him during the sinner's life.

The miraculous, supernatural element looms no less large in the tales of historical Buddhist figures than in those of Bodhisattvas. This is hardly surprising with extremely remote figures such as Daruma (Bodhidharma), 137, Upagupta, 174, or Hai-yün, 175, or with slightly less but still fairly remote Japanese figures such as Jōkan (late ninth century). But it is equally true of priests who cannot have been long dead when written about, such as Chikai, 65. This was after all an age when magic and superstition were an accepted part of life, when exorcism was a normal treatment for illness, for example, 9, 53, 141 and 191, and when prayers and incantations were considered an effective means of ending a drought, 20. The ability to perform such tasks was to some extent the measure of a priest's holiness. And yet one cannot help feeling that these stories of the magical powers of priests are told as much for their intrinsic interest as for their impressiveness as evidence of the power of Buddhism[1]—particularly where the purpose of the magic seems somewhat less elevated than it might be, if not, indeed, positively unworthy. How uncharitable, though human, for instance, is the behaviour of the itinerant priest who is so annoyed at missing a ferry-boat that he casts a spell to overturn it, depositing all the innocent passengers in the water, 36! Indeed, he vows to renounce the 'Three Treasures' of Buddhism if his spell does not work. The fact that it does, according to the narrator, shows how the Three Treasures are still with us, even in these degenerate latter days. But this can hardly be called an inspiring example of their power.

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[1] 14,28. This is an amalgam of two *Ryōiki* stories, 1,19 and 3,18.

This is by no means the only example in *Uji shūi* of curious, not to say reprehensible, behaviour in Buddhist priests. There are, for example, the priest in 130 who arbitrarily puts up a notice announcing that a dragon will rise out of a certain pond; the priest in 133 who announces his intention to drown himself, presumably in order to go sooner to Paradise, but fails to go through with it; the wandering priest in 5 who pretends to have inserted the Zuigu Dhārani into his head; and the wandering priest in 6 who has concealed his penis in order to pretend to have cut off this source of worldly care. Sometimes a religious point is made in stories of reprehensible behaviour, as in that of Kūsuke, 109, whose frauds, it is said, must surely nullify the merit of having an image made. But such stories, for all that their characters are priests or the subject is in some way connected with religious matters, can clearly not really be called Buddhist at all. Even a tale like that of the founding of an initiation-hall by the High Priest Jie, 69, though basically about a serious fact of Buddhist history, is 'Buddhist'

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[1] Note too that the magical powers acquired are frequently those associated with beliefs other than Buddhism, among them Taoism. The holy man in *US* 195 is shown up as a fraud when some young courtiers examine his excreta and see the effects of the (Taoist) practice of eating nothing but leaves (not even grain foods). Again, Yoshō in *US* 105, though formerly a disciple of the High Priest Jōkan, appears as a *sennin* (Taoist immortal), able to fly except when communicated by the proximity of an ordinary mortal, even one so holy as Jōzō. This mixing of Buddhist and non-Buddhist elements is characteristic of the complicated religious situation of Japan at this time. In *Konjaku* there often appear ambivalent figures, like the ascetic *sennin* on Mt Hira whose recitation of the Lotus Sūtra is so marvellous that a priest makes a special journey to hear him (*Konjaku* 13/2). A collection of short biographies of such figures called *Honchō shinsenden* (by Ōe Masafusa, author of *Zoku honchō ōjōden*) has just become available for the first time in an annotated edition (by Kawaguchi Hisao, included in the same volume as his new commentary on *Kohon setsuwashū*).

only in a most superficial sense. Even more significantly, two or three tales which in origin, or at least as they appear in other works, are Buddhist or have a definite religious element, have in their *Uji shūi* version no such religious point. Thus the tale of Sōkyata, 91, and that of the five-coloured deer, 92, are in origin jātaka tales,[1] in which Sōkyata and the deer are previous incarnations of Śākyamuni, but in *Uji shūi* no identification with the Bodhisattva is made. Another example of an *Uji shūi* story lacking the religious element which it has elsewhere is that of Tadaakira, 95.[2]

Particularly interesting, too, are a few tales which in *Uji shūi* seem to be told for their own sake, without any attempt to draw a moral, but in *Konjaku* are followed by comments on their religious and moral implications. Notable examples of this are the story of the boy and his sister stranded on an island, *US* 56,[3] that of the hunter who saves and marries a girl destined as a human sacrifice, *US* 119, and that of Heichū's chance discovery of a block of precious metal in a poor woman's house, *US* 161. In *Konjaku*, these stories are all contained in Book 26, which bears the general title *shukuhō*, 'the workings of karma', and the compiler makes a point of rounding off each one with the remark that the things which happened to the characters were undoubtedly brought about by the karma of their previous lives. It seems clear that *Konjaku* has here pressed ordinary non-religious stories into the service of propaganda. Yet another example is the tale of Akihira, *US* 29, which is followed in both *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* by the comment that even when engaged on secret love-affairs one should beware of visiting humble dwellings, but which in *Konjaku* concludes with the further comment that Akihira must have been saved by his good karma, and is therefore included in Book 26 as an example of *shukuhō*. An especially striking case is the tale of Michinori's attempts to learn the black arts from a district governor, *US* 106. While *Uji shūi* adds no word of comment whatever, *Konjaku* moralizes at some length, not only sharply criticizing any rejection of the Buddhist Law in favour of evil things (it likens such a course to, e.g. 'jumping into a deep pool with a rock clasped in one's arms'), but going so far as to condemn the Emperor Yōzei himself for having stooped to such practices.

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[1] Nos. 195 and 482 in *The Jātaka*, translated by E. B. Cowell and others (6 vols., Cambridge 1895–1907).

[2] This is examined in my detailed discussion in Chapter 4 of the correspondences between *Uji shūi* and other works.

[3] Where only the *Uji shūi* reference is given, the position of the parallel story in *Konjaku* (or, as the case may be, some other work of the *Konjaku-Uji shūi* group) can be ascertained from Table 4, pp. 440–2.

In the light of such examples, it is curious that Nakajima should seem to imply[1] that *Uji shūi* is more conspicuously didactic than *Konjaku*. He says that whereas the comments in *Uji shūi* are clearly additions to the stories by the compiler, he agrees with Sakai that those in *Konjaku* seem to have formed part of the stories from the beginning. Whether there is any justification for this opinion of *Konjaku* need not concern us at the moment,[2] but certainly it is wrong to suggest that the compiler obtrudes himself unduly in *Uji shūi*. Indeed, surely it is on the contrary remarkable that *Uji shūi* has nothing resembling the *zuihitsu* element which we noted in Chapter I as a feature of tale literature from about the time when *Uji shūi* is believed to have been written.

The fact is, as most Japanese writers agree, that the didactic element in *Uji shūi* is relatively small. True, many of its stories, secular as well as Buddhist, do end with the drawing of a moral, for example, 3 and 48, and like those of *Konjaku*, its comments are sometimes rather trite. It is true also that the two works sometimes make the same comment on stories which they have in common. But nothing shows better their essential difference in approach than a comparison of their treatment of tales which by their very nature are edifying, such as two of the Jizō tales, *US* 44–5, or two of the stories of rebirth in animal form, *US* 167–8. In all these cases, *Uji shūi* lets the story speak for itself, while *Konjaku* rams home the point with an explicit comment. Even where *Uji shūi* does draw a moral, it often does so in a much less long-winded fashion than *Konjaku*, for example, *US* 86 and 169.

It must be said that *Uji shūi* contains a few stories which seem out of keeping with even the moderate amount of edification in the work, for instance the two, 14 and 15, whose humour is associated with reference to or exposure of genital organs, or that in which a romantic love scene is ruined when the lady farts, 34, or that in which a naive woman is hoaxed into refraining from going to stool for three days, 76. But it would be wrong to view these tales as unpleasant or disgusting. They are written with what is surely a healthy, broad-minded attitude. The humour is earthy, but not that of a furtively-told smutty joke.

The two main elements in the secular stories are the humorous and the supernatural. The latter, like the miracles and magic of the Buddhist stories, is a reflection of contemporary superstitions. This was a world in which people believed that a corpse could transfer itself from one place to another (47), or that a dream could be bought (165). Moreover, man was beset by perils on all sides. For various reasons, such as the position of the heavenly bodies (183), it was desirable to remain at home on certain days, secluded from all contacts with the outside world (72, 122), or to avoid certain points of the compass (24). Failure to observe these precautions might be fatal (122). In addition, all manner of baleful creatures might be encountered, such as demons who came out to prowl at night, either singly (158) or in groups of as many as a hundred (3, 17, 160), foxes (52–3) or flying-squirrels (159). We even find such creatures masquerading as divinities, a kestrel as a Buddha in 32, a badger as Fugen in 104 and a *tengu* as Amida in 169. In the last two cases, it should be noted, the creatures are able to deceive holy men, while in the first two, it is lay characters who expose their deception. Nor were the perils entirely unconnected with any human agency. Divination might be used to foretell the future or look into the past (8), and other magical techniques could be used for such relatively harmless purposes as turning boots into puppies, sandals into badgers, or causing miniature Kamo Festival processions to pass across the top of a screen (106). But these arts could be put to more nefarious uses, such as depriving men of their penises (106) or putting a spell on people to make them laugh endlessly (185). In the latter story, if Takashina Shumpei's brother had accompanied his teacher to China, he would have learned how to kill people by magic, and in the first story of Seimei (26), the life of a young officer of the Guards is threatened by an evil spirit brought down on him by a sorcerer in the pay of the officer's brother-in-law.

Naive though these stories of the supernatural may seem to the modern reader, the world of magic and superstition was a very real one for Japanese of the Heian and Kamakura periods. It is therefore all the more remarkable to find in *Uji shūi* two stories in which superstitious practices are scoffed at. When Atsuyuki, in 24, offers his neighbour the chance to have his dead father's body taken away through his (Atsuyuki's) house because the neighbour's gate is temporarily in an unlucky direction, Atsuyuki's children ridicule him for endangering their safety, but he insists that those who practise ritual seclusion and such things do not live long and make nothing of their lives. Again, in 72, Muchinaga turns the tables on his master by ignoring the latter's ritual seclusion, justifying himself with the identical comment made to him on a previous occasion. Perhaps only the former example indicates a positive scorn of superstition, and this must be regarded as a rare exception. Nevertheless, we are told not only that the sceptical but unselfish Atsuyuki lived to the age of ninety, but also that people praised his action.

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[1] '*Uji shūi monogatari to Kokon chomonjū to no seikaku*', *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, vi/4 (1941), 39–5.

[2] The current view is quite the opposite, namely that *Konjaku* seems to have embellished and elaborated earlier, fairly plain versions of tales. See below, in the section of Chapter 3 dealing with style.

Prominent though the superstitious, darker side of ancient Japanese life is in *Uji shūi*, it is counterbalanced by the lighter side. This is of particular interest for the student of life at Court. Few of the tales deal with that staple of Heian literature, the love-affairs of the nobility, and in those that do, for example, 27, 29, 34, 35, 41, 50, 51, 81, the focus of interest is not on the romantic aspects of the affair. (In addition, in only three of them is poetry important.) The main point of interest in 27 and 29, though these describe visits by Suemichi and Akihira to women, is their narrow escapes from death. In 50, Heichū, second only to Narihara in Heian Japan as a Don Juan figure, is made to look ridiculous and appears in anything but an idealized light. What could be less romantic than the lovers' embarrassment in 34 and 35? Other stories too show well-known figures in undignified positions, such as Motosuke in 162 and Kakuyū (the High Priest from Toba) in 37; Kakuyū's discomfiture, incidentally, is his punishment for his own somewhat surprising behaviour. We find ample evidence of the buffoonery and raillery that went on in aristocratic circles, sometimes at the expense of rather pathetic figures, as in 124. Young nobles were no less high-spirited in this age than in any other, and we find them substituting sandals for the fish with which Mochitsune hopes to curry favour (23), and even acting rowdily in the streets (31). They could hardly be more unlike the four aesthetic young men in *Genji monogatari*, sitting together on a rainy evening, discussing the relative merits of women. Equally un-*Genji*-like is the entertainment described in 74, in which ribald, slapstick performances—one actually in the presence of a highly amused Emperor—are given by two festival musicians taking part in a *kagura*.

There are of course a number of humorous tales of life outside Court circles, for example, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 25, 62, 74, 75, 76, 77, 113, 133, 145. Typical examples are those about impostor priests (5, 6, 133, 145) and those which depend for their effect on witty retorts (15, 62). Nishio points out that of the more than thirty humorous tales in the whole work, over twenty are not found in any other collection and may be presumed to have been recorded from popular oral tradition. Indeed, he and Watanabe consider that the same is true of most of the more than fifty stories for which no parallels are known. But it should perhaps be stressed that these popular tales include only a handful that could be classified as conventional *mukashibanashi*, or 'fairy-tales' (3, 48, 56, 92 and possibly 91).

There are a few distinct categories of secular story besides the humorous ones. For instance, there are four tales (31, 166, 176, 177) of feats of strength, three by men and one by a woman (for the latter there is precedent as far back as *Ryōiki*), three tales of criminals (28, 33, 125) and four concerning Chinese philosophers (90, 152, 196–7). All three concerning Confucius, it should be noted, show him being bested, and even made to look ridiculous. Foreign tales are comparatively few, numbering only eighteen (plus a few which concern Japanese figures in China or Korea), and are mostly Buddhist, or about Buddhist figures. Especially interesting in three of the tales of Japanese abroad is the fact that they give evidence of a consciousness of the national honour. Two tiger stories, one set in Korea and the other in China (155–6), both state how the skill and bravery of the Japanese was found by the local inhabitants to be much superior to that of their own people, while the story of Jakushō in China, 172, has him calling upon the Gods and the Three Treasures of Japan to help him send his begging-bowl for food, like the Chinese priests with whom he is competing, and thus avoid humiliation. (By contrast, there is in one story, 180, a criticism of Japanese. When Tōshi Shōzu loses the jewel which the ship's captain, a Chinese, has entrusted to him, and offers his own jewel in its place, the captain refuses, because Shōzu's jewel is so much more valuable than his. The narrator comments how differently a Japanese would have acted. 'Would anyone from this country have declined to accept the jewel?')

One category of secular tale conspicuously absent from *Uji shūi* is that of *yūsoku kojitsu*. The only item that might conceivably be reckoned as such is 97, describing banquets at which Lord Ononomiya was the principal guest. *Uji shūi* shows little nostalgia for the glories of the past (which, as we have seen, provided the main impulse toward the collection of such tales). Nevertheless, I think it worth stressing that of those tales of Japanese historical figures whose action can be at least approximately dated, almost three-quarters are set in the period before, say, 1070 (almost one-half, indeed, before the year 1000), and that only one-tenth are set in the period after 1100. Since this will be of some importance to my argument later, I show in Table 3, on p. 440, the approximate distribution of *Uji shūi* tales over a total period of more than four centuries.

STYLE

The style of *Uji shūi* is better formed than that of *Konjaku*, a polished Japanese in which the elegant and the popular are successfully combined.

Though described by Nakajima as typical of the Kamakura period, however, the *Uji shūi* style is not that of the war-tales such as *Heike monogatari* (though they have a few features in common), while it differs also from the ornate style of *Senjūshō* and the highly organized style of *Jikkinshō*. It is generally characterized as an old but not archaic type of style, with certain features, particularly of vocabulary, that give it a lively, often colloquial flavour.

The *Uji shūi* style is not entirely uniform, for the language of certain stories shows to varying degrees the influence of Chinese. But it must be admitted that even in the few stories where a Chinese influence is detectable, the language is very far from the appallingly un-Japanese hybrid style of direct translation from Chinese. Such Chinese words as occur are mostly either ordinary words quite appropriate to a Japanese context or widely current Buddhist terms. Certainly, too, the variation in *Uji shūi* is not comparable with that found in *Konjaku* between the stories (largely those in books one to twenty) whose sources are found in works in Chinese, and the non-Buddhist native Japanese stories.[1] Some *Uji shūi* stories in which a Chinese influence is present are 4 (together with some other *Kojidan* parallels), 90, 137–8, and 152–3. A particularly extreme example is the story of Hankyū, 73, usually thought to be based on *Zoku honchō ōjōden*:

Kore mo ima wa mukashi, Hankyū ajari to iu sō arikeri. Yama no Ryōgon-in ni sumikeri. Hitoe ni gokuraku o negau. Gyōjū zaga, seihō o ushiro ni sezu. Tsubaki o haki, dai-shōben, nishi ni mukawazu. Irihi o senaka ni owasu. Nishizaka yori yama e noboru toki wa, mi o sobadatete ayumu. Tsune ni iwaku, 'Ueki no taoruru koto, kanarazu katabukuru kata ni ari. Kokoro o seihō ni kaken ni, nanzo kokorozashi o togezaran. Rinjū shōnen utagawazu,' to nan ikeru. Ōjōden ni iru to ka.

Here the grammatically loosely-used phrases *gyōjū zaga* and *tsubaki o haki*, *dai-shōben*, and the construction *nanzo . . . togezaran* are undoubtedly Chinese in origin. Also the brevity of the sentences results from following a source written in Chinese, though it would be rash to suggest that brevity of sentences necessarily means this, or that Chinese influence always entails this kind of jerky structure.

The existence of Chinese influence may be helpful as a means of determining the relation of *Uji shūi* stories to parallels in other works. For instance, Gotō Tanji, having established that there is a relationship between *US* 103 and part of a work in Chinese entitled *Kenkyū go-junreiki*, argues[1] that the latter must have been the source for *Uji shūi*, and not *vice-versa*, since the wording in *Uji shūi* has a Chinese flavour that is out of keeping with the general style of the work. Yafuki Shigeharu considers[2] as evidence favouring the idea that *Kojidan* was a source for *Uji shūi*, and not *vice-versa*, the fact that *sida*, a conjunction typical of the Sinicized style, and found *passim* in *Kojidan*, occurs in *Uji shūi* only in the stories with *Kojidan* parallels. Again, when Miyata Hisashi maintains[3] that the combination of similarities and differences in the stories which *Uji shūi* has in common with *Zoku honchō ōjōden* proves that the latter was not a source for *Uji shūi*, and that the material as it appears in *Uji shūi* (even, it seems, the one closely parallel story, that of Hankyū) must have been recorded from oral tradition, much of his argument has force; but in my opinion he does not take sufficient account of the stylistic difference between the Hankyū story and the other four in question (59, 143, 172 and 194). If all five were recorded from oral tradition, why is the former alone so markedly terse and Chinese in style? In any case, if by oral tradition is meant a popular legend with wide currency, would it have preserved such an uncolloquial style?

How far the language of *Uji shūi* is really typical of the Kamakura period is a question to which I shall return in the last chapter of this study. For the moment, therefore, let me say only that statements to this effect seem to me to be made far too loosely. Until more is known about the process by which *Uji shūi* was compiled and the nature of the work has been more thoroughly analysed, such generalizations are highly misleading.

Perhaps the most effective way of demonstrating the essential features of the *Uji shūi* style will be to present passages from representative stories which it has in common with *Konjaku*. I give below—on the left-hand side of the page the *Uji shūi* text, romanized from the edition of Watanabe and Nishio, and on the right-hand side the *Konjaku* counterpart, romanized from the *Kokushi taikei* text—passages from three stories, the first a non-Buddhist Japanese story (*US* 27, *KM* 23/16), the second (*US* 164, *KM* 9/13) and the third (*US* 174, *KM* 4/6) both

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[1] Two studies of this variation in *Konjaku* are Hotta Yōji, '"Gotoshi" to "Yō nari" to kara mita *Konjaku monogatarishū* no honshō', in *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xviii/10 (1941), and Ishigaki Kenji, 'Gohō yori mitaru *Konjaku monogatari*', *ibid.*

[1] '*Kenkyū go-junreiki* to ruu-jino *Uji shūi* no chosaku nendai ni tsuite', *Bungaku*, xv, a supplement to *Iwanami kōza Nihon bungaku* (1931), 11–13. This article is discussed in detail in Chapter 3 below.

[2] '*Uji shūi monogatari* to *Kojidan* to no kankei', in *Kokugakuin zasshi*, xlviii/9 (1942), 55–6. Whether or not Yafuki is right in saying that *sida* is typical of a Sinicized style, it is not strictly true that it appears in *Uji shūi* only in stories parallel with *Kojidan*. Four examples of its use elsewhere can be cited, in *US* 44 (Watanabe and Nishio, 134, line 5), 45 (135, line 12), 127 (310, line 11) and 150 (386, line 10).

[3] '*Uji shūi* no seiritsu', 63–7 and 75.

Buddhist stories set in India (though the *Konjaku* version of the second story is included in the China section of the work).

1

(i) Mukashi Suruga no zenji Tachibana no Suemichi to iu mono ariki. Sore ga wakakarikeru toki, sarubeki tokoro narikeru nyōbō o, shinobite yukikayoikeru hodo ni, soko ni arikeru saburaidomo, 'Nama-zokui no, kerai nite aranu ga, yoi akatsuki ni, kono tono e iri-izuru koto wabishi. Kore tatekomete kō-zen', to iu koto o atsumarite ii-awasekeri. Kakaru koto o mo shirade, rei no koto nareba, kodoneri-warawa o, hitori gushite, tsubone ni irinu. Warawa oba, 'Akatsuki mukae ni koyo', tote kaeshiyaritsu. Kono utan to suru onokodomo...

(i) Ima wa mukashi, Suruga no zenji Tachibana no Suemichi to iu hito ariki. Sono hito wakakarikeru toki, mairi-tsukamatsuru tokoro ni mo arazu, yangoto naki tokoro ni arikeru nyōbō o kataraite shinobite kayoikeru o, sono tokoro ni arikeru saburaidomo, nama-zokui nado no arikeru ga, 'Kono tono no hito ni mo aranu mono no yoi akatsuki ni tono no uchi yori ideiri suru, kiwamete buai nari. Iza kore tachikomete utan', to atsumarite ii-awasekeru o, Suemichi saru koto o mo shirazu shite, sakizaki no gotoku kodoneri-warawa hitori bakari o gu-shite, kachi yori yukite shinobite tsubone ni irinikeri. Warawa oba, 'Akatsuki ni mukae ni kitare', to iite kaeshiyaritsu. Shikaru aida, kono utan to suru monodomo...

(ii)...Kakaru hodo ni, akatsuki-gata ni narinuran to omou hodo ni, kono warawa, ika ni shite ka irikeru, iriru oto suru o, saburai, 'Ta so, sono warawa wa', to, keshiki-dorite toeba, ashiku iraenanzu to omoi-itaru hodo ni, 'Mi-dokyō no sō no dōji ni haberi', to nanoru. Sa nanorarete, 'Toku sugiyo', to iu. Kashikoku iraetsuru mono ka na, yoriki te, rei yobu me no na ya yobanzuran to, mata sore o omoi-itaru ni yori mo kade sugite inu. Kono warawa mo kokoroekeri, urusaki yatsu zo kashi. Sa kokoroeteba, saritomo tabakaru koto aranzuran to, warawa no kokoro o shiritareba, tanomoshiku omoi-taru hodo ni...

(ii)...Saru hodo ni akatsuki-gata ni narinikeri. Kono warawa ika ni shite ka iritsuran irikitaru o, saburaidomo keshiki-dorite, 'Ano warawa wa ta zo', to toeba, kore o kikite ashiku iraetenan to omoi-itaru hodo ni, warawa, 'Mi-dokyō no sō no dōji ni haberi', to nanoru nari. 'Saraba' tote sugoshitsu. Kashikoku iraetsuru yatsu ka na, tsubone ni kite rei yobu me no na o ya yobanzuran to, sore o mata omoi-itaru hodo ni, tsubone e mo yorikitarazu shite sugite yukikereba, Suemichi, kono warawa mo kokoroetekeri, sa dani kokoroetaraba urusaki yatsu zo kashi, saritomo tabakaru koto wa aranzuran to, warawa no kokoro o shiritareba, omoi-itaru hodo ni...

2

Mukashi, Tenjiku no hito, takara o kawan tame ni, zeni gojikkan o ko ni motasete yaru. Ōki naru kawa no hata o yuku ni, fune ni noritaru hito ari. Fune no kata o miyareba, fune yori, kame, kubi o sashi-idashitari. Zeni mochitaru hito, tachidomarite, kono kame oba, 'Nan no ryō zo', to toeba, 'Koroshite mono ni senzuru', to iu. 'Sono kame kawan', to ieba, kono fune no hito iwaku, imijiki taisetsu no koto arite, mōketaru kame nareba, imijiki atai naritomo, urumajiki yoshi o ieba, nao anagachi ni te o surite, kono gojikkan no zeni nite, kame o kaitorite hanachitsu. Kokoro ni omou yō, oya no, takara kai ni tonari no kuni e yaritaru zeni o, kame ni kaete yaminureba, oya, ika ni haradachi-tamawanzuran. Saritote, oya no moto e ikade arubeki ni araneba, oya no moto e kaeriyuku ni, michi ni hito no ite iu yō...

Ima wa mukashi, Tenjiku ni hitori no hito arite, takara o kawan tame ni zeni gosenryō o ko ni motashimete tonari no kuni ni yaru. Ko sareba zeni o torite yuku ni, ōki naru kawa no hotori o yuku. Sono toki ni fune ni norite yuku hito ari. Kono ko fune no kata o mireba, kame itsutsu fune yori kubi o sashi-idete ari. Kono zeni mochitaru hito tachidomarite, 'Sore wa nan no kame zo', to toeba, fune no hito iwaku, 'Koroshite subeki yō aru nari', to. Kono zeni mochitaru hito iwaku, 'Sono kame o ware ni uri-tamae. Kawan to omou', to. Funabito (Fune no hito) no iwaku, 'Kagiri naki yō arite kamaete tsuritaru kame nari. Sareba mimyo no atai naritomo urubekarazu', to. Zenimochi no hito te o surite anagachi ni koi-ukete, kono mochitaru zeni gosenryō o motte kame itsutsu kaitorite mizu ni hanachite sarinu. Zenimochi no hito kokoro no uchi ni omou yō, waga oya no takara o kawan ga tame ni, tonari no kuni ni yaritsuru zeni o motte, kame o kaite yaminureba, oya ika ni haradachi-tamawanzuran to omoedomo, saritote mata oya no moto ni kaeriyukazarubeki ni araneba, oya no ie ni kaeriyuku ni, tochū ni hito ni aite tsugete iwaku...

3

Ima wa mukashi, Tenjiku ni hotoke no mi-deshi Ubakutta to iu hijiri owashiki. Nyorai metsugo hyakunen bakari arite, sono hijiri ni deshi ariki. Ika naru kokorobae o ka mi-tamaiken, 'Nyonin ni chikazuku koto nakare. Nyonin ni chikazukeba, shōji ni meguru koto sharin no gotoshi', to tsune ni isame-tamaikereba, deshi no mōsaku, 'Ika naru koto o goran-jite, tabitabi kayō ni uketamawaru zo. Ware mo shōka no mi nite habereba, yume nona ni chikazuku koto arubekarazu', to mōsu.

Yo no deshidomo mo, kono naka ni wa koto ni tōtoki hito o, ika nareba kaku notamauran to, ayashiku omoikeru hodo ni, kono deshi no sō, mono e yuku tote kawa o watarikeru toki...

Ima wa mukashi, Tenjiku ni hotoke nehan ni iri-tamaite nochi hyakunen bakari arite, Ubakutta to mōsu shōka no rakan mashimasu. Sono deshi ni hitori no biku ari. Ubakutta sono deshi o ika naru kokoro o ka mi-tamaiken, tsune ni kashaku shite iwaku, 'Nanji nao onna ni chikazuku koto nakare. Onna ni chikazuku koto wa, shōji ni meguru koto, kuruma no meguru ga gotoshi'. Kaku no gotoku tsune ni koto no urifushi goto ni notamau. Deshi no mōsaku, 'Shi ni mashimasedomo kore wa ika ni mi-tamau zo. Ware wa sude ni rakan-ka o shō-seru mi nari. Oyoso onna ni fureburu koto wa, nagaku hanaretaru koto nari', to ito tōtoku mōsu. Ta no mi-deshi-ra mo, 'Ito tōtoki hito o anagachi ni kaku notamau wa ayashiki koto nari', to mina omoi-aeri. Kaku no gotoku tsune ni kashaku shi-tamau aida, kono mi-deshi no biku, akarasama ni tagyō su tote hitotsu no kawa o wataru aida...

The first *Uji shūi* passage above was chosen as a typical example of the basic style of the whole work. In this case, the language of *Konjaku* differs relatively little from that of *Uji shūi*. The second passage was chosen because this tale is one of the two, mentioned in Chapter 2, whose ultimate source is *Ming-pao-chi* but whose *Konjaku* (and *Uji shūi*) versions Kunisaki thinks must represent popular tradition.

Even in the relatively pure Japanese of its version of passage 1, *Konjaku* uses a word of Chinese origin, *busi*, where *Uji shūi* has the Japanese *wabishi*, and such differences are even more marked in the other two passages. Thus we find such differences of vocabulary as *mimyō no* for *imijiki* (passage 2) and *kakkaku shite iwaku* for *isame-tamai* (*kereba*) and *tagyō su* for *mono e yuku* (passage 3), and a number of differences in verb-forms or constructions, for example, *motashimete* for *motasete*, *kaerimukazarubeki ni araneba* for *ikade arubeki* and *to* for *to iu* (all passage 2). Nevertheless, in passages 2 and 3, the *Uji shūi* versions themselves are not entirely free of Chinese influence. Slight though this may be, it raises the same question as the story of Hankyū, that is, how far any Chinese element would have been preserved by popular oral transmission.

One distinctive feature of the *Konjaku* style is its constant use, as part of the narrative technique, of phrases such as *kore o kikite*, *shikaru aida*, etc. It clearly aims at being as explicit and explanatory as possible. The same desire for explicitness is evinced by the liberal use of sentence-subjects. By contrast, *Uji shūi* is very sparing with such indications, and avoids much tedious repetition.

An interesting point is raised in this connection by Kunisaki, who comments[1] that if this apparatus of narrative formulas and explanatory phrases is removed from the *Konjaku* parallels with *Uji shūi*, the similarity between their two versions of stories becomes even more striking than it already is. According to Kunisaki, the *Konjaku* method is based on a deliberate policy of standardization in order to make the narrative more formal, more 'substantial', and thus more authoritative.[2] *Uji shūi* may therefore be considered to preserve more nearly the original form of a story, as handed down in oral tradition. This point is well taken and is of some importance for the assessment of interrelationships between *Uji shūi* and related collections. (Of course the fact that the *Uji shūi* form of a story is earlier does not necessarily mean that it is identical with 'raw' oral tradition.)

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[1] '*Konjaku monogatari to Uji shūi*'. *Kokubungaku kenkyū*, XVI (1957), 49 and 51–4. Kunisaki expresses the same ideas in two other articles, mentioned in notes 2 to p. 32 and 1 to p. 33 in Chapter 2, and in his book *Konjaku monogatarishū sakusha kō*.

[2] Kunisaki in fact talks of this standardization as an attempt to make *Konjaku* more acceptable in a literary sense. But he clearly does not mean as literary art.

It will be readily apparent that the passages quoted above differ in more than these minor points of narrative technique. There are differences of substance as well. Indeed, *Konjaku* has some phrases, clauses and even whole sentences which are not found in *Uji shūi* (the opposite case occurs more rarely), while occasionally phrases or sentences in *Konjaku* appear in a reversed order in *Uji shūi*. Another important difference between the two is that whereas *Konjaku* regularly gives full details of the names and titles and even details of the family connections, appearance and character of the main figures in its stories, such details are by no means common in *Uji shūi*. Sometimes the latter gives only a personal name, for example, Takatada, where *Konjaku* has Fujiwara Takatada.

A comparison of one more pair of parallel passages will be useful. It illustrates most of the points already made, but in addition it shows how the *Konjaku* version of a story can be very much more prolix than that in *Uji shūi*. It is an excellent example of the difference in approach, which Nakajima describes as follows:[1]

> ...in *Konjaku* the aim is to relate a legend and so it sets out to record in as much detail as possible personal names, the place and the date. But to the author of *Uji shūi*, proper names are not particularly important. Since his aim is to make interesting reading out of a good tale, it is sufficient for him to refer to 'the Minister of the Right,' without bothering about his name and pedigree. This is not a feature of this story alone; almost all the stories have the same tendency.

The story in question is *US* 32, *KM* 20/3.

4

Mukashi, Engi no mikado no on-toki, Gojō no tenjin no atari ni, ōki naru kaki no ki no, mi naranu ari. Sono ki no ue ni, hotoke arawarete owashimasu. Kyō-jū no hito, kozorite mairikeri. Uma, kuruma mo tate-aezu, hito mo seki-aezu, ogami-nonoshirikeri. Kaku suru hodo ni, itsu-muyuka aru ni, udaijin-dono, kokoroezu oboshi-tamaikeru aida, makoto no hotoke no yo no sue ni ide-tamaubeki ni arazu, ware yukite kokoromin to oboshite, hi no sōzoku uruwashiku shite, biryō no kuruma ni norite, on-saki ōku gushite, atsumari-tsudoitaru monodomo noke-sasete, kuruma kakehazushite shiji o tatete, kozue o me mo tatakazu, akarame mo sezu shite, mamorite, hitotoki bakari

Ima wa mukashi, Engi no tennō no mi-yo ni Gojō no sae no kami no owashimasu tokoro ni ōki naru naranu kaki no ki arikeri. Sono kaki no ki no ue ni niwaka ni hotoke araware-tamau koto arikeri. Medetaki hikari o hanachi, samazama no hana nado o furashi nado shite, kiwamete tōtokarikereba, kyō-jū no jōchūge no hito mōde-atsumaru koto kagiri nashi. Kuruma mo tachi-aezu, kachibito hatara iitsukusubekarazu. Kaku no gotoki ogami-nonoshiru aida, sude ni muyu-nanoka ni nari-nu. Sono toki ni Hikaru no otodo to iu hito ari. Fukakusa no tennō no miko nari. Mi no zae kashikoku satori akiraka narikeru hito nite, kono hotoke no gen-ji-tamau owasuru ni, kono hotoke, shibashi koso, hana mo furase, hikari o mo hanachitamaikere, amari ni amari ni mamorarete, shi-wabite, ōki naru kusotobi no hane oretaru, tsuchi ni ochite, madoi-futameku o, warawabedomo yorite uchikoroshitekeri. Otodo wa, sareba koso tote kaeri-tamainu. Sate, toki no hito, kono otodo o, imijiku kashikoki hito nite owashimasu to zo, nonoshirikeru.

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[1] *Shinshaku*, 98. It should be noted that when Nakajima wrote this commentary, he believed *Uji shūi* to have used *Konjaku* as a direct source, though he later abandoned this view.

koto o sukoburu kokoroezu omoi-tamaikeri. Makoto no hotoke no kaku niwaka ni ki no sue ni ide-tamaubeki yō nashi; kore wa tengu nado no shiwaza ni koso aramere. Gejutsu wa nanoka ni wa sugizu, kyō ware yukite mite n to omoi-tamaite, idetachi-tamau. Hi no sōzoku uruwashiku shite birōge no kuruma ni norite sakigake nado uruwashiku gu-shite soko ni yuki-tamainu. Sokobaku mōde-atsumaretaru hito o haraimokesasete, kuruma o kaki-oroshite shiji o tatete, kuruma no su o maki-agete mi-tamaeba, makoto ni ki no sue ni hotoke owashimasu. Konjiki no hikari o hanachite, sora yori samazama no hana o furasu koto ame no gotoshi. Miru ni makoto ni tōtoki koto kagiri nashi. Shikaru ni otodo sukoburu ayashiku oboe-tamaikereba, hotoke ni mukaite me o mo madirogazu shite hitotoki bakari mamori-tamaikereba, kono hotoke shibaraku koso hikari o hanachi hana o furashi nado shikere, anagachi ni mamoru toki ni wabite tachimachi ni ōki naru kusotobi no tsubasa oretaru ni narite, ki no ue yori tsuchi ni ochite futameku o, ōku no hito kore o mite kii nari to omoikeri. Kowarawabe yorite, kano kusotobi oba uchikoroshitekeri. Otodo wa sareba koso, makoto no hotoke wa nan no yue ni niwaka ni ki no sue ni wa gen-ji-tamaubeki zo. Hito no kore o satorazu shite, higoro ogami-sawagitsuru ga oroka naru nari to iite kaeri-tamainikeri. Sareba sono niwa no sokonairu no hito otodo o nan home-mōshikeri. Yo no hito mo kore o kikite, otodo wa kashikokarikeru hito ka na to iite, home-mōshikeri to nan katari-tsutaetaru to ya.

LITERARY QUALITIES

Uji shūi is a very entertaining collection. By no means all its stories have literary merit, of course, some of them being too brief, banal or stereotyped; it goes without saying that it is not great literature. Still, much of what was said in the preceding chapter about *Konjaku* applies equally to *Uji shūi*.

Many of the most interestingly and forcefully told stories are found

among those for which no parallels are known and which are therefore probably recorded from popular gossip. The reader will see for himself that they are in many cases written with considerable skill, and they have a real appeal as literature. I do not propose to embark here on a full examination of techniques of story-telling, but I will draw attention to one or two points. I noted earlier that a comparison of *Konjaku* stories with parallels in works of the *jinaku kojūra* type shows how much more effective the *Konjaku* narrative is. There is unfortunately little scope for such comparisons in *Uji shūi*, for almost all of its few parallels with *Godanshō* and *Fuke godan* are very remote. Though one in each case is fairly close, the stories (4 and 9) are also in *Kojidan*, which is probably the direct source. Thus comparisons of this kind can really be made only with *Kojidan*. Several parallels with this work, including the two mentioned, are so close that no question of different story-telling technique arises. But in two other cases, a comparison is instructive. One is the story of Dōmyō, *US* 1. Though there is no essential difference in the subject, there is a difference of presentation. In *Kojidan*, when the old man is asked who he is, he reveals in one speech both his identity and the fact that he has been able to approach and hear the sūtra only because Dōmyō's recent contact with a woman has kept his usual audience of divinities away. *Uji shūi* makes a little conversation out of this. When the old man identifies himself, Dōmyō asks what he wants and the old man says he will never forget the sūtra-reading. Dōmyō now asks why he has chosen to come on this particular night, although he (Dōmyō) chants the sūtra constantly; the old man then explains. Again, the *Kojidan* parallel to *US* 7 says bluntly that the holy man, hearing that his friend has gone out hunting, dons a deerskin and goes out to lie down in the fields. *Uji shūi* introduces into the story an effective element of surprise. The hunter goes out on his torchlight shooting expedition, sees a pair of eyes, nearly shoots at them—and only at the last moment does he find (and we are told) that the eyes are those of the holy man in disguise.

The main appeal of *Uji shūi* stories, however, lies not in their technique but in their human interest. Akutagawa's comment that every time he opened *Konjaku* he 'seemed to hear the people of those times sending up their cries of grief or merriment' could be made with equal justification of *Uji shūi*.[1] The picture which it gives of its time has already been described at some length above, and it is worth stressing the naturalness of that picture. *Uji shūi* shows us men as they were. Most frequently it exposes their weaknesses, foibles and petty deceptions, but with an attitude not of high moral indignation but rather of tolerant amusement. If it lacks the imposing bulk of *Konjaku*, it is never so tiresomely insistent on drawing morals from its stories; the tone is never excessively didactic. Both collections contain much that is reminiscent of medieval European jestbooks, such as *A Hundred Merry Tales*.[1] But there are large parts of *Konjaku* of which the same could be said as has been said of another European tale collection, *Gesta Romanorum*: 'The intention of the original authors. . .was to provide texts for moralizations. The stories themselves were of secondary importance.'[2] This is certainly not true of *Uji shūi*.

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[1] In fact, one of Akutagawa's stories, *Ryū*, is based on *US* 130, while the theme of another, *Jigokuhen*, appears to have been suggested partly by *US* 38. In addition, his *Hana* was developed from a tale found both in *Konjaku* (28/20) and *Uji shūi* (25).

Uji shūi has been criticized for its lack of anything comparable to the stories of warriors in Book 25 of *Konjaku*, which were forerunners of the epic war-tales. Watanabe and Nishio call it[3] a weakness that the collection does not reflect the violent and tragic upheavals that had taken place in the world so near to the time when it seems to have been written. But might it not reasonably be argued that *Uji shūi* neglects material of the war-tale kind simply because it is an enlargement of a collection of quite different type? I myself find it a little far-fetched to talk of the compiler of *Uji shūi* as creating a world of healthy laughter in a mood of something like resignation, as if to demonstrate that in the everyday world, despite all violent upheavals, man remains basically the same. It is no denial of the appeal of *Uji shūi* to doubt whether such a degree of conscious purpose can justifiably be attributed to the writer of a collection of tales of this kind.

Of the reality of that appeal there is no doubt. There is evidence that *Uji shūi* was read at Court in the Muromachi period.[4] And, as we have seen, there were several editions printed in the Edo period. In addition, it has some relationship to humorous literature of that time. Several of its stories, for instance, are reproduced in the early collection of *rakugo* entitled *Seisuishō*, while it was clearly sufficiently well-known for one writer to give one of his books the punning title *Buji shiyū-i monogatari*.

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[1] For a good brief survey of such collections, see 'The Natural History of Jestbooks: An Introduction', in P. M. Zall (ed.). *A Hundred Merry Tales and Other Jestbooks of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries* (Bison Books, Lincoln, Nebraska. 1963).

[2] This comment is made by Wynnard Hooper in the introduction to his revised edition of C. Swan's translation of the *Gesta* (first published 1876, reprinted Dover Publications, New York, 1959), xiii.

[3] 24.

[4] See Chapter 6, p. 94.

4

UJI SHŪI MONOGATARI—II

A DESCRIPTION OF PARALLELS WITH OTHER WORKS

Uji shūi has more stories in common with other collections than almost any other work of its kind. However, close or relatively close parallels in works earlier than the presumed date of compilation of *Uji shūi* are confined almost exclusively to four collections, *Konjaku*, *Uchigiki*, *Kohon* and *Kojidan*. I therefore show in Table 4 (pp. 440–2) and discuss in this chapter only correspondences with these four works. At this stage, it should be emphasized, my purpose is merely to describe and not to account for the degree of correspondence. There are in fact only five cases of close parallels in other earlier works to items in *Uji shūi*, and in only two of these does the possibility of a direct relationship arise; they are the parallel in *Zoku honchō ōjōden* to the story of Hankyū, *US* 73, and that in *Kenkyū go-junreiki* to the story of the Kegon service at the Tōdai-ji, *US* 103. *US* 4 and *US* 9 have close parallels in *Gōdanshō* and *Fuke godan* respectively, but closer ones with *Kojidan*, while *US* 146 has a parallel in *Yamato monogatari*, but a closer one in *Kohon*.

Table 4 is adapted from the fuller table, showing later as well as earlier parallels, given by Watanabe and Nishio,[1] and in indicating the degrees of closeness of the parallels, I have followed their classification, substituting letters for the symbols which they use. The five degrees are as follows:

A. Close similarities, including in some cases complete identity of wording.

B. Close similarities of wording, though slightly less than in A. Note that even the closest *Konjaku* parallels are never rated by Watanabe and Nishio above this B category.

C. Partial similarity, although this may be close. Most of the parallels in this category are with *Konjaku*, the *Uji shūi* item forming only part of a longer *Konjaku* item containing several stories.

D. The same story, but with least similarity in wording.

E. Story only remotely parallel.

In addition to Table 4, for which *Uji shūi* is the starting-point, I have constructed another (Table 5, pp. 442–5) with *Konjaku* as starting-point, in order to show clearly the pattern of distribution within *Konjaku* of the stories which it has in common not only with *Uji shūi* but also with *Kohon* and *Uchigiki*. Tables 4 and 5 together thus present a complete picture of the parallels between these four works (the only two stories in common between *Kohon* and *Uchigiki* appear also in *Konjaku*).

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[1] 30 ff.

In the following discussion, page references to *Uji shūi* are all to the edition of Watanabe and Nishio. The figures after oblique strokes are line references.

KOHON SETSUWASHŪ

Of all the four main works containing parallels to *Uji shūi* stories, it is *Kohon* in which they are most striking. Indeed, not only are the majority of its parallels identical in subject-matter, but one, *KSS* 41, is completely identical and most of the others are extraordinarily close in wording. *KSS* 22, for instance, differs from *US* 150 only in having *makoto ni wa* for *makoto wa*. A number of verbal differences in other stories are in equally insignificant points, for example, the omission in *KSS* 21 of the particle *no* in the phrase corresponding to *ramazama no monodomo* in *US* 42 (p. 132/13). Moreover, where there are textual variants in *Uji shūi* itself, one of these sometimes corresponds with the wording of *Kohon*. For instance, whereas most texts of *US* 42 have *kau* (p. 133/3), one text quoted in *Kokushi taikei* has *kichō*, as in *Kohon*; again, the edition of Watanabe and Nishio corresponds with *Kohon* in having *yomitarikereba* in 40 (p. 103/8), where the 1659 edition has *yomikereba*, and in having *nabe ni nikeru mono* in 43 (p. 133/10), where the 1659 edition has *nabe ni aru mono*. The remarkable similarities between the two collections are made even more significant by such points as the following:

1. *US* 41 and *KSS* 20 both make the same mistake about the poetess Haku-no-haha, 'The mother of the *Haku* (i.e. the Head of the Department of Shinto)', confusing her with her sister. Both make her the younger sister of a lady who is abducted by Taira Koremoto and taken to live in the province of Hitachi. They quote a poem sent by Haku-no-haha to her sister, and the sister's reply. In later years, we are told, when her sister is dead, Haku-no-haha accompanies her husband, the Governor of Hitachi, to his province, and is visited by and receives lavish gifts from her late sister's daughters. In fact,[1] Haku-no-haha was her father's eldest daughter, and it was she who married Taira Koremoto, by whom she had the son, Prince Yasusuke, who was known as *Haku*. It was her younger sister, the third daughter, who married a Governor of Hitachi, and this girl's son was named Minamoto Kanetoshi. The two poems in the story appear as a pair in *Go-Shūishū*, numbers 1134 and 1135, though there the last line of the first poem varies slightly from the text as it appears in *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*. In this anthology, the first poem is said to be by 'The mother of Minamoto Kanetoshi' and to have been sent with a letter to a relative in the eastern provinces, while the reply is said to be by 'The mother of Prince Yasusuke'.

2. Both collections contain a story, *US* 146 and *KSS* 11, concerning a certain officer of the Guards whom the *Yamato monogatari*, from which the story clearly originates, calls Suenawa.[1] Though the title of the *Kohon* story gives the name in this form, in the body of the text the name appears throughout as Suenao, and the latter form is used also in *Uji shūi*.

3. The characters used for the name of the Indian miser Rushi are the same in both collections (*US* 85, *KSS* 56), though in *Konjaku* 3/22 the name appears with different characters. (On the other hand, *Kohon* differs from *Uji shūi* in not placing the story in India and also in the wording of Rushi's Chinese poem, though the latter difference is relatively slight.)

4. The unusual form *himemosu*, for *hinemosu*, 'all day', occurs in the same place in both the *Uji shūi* and the *Kohon* versions of the story of the priest of the Gokuraku-ji, *US* 191 (p. 422/4) and *KSS* 52.

The remarkable correspondence between the two collections can scarcely be over-emphasized. Yet at the same time there are in one or two stories differences of plot, and even in stories with identical plots and passages of identical phraseology, certain passages differ appreciably in wording, in more important respects than the simple omission of particles etc.

The stories with differences of plot are the following:

1. *US* 108, *KSS* 54. These are clearly variant versions of the same basic story. Whereas in *Uji shūi* the girl lives in Tsuruga, in Echizen, and the young man is from Mino, the girl in *Kohon* lives in Wata, in Settsu, and it is the young man who comes from, and takes her to live in, Echizen. In *Uji shūi*, the girl's parents, who are not rich but comfortably off, arrange marriages for her, but though she marries several times, each husband leaves her. The *Kohon* story opens with

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[1] According to Watanabe and Nishio, 130 (note 10) and 443 (supplementary note 35).

[1] Note that some texts of *Yamato monogatari* have the reading *Suetsuna*, and it is in this form that the name appears in *Yotsugi monogatari*. For a discussion of this point, see Kōchiyama, '*Uji dainagon monogatari* no chosha', 12. But see also note 5 to p. 23 in Chapter 1.

the death of the parents. The girl has suitors but hesitates to marry because she feels that nobody will want one so poverty-stricken. Then, in the *Uji shūi* but not the *Kohon* version, the young man falls in love with the girl because she reminds him of his late wife. Finally, in *Uji shūi* the daughter of the former family servant comes and knocks at the door, whereas in the *Kohon* version the girl sees her going past the house on her way to the well.

2. *US* 93, *KSS* 49. The variations in the above stories occur throughout, but here the *Uji shūi* story appears with no substantial difference in *Kohon*. However, the story of Tadaakira using a shutter as a parachute and floating down into the valley at the Kiyomizu-dera is followed in *Kohon* by a short account of how a woman accidentally dropped her baby into the valley. This introduces a religious element absent from the Tadaakira section, for the woman calls on the Kiyomizu Kannon for help, and the child lands safely on a pile of leaves.

3. *US* 146, *KSS* 11. Here the *Kohon* story, clearly based on *Yamato monogatari*, consists of two sections, each built round a poem by Suenao. Only the second half, however, appears in *Uji shūi*, though with almost identical wording. (The first half describes Suenao's disappointment when the Emperor fails to fulfil his promise to come and view the cherries at Oigawa.)

4. *US* 151, *KSS* 27. Here too a *Kohon* story has an extra section following the part that corresponds with *Uji shūi*. This case is of particular interest because the additional section, which follows the story of the ghost of the Minister of the Left Tōru and quotes verses by poets who lived in the house after the Retired Emperor Uda's death, begins by recording that Tsurayuki lived in the house after his return from Tosa, and cites a poem of his referring to the imitation salt-piles which the garden contained. Though *Uji shūi* lacks this section, the story is placed after two others about Tsurayuki.

Differences between those two collections in textual detail, as opposed to subject-matter, are of several types. First, there are variants, such as in *US* 87 and *KSS* 64, which may have arisen through copyists' errors (though this does not necessarily mean that the relationship was direct, since both works could be derived from a common source). Where *Uji shūi* has 'Taka no hanaretaru o toran tote, tobu ni shitagaite yukikeru hodo ni, haruka naru yama no oku no tani no katagishi ni . . .' (p. 202/1–2), *Kohon* has 'Taka no hanaretaru o toran tote, taka no tobu ni shitagaite yukikeru hodo ni, haruka ni inikeri. Taka o toran tote mireba, haruka naru okuyama no, tani no katagishi ni . . .'; again,

where *Uji shūi* says of the hawk-catcher's retainers after his fall into the valley 'Zusadomo wa . . . wari-naku tsumadatete mi-oroshikeredo, wazuka ni mi-oroseba, sokoi mo shiranu tani no soko ni . . . (p. 202/15–p. 203/1), *Kohon* reads 'Tomo ni aru zusadomo wa . . . wari-naku tsumadatete, osoroshikereba, wazuka ni mi-iruredo, sokoi mo shiranu tani no soko ni . . .' Some less extensive examples of the same kind are *kowa shiremono* *US* 86 (p. 201/5), and *oko no shiremono* *KSS* 57; *michi e nigete* *US* 95 (p. 224/15–16), and *michi mo e-nigede* *KSS* 49; and *matsurigoto o shitatame-okonai-tamau aida* *US* 111 (p. 276/16) and *matsurigoto shi, tada okonau aida* *KSS* 44.

Certain other types of variation in wording are not so easy to account for, in stories with otherwise such close correspondence throughout. One is the occasional minor differences of vocabulary, for example, *mazushikarikeru*, *US* 88 (p. 205/9), and *tayori nakarikeru*, *KSS* 66. Another is the appearance in one collection of phrases not found in the other. For instance, in the above quotations from the hawk-catcher story, it will be seen that *Kohon* has two such phrases, *tomo ni aru* and *taka no*, while later in the same story *Kohon* has a *mare ni mo arazu* which is not in *Uji shūi*. Such extra phrases are not found only in *Kohon*. The situation is sometimes reversed, though on balance it must be said that it is more often *Kohon* which has the extra words.

So far, our discussion of *Kohon* has been restricted to comparisons with *Uji shūi* alone. But a very important factor to be taken into account is that fifteen of the twenty-three *Kohon* stories with *Uji shūi* parallels also have parallels in *Konjaku*. The study of these is particularly useful.

Let it be said at once that even in the closest *Konjaku* parallels (e.g., *KM* 24/25, with *KSS* 41 and *US* 149), there is never complete or even nearly complete identity of wording, on account of the special features of the *Konjaku* style discussed in Chapter 3. More significant than stylistic differences are variations in plot or small details, and those of wording unrelated to general questions of style.

The *Konjaku* version (16/6) of the hawk-catcher story has marked differences of plot. The man's plight arises, not from a fall, but from treachery on the part of a neighbour who accompanies him in order to lower him on a rope to the inaccessible site of the hawk's nest (in *Konjaku*, the hawk has built its nest halfway down a cliff overlooking the sea, whereas in *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*, the nest is in a tree growing out of the steep side of a valley deep in the mountains and the man is able to climb the tree without assistance). Just as in *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*, the hawk-catcher is saved by Kannon in the guise of a snake, but with the difference that in *Konjaku* the snake makes as if to swallow him, whereas the other two versions specifically state that it does not.

Similarly, there are differences of plot between the *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* versions on the one hand, and the *Konjaku* version on the other, of the story about the rich Indian Rushi. Again, the story is basically the same, but *Konjaku* does not introduce the attempt to distinguish the true Rushi from the disguised Indra by the investigation of the mole, nor is Rushi's mother called on to decide. It is his wife who is asked to identify him. (It should be noted in passing that, though they coincide in the action, the *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* versions of this and the hawk-catcher story differ appreciably in wording.)

We have already seen that *Kohon* adds a Kannon story to the tale of Tadaakira at Kiyomizu. But *Konjaku* goes further than this. Not only does it contain this tale of the woman and her baby as a separate item, 19/41, immediately following the Tadaakira incident, but it actually makes the latter also a religious miracle-tale, since it has Tadaakira calling on Kannon to save him before he jumps into the valley.

There are several cases of minor plot differences or variations in small details. Thus in *US* 192 and *KSS* 61, Irae no Yotsune prays to Bishamon for help and receives instructions to shout 'Narita' on a certain peak and give to the demon who will appear a note; this, he finds, is an order that he be given two *to* of rice. In *KM* 17/47, the prayer is to Kichijō-ten, the shout is to be 'Shuda' and the allocation of rice is to be three *to*. Again, in the *Konjaku* parallel to *US* 191 and *KSS* 59 (*KM* 14/35), the humble priest of the Gokuraku-ji is introduced at the very beginning of the story, instead of later.

The differences, however, are not always between *Konjaku* on the one hand and *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* on the other. We have seen, for instance, that there is a wide difference between *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* in the story of the girl in Tsuruga. But the *Konjaku* version, 16/7, is clearly the same as *Uji shūi*. Nevertheless, not only do the two differ widely in wording, but there is even a slight discrepancy in the action. In *Uji shūi*, the girl is worried from the first because she sees that the travellers camping in her house apparently have no food and she has none to offer them. In *Konjaku*, they do have food with them, and her worries only begin later, when the young man goes away and leaves some retainers quartered on her.

In some cases, the difference is between *Uji shūi*, standing alone, and *Kohon* and *Konjaku* together. In the matter of details of plot, this is rare. An example occurs in the story of the woman given the curtain at Kiyomizu. In *US* 131, she makes only a gown from it, whereas according to *KM* 16/30 and *KSS* 59, she makes a gown and a skirt. But in the matter of wording, it is not uncommon for *Kohon*, where it differs from *Uji shūi*, to be closer to *Konjaku*, though the correspondence is rarely exact, as a few examples will show:

US 86	*(nagoroku o) sashikeru* (p. 200/14)
KSS 57	*(nagoroku o) sashi-aishikeri*
KM 16/37	*(nagoroku o) sashi-aikeri*
US 96	*michi mo yukiyarazu, fumimatsuraru koto mi* (p. 230/2)
KSS 58	*michi o mo yukiyarazu fumimadoiuru oioko aitari*
KM 16/28	(*. . . mono no . . .*) *michi mo yukiyarazu fumimadoinaru aitari*
US 96	*ayashi no uma no aru ni sasete* (p. 230/7)
KSS 58	*ayashi no uma no aru ni kura okikaete*
KM 16/28	*ayashi no uma no aru ni kura okikaete noriyorinu*
US 131	*(sai-chō no katabira o) nusumitaru to ya* (p. 318/10)
KSS 59	*hazushitaru to ya*
KM 16/30	*(sai-chō o) hazushitoritari to ya*
US 192	*sore ni kono fumi o misete tatematsuran mono o akeyo* (p. 433/7–8)
KSS 61	*aite akeyo*
KM 17/47	*sore ni aite ukubeshi*

Again, however, a word of reservation is necessary, for there are places where the wording of *Uji shūi* is closer than that of *Kohon* to *Konjaku*. Two examples of this will suffice.

US 111	*hitotabi ni arazu, tabitabi shidokenaki koto areba, omoku imashimen tote, mesu narikeri. 'Koko ni sauraite sōrō', to mōshikereba* (p. 277/2–4)
KSS 44	*sore, hitotabi ni arazu, tabitabi karamaritaru koto nareba, kore wo imashimen tote, mesu narikeri. Sate, 'Koko ni saburai sōrō', to mōshikereba*
KM 24/55	*sore ni hitotabi ni mo arazu, tabitabi shidokenaki koto arikereba, kore wo omoku imashimen tote, mesu narikeri. Susumeshi ue mairitaru yoshi, tsukai iikereba*
US 191	*'Nanzo no warawa no kaku wa naru zo', to toibikereba* (p. 421/13)
KSS 59	*'Nanigashi no kaku wa naru zo', to toikereba*
KM 14/35	*'Nanzo no warawa no kaku wa naru zo', to iwasuru ni kore ni*

In general, verbal resemblances to *Konjaku* are more frequent in *Kohon* than in *Uji shūi*. But it should be remembered that in a number of stories verbal resemblances to *Konjaku* in one collection have no counterpart in the other. For instance, *KSS* 61 has towards the end several phrases which not only correspond almost exactly to phrases in *KM* 17/47, but do not appear in any form in *US* 192.

UCHIGIKISHŪ

Let us next consider the correspondences between *Uji shūi* and *Uchigiki*, particularly the stories which have parallels in *Konjaku*.

Of the four items not found in *Konjaku*, one, *US* 139, appears in

Uchigiki (17) in such abbreviated form that the question of comparing wording scarcely arises. The remaining three, *US* 20, 107 and 142, have very similar wording to *Uchigiki* (4, 10 and 26 respectively), though *US* 107 has one slight difference of detail, one of the forms in which Pao-chih reveals himself being that of an eleven-headed, and not, as in *UGS* 10, a thousand-armed, Kannon. *US* 142 contains only the first part of the *Uchigiki* item. The second part describes how Kūya (*Uchigiki* in fact calls him Kōya) received instructions in a dream about where he would find the stick for a scroll of the Mahā-prajñā Sūtra.

In the items common to *Konjaku* as well, the degree of correspondence varies considerably. For instance, all three works have an item about the Seson-ji, but *UGS* 25 consists of only one line, stating that the temple was formerly the residence of a certain Major Counsellor. As far as it goes, however, it corresponds to *US* 84. The *Konjaku* story about this temple, 27/3, is quite different from that in *Uji shūi*, telling how a ghostly child's hand appeared from a knot-hole in a tree. In another story, *UGS* 2 and *US* 195 correspond fairly closely, but *KM* 6/1 has marked differences. For instance, what in the other two collections is one continuous speech by Ch'in Shih-huang-ti is in *Konjaku* divided into two by an exposition of the Buddhist faith by the Indian priest whom the Emperor is questioning. Nevertheless, there is a striking correspondence between all three versions in that the opening sentence of each ends with a verb-form rather unusual in such a context, *watareri*.

The difficulty of assessing degrees of correspondence is well demonstrated by the comments of two Japanese scholars on the *Uchigiki* tale (18) of Jikaku in China. According to Nakajima,[1] this is somewhat closer in wording to *US* 170 than to *KM* 11/11, but Takahashi Mitsugu expresses exactly the opposite opinion.[2] Takahashi holds a similar opinion[3] concerning the story (*UGS* 20, *US* 171, *KM* 5/31) of the priest in India who follows a cow through a cave into a kind of wonderland. He may be right as regards the small section which he quotes. But the fact is, as he admits, that the *Konjaku* story, in which a cowherd follows a wandering cow which is beautiful and feared by other cows, bears only a very general resemblance to the other two versions. Such differences of plot certainly counterbalance the verbal similarities. Incidentally, *Uchigiki* and *Uji shūi* both state that the story is to be found in the diary of Hsüan-tsang, but commentators point out that it does not appear in *Hsi-yü-chi*.

Perhaps the most interesting parallel between the three works is

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[1] *Meishaku*, 448. [2] 'Setsuwa no ni-keiretsu ni tsuite', *Kokubungaku kenkyū*, XXII (1960), 89.
[3] *Ibid.* 89–4.

the story (*UGS* 21, *US* 164, *KM* 9/13) of the boy who uses his father's money to procure the release of some turtles. This is the story quoted in our earlier discussion of style and also referred to in Chapter 2 as a *Ming-pao-chi* story whose *Konjaku* version is not, like the stories around it, a more or less direct translation from the Chinese work. Significantly, while the setting of the Chinese story[1] is China and the turtles' rescuer Chinese, these Japanese versions make the locale and the nationality of the rescuer Indian (though in *Konjaku* the story appears in the China section). Against this link between the three Japanese versions, however, must be set the fact that they all differ in specifying the amount of money with which the boy is entrusted. *Konjaku* says '5,000 *ryō*', *Uchigiki*, '5,000 *kan*' and *Uji shūi* '50 *kan*'. None of these figures agrees with that in the Chinese original, which is 50,000. As for wording, *Konjaku* has some phrases in common with *Uji shūi* and some with *Uchigiki*, but in general these two resemble each other more than *Konjaku*.

KONJAKU MONOGATARISHŪ

We now come to those stories which *Uji shūi* has in common with *Konjaku* but which do not appear in *Kohon* or *Uchigiki*. As we have already seen, the degree of similarity between *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi* varies considerably. If all the parallel items are taken into account, including those which appear also in *Kohon* or *Uchigiki*, there are about nine times as many in the Watanabe and Nishio B category as in either the D or E categories. Undoubtedly, some in the C category, that is, where only part of the *Konjaku* item appears in *Uji shūi*, are close enough parallels to merit inclusion in the B category if they had been whole items, so that the above ratio should perhaps be ten to one. When the *Kohon* and *Uchigiki* parallels are left out of account, we find that seventy per cent of the *Konjaku–Uji shūi* parallels are in the B category, or almost eighty per cent if some of the partial parallels are included.

We need deal here with only two of the five stories in the E category. The first is the story of Heichū, used in modern times by Akutagawa as the basis of his *Kōshoku*. Both *KM* 30/1 and *US* 50 tell essentially the same story, but with important variations. For example, whereas in *Konjaku* the fascinating but elusive Hon'in-no-jijū does not reply to

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[1] Nakajima, and Watanabe and Nishio, in their commentaries on *Uji shūi*, quote from this story (and the parallel to *US* 169) only by reference to *Fa-yüan chu-lin*, which states that its source was *Ming-pao-chi*. The relevant sections of the *Fa-yüan chu-lin* text are quoted in full in Haga, *Kōshō*, I (1913), the present story appearing on p. 639. However, Yamada Yoshio (and others), *Konjaku monogatarishū*, II (Iwanami 1960), 202–3, gives references to a text (unspecified) of *Ming-pao-chi* itself.

Heichū's love-letters and, when he begs her at least to write the word 'Seen' to indicate that she has read them, simply tears off and sends to him the part of the paper on which he has written the word, in *Uji shūi* she does reply, though giving him no encouragement. Again, after her trickery in the affair of the chamber-pot, *Uji shūi* tells us simply that Heichū 'felt as if he were dying' (i.e., he was almost beside himself with despair), but in *Konjaku* he actually does die.

Greater differences even than these are found between the two versions of a story telling how a believer encountered Jizō in real life. *KM* 17/1, which is close to the version recorded in *Jizō bosatsu reigenki*, has a priest searching for Jizō and finding a boy who is called by that name because his birthday falls on Jizō's day, the twenty-fourth of the month. This boy later gives miraculous signs of divinity, then vanishes, along with his mother. In *US* 16, however, not only is the searcher a nun and not a priest, but she achieves her ambition when she meets a swindler who promises for a consideration to introduce her to Jizō. He, of course, tricks her by introducing her only to a boy of that name—but when the nun prostrates herself in adoration of the boy, his forehead splits open to reveal the countenance of the Bodhisattva himself.

One other story, *US* 152 (in the C category), well illustrates what pronounced differences can exist between *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi*. This is one of the three tales in *Uji shūi* of Confucius. In it the sage is questioned by an eight-year-old boy and has the worst of the exchange. There are some slight verbal similarities with part of *KM* 10/9, but while the point of the story is the same in both versions, *Konjaku* not only has two boys asking Confucius questions to settle a dispute, but the questions asked are different from those in *Uji shūi*. The substance of the latter comes from an anecdote in *Shih-shuo Hsin-yü*.[1] The ultimate source of the *Konjaku* version of the story, however, appears to be *Lieh-tzu*.[2] It should be noted that this anecdote in *Konjaku* is preceded in the same item by a somewhat similar one corresponding, though not exactly, with the tale of Confucius and the boy Hsiang T'o.[3] Although in the Hsiang T'o tale Confucius meets three boys, his altercation is with only one (as in *US* 152). In the *Konjaku* version of the tale, though apparently not elsewhere, the boy states his age as eight (the age given in *Uji shūi*).

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[1] See Watanabe and Nishio, 462, supplementary note 117.

[2] See Yamada, *Konjaku* II, 200, introductory headnote.

[3] For a discussion of the Hsiang T'o story, with a translation of one version from Tun-huang, see Arthur Waley, *Ballads and Stories from Tun-huang* (London 1960), 89–96. In addition to numerous Chinese versions of this tale, there are Tibetan, Mongolian and Siamese versions; these, together with the *Konjaku* version (though not that in *Uji shūi*) are discussed at length by Michel Soymié in 'L'Entrevue de Confucius et de Hiang T'o', *Journal Asiatique*, CCXLII (Paris 1954), 311–92.

It must be admitted that such wide divergences are rare. Nevertheless, even in the many stories with some similarity of wording, even, indeed, when the similarity is very great, slight differences are by no means uncommon; they are mostly in matters of detail, though also in minor points in the course of the action, or even in the identity of the characters. I list below some examples of these differences. The *Uji shūi* details are given first.

1. *Differences in numerical statements*

All stories noted are in the B category except 119 (D).

23 (p. 92/11) Mochitsune is given two fish (in *KM* 28/30, three).
27 (p. 105/9) Suemichi and his page run three *chō* (in *KM* 23/16, one or two).
32 (p. 117/8) The false Buddha deceives people for five or six days (in *KM* 20/3, six or seven).
40 (p. 128/11) The cliff is thirty or forty *jō* in height (in *KM* 29/37, three or four).
54 (p. 154/4) The number of iron-miners is sixty (in *KM* 26/15, six).
54 (p. 155/4) The gold given to the Governor is eight thousand *ryō* (in *KM*, one thousand).
55 (p. 156/16 and p. 157/1) The boy and girl are both aged eleven or twelve (in *KM* 26/10, they are fourteen or fifteen and twelve or thirteen respectively).
91 (p. 219/1) The *rākṣasīs* leap fourteen to fifteen *jō* into the air, or in some *Uji shūi* texts forty to fifty (in *KM* 5/1, four to five).
91 (p. 215/10) The number of swordsmen and bowmen is a hundred of each (in *KM*, ten thousand), the number of ships is unspecified (in *KM*, a hundred).
92 (Title *et seq.*) The deer is five-coloured (in *KM* 5/18 and in a *sūtra*, nine-coloured).
94 (p. 223/11 and p. 224/2–3) The Middle Counsellor eats five or six (in *KM* 28/23, three) pieces of the dried cucumber, which are cut into three-inch lengths (in *KM*, they are three inches long in their uncut state). In both versions of the story, he eats five or six trout.
106 (p. 255/13) The woman Michinori attempts to seduce is aged twenty-seven to twenty-eight (in *KM* 20/10, simply 'over twenty').
119 (p. 292/7) The number of apes is two hundred (in *KM* 26/7, one hundred, though the *KM* passage may mean a hundred each on left and right).
121 (p. 298/3) Tadaiaka appears in a dream twenty (in *KM* 31/29, ten) days after his death.
124 (p. 307/6) The birds tethered to a pole are four or five wild (lit. 'mountain'), that is, green, pigeons (in *KM* 28/21, 'five or six small green birds').
166 (p. 367/16) Ō Mitsutō's sister is aged twenty-six to twenty-seven (in *KM* 23/24, twenty-seven to twenty-eight).
167 (p. 370/5–6) The daughter is said to have died aged ten plus (in *KM* 9/18, simply 'when young').
177 (p. 391/1) Tsuneyori stands about one *dake* from the water's edge (in *KM* 23/22, four or five).
179 (p. 394/7) The Imperial consort is hoisted two or three *shaku* off the ground (in *KM* 16/19, four or five).
180 (p. 396/9) The price of the jewel is ten *kan* (a hundred times that given in *KM* 26/16, ten *hiki*).

II. *Differences in detail other than numerical*

All stories are in the B category except 44 (D).

24 (beginning) Atsuyuki is not (as he is in *KM* 20/44) described as a lay priest, *nyūdō*.
32 (p. 117/5) The false Buddha appears near 'Gojō no tenjin', that is, the shrine to Onamuchi and Sukunabikona just south of Gojō or Fifth Avenue (not, as in *KM* 20/3, near 'Gojō no sai', the same guardian deity of travellers mentioned in *US* 1, though the site of this guardian deity seems to have been in the same neighbourhood).
44 (p. 134/7–8) Tada Mitsunaka's retainer takes off his hat with the right hand while holding his bow in the left (*KM* 17/24 states the reverse).
104 (p. 253/16) The holy man is deceived by a badger (but in *KM* 20/13 and two texts of *Uji shūi*, by a wild boar).
120 (p. 295/16) Prince Toyosaki is described as the grandson (but in *KM* 31/25, as the great-grandson) of the Emperor Kammu.
161 (Title *et seq.*) The block of precious metal which Sadahomi acquires is gold (not, as in *KM* 26/13, silver).

III. *Minor differences in the course of the action*

All stories are in the B category except 137 and 180 (both C) and 119 (D).

90 (p. 209/1–2) Confucius' disciple responds at once to the old stranger's beckoning, not, as in *KM* 10/10, only after it becomes more urgent.
92 (p. 219/9) The betrayer of the deer which had saved his life is executed, but in *KM* 5/18 he is not.
93 (p. 220/10 ff.) Sata makes no advances to the woman, whereas in *KM* 24/56 he does, but is rebuffed, presumably because of her menses.
119 (p. 295/12) The incident is said to have brought about the substitution of boar and deer for humans as sacrificial victims, but according to *KM* 26/7 all sacrifices ceased.
137 (p. 330/13–14) The first of the *go*-playing priests to vanish is the standing one, not, as in *KM* 4/9, the seated one.
141 Eijitsu is suggested as an exorcist from the outset, but in *KM* 12/35, only after all the other priests' efforts have failed.
180 (p. 396/8 ff.) When the first price asked by Sadashige's retainer for the jewel is accepted by the Chinese buyer, he raises it, and it is again eagerly accepted, but in *KM* 26/16 only one price is asked.

IV. *Differences in names*

All stories are in the B category except 45 (D).

25 (p. 98/7) Zenchin (in *KM* 28/20 Zenchi).
45 (p. 135/7 and 8) Saka no sato (in *KM* 17/25 Nosaka no sato); Chikunaga (in KM Chikano).
58 (Title *et seq.*) Tōhoku-in (in *KM* 15/20, Urin'in).[1]

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[1] That *Uji shūi* does not have 'Urin'in' here is particularly interesting since this and the preceding story in *Uji shūi* are linked by the mention in both of an 'Enlightenment Service' (*bodaikō*), and in the first of these two stories, the service is at 'Urin'in'.

91 (p. 210/9) Sōkyata (in *KM* 5/1, Sōkyara).
118 (p. 286/13) *Gojō watari*, that is, the neighbourhood of Fifth Avenue (in *KM* 27/26, *Shijō to Takakura to*, that is, at the intersection of Fourth Avenue and Takakura Lane).
118 (p. 286/14) Satonari (in *KM*, Sadanari).
128 (p. 311/10) Yorinobu is said to be Governor of Kōzuke (in *KM* 25/9, of Hitachi).
177 (Title *et seq.*) Tsuneyori (in *KM* 29/20, Tsuneyo).
185 (p. 407/2) Shumpei is pressed to go to Kara (in *KM* 24/22, to Sō).

We have already seen that the general treatment of names is different in the two works, *Konjaku* being usually more detailed. Very rarely the name of a place or character in *Uji shūi* does not appear in *Konjaku*, for example, Hikō, the name of the place in *US* 106 where Michinori spends the night; or Sadashige, the name of the man in *US* 180 whose retainer buys a priceless jewel cheaply. In such cases, *Konjaku* has marks indicating lacunæ in the text. It is now accepted that some lacunæ in *Konjaku* seem to be blanks deliberately left, for various reasons, by the compiler.[1] There are many examples in *Konjaku* of blanks for names where *Uji shūi* characteristically has either no name whatever or only a simple short identification. Thus in three of the stories set in China (*US* 30, 90 and 197), *Uji shūi* has no more detail than 'long ago, in China', but the *Konjaku* versions (10/36, 10/10 and 10/15 respectively) have blanks for an era and/or place-name, for example, *Shindan no yo ni to iu tokoro ni* 'In the era in China, in a place called—' (10/36). Again, *Uji shūi* does not name the old prince who is Mochitsune's departmental chief (29; it also gives only a personal name to the cook), or the head of the Daian-ji and his son-in-law (112), or the *hyōe-no-suke naru hito*, literally 'the man who was an Assistant Captain of the Military Guards,' who acquires a lump of gold (161); but *Konjaku*, in all the corresponding places (28/30, 19/20 and 26/13), has blanks for names or parts of names.

There are two slightly special cases. *KM* 31/25, the parallel to *US* 120, begins with a blank for a date-reference, '..., in the reign of the Emperor(s)——', whereas *Uji shūi* has no mention of date at the beginning but concludes by saying that the events of the story may have occurred in the time of the Tamura and Minoo Emperors (Montoku and Seiwa). The other case is more important, because it shows *Konjaku* making a serious and very surprising mistake in identification. Whereas *US* 102 speaks only of 'the poet Toshiyuki', *KM* 14/29 calls him Tachibana Toshiyuki. Since at the end of the story Toshiyuki appears in a dream to his friend Ki no Tomonori and since also there is in the *Kokinshū* a poem by Tomonori said in the anthology to have been written after the death of Fujiwara Toshiyuki (another *Kokinshū* poet) and sent to his house,[1] it seems that *Konjaku* is almost certainly wrong. This is all the more likely since the writer is apparently unaware in whose reign these events associated with the famous Tomonori took place.[2]

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[1] See the article by Mabuchi, mentioned in note 1 to p. 42 in Chapter 2.

This is not the only mistake to be found in the *Konjaku* stories which have parallels in *Uji shūi*. For instance, whereas the *Uji shūi* story of the Venerable Zōga (143) says simply that he was summoned to officiate when the Empress Dowager who lived in the Third Ward (*Sanjō ōkisai no miya*) was about to become a nun, *KM* 19/18 goes into much more detail to identify the lady in question, but according to Konno[3] gets the details wrong. Not only does it describe her as *Sanjō no taikō ōkisai no miya*, 'the Archdowager (not the Dowager) Empress who lived in the Third Ward', but it identifies her as the daughter of *Sanjō no kampaku dajō daijin*, 'the Chancellor and Prime Minister who lived in the Third Ward' (i.e. Yoritada). These are, however, quite different people, the former being a consort of Reizei who died in 999 and the latter a consort of En'yū who died in 1017. (The lady in *Uji shūi*, likewise a consort of En'yū, is a daughter of Kaneie who died in 1001.) *KM* 24/18 may also be wrong in naming the father of Ozuki Mochisuke as Itohira. According to Watanabe and Nishio,[4] though some genealogical works give his name as Itohira, it appears in the Ozuki genealogy, and indeed in two texts of *Konjaku* itself, as Masahira, the form found in *US* 122, while Itohira is Mochisuke's uncle. It should be noted, however, that on the basis of the same sources Nagano prefers the reading Itohira.[5]

Whether or not *Konjaku* is wrong here, there is no doubt that *Uji shūi* contains some mistakes in names, as is shown by an examination of the discrepancies in names listed above under IV. For instance, though the wrestler in *US* 177 cannot be identified with certainty, the most likely figure, and one other possible candidate, are both mentioned in Heian texts[6] as having the personal name Tsuneyo (as in *KM* 23/22). Again, Watanabe and Nishio[7] regard the name 'Sadanari', found in *KM* 27/26, as the correct form for the 'Satonari' of *US* 118, since there is an appropriate historical figure of that name. 'Sūkyata' in *US* 91 would seem to be a corruption, since the Japanese reading of the name used in the corresponding story in *Hsi-yü-chi*[1] is Sōkara or Sūkyara, as in *KM* 5/1. *Uji shūi* is probably also wrong in one of the cases quoted from story 45, for the name 'Nosaka' appears not only in *KM* 17/25 but also in *Jizō bosatsu reigenki*.[2]

Nevertheless, it is fairly obvious that all these errors in names in *Uji shūi* are of quite another kind from those quoted above from *Konjaku*. They all seem likely to have arisen simply through copyists' errors, or some similar cause.

One small but significant category of errors comprises those which occur in both *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku*. For example, in the story of the sudden death of Sadataka at Court (*US* 121, *KM* 31/29), his father is said to have been of the Third Rank, though according to the Muromachi-period genealogy *Sompi bummyaku*,[3] he was only of the Lower Grade of the Junior Fifth Rank. It would seem that there may have been some confusion between Sadataka and his grandfather, whose father was of the Third Rank. Whatever the cause, the error is of interest to us because it is made by both versions of the story. Again, the member of the Takashina family whose younger brother learns the art of divination by laying sticks is in both *US* 185 and *KM* 24/22 called Shumpei, is a former Governor of Tango and later enters religion, being called the Priestly Nobleman from Tango. However, although one Shimpei appears in the Takashina genealogy, and is said to have become Governor of Tango and entered religion, there is no mention of any figure named Shumpei.[4]

To these examples of common error might be added two cases (though the first is not strictly an example of error) of what has already been mentioned in relation to the turtle story (*US* 164), namely divergence of the Japanese version of a story from the ultimate Chinese source. The first story is that of the girl who after rebirth as a sheep is eaten by her own father. In both *US* 167 and *KM* 9/18, the girl's father is about to leave on a journey and decides to entertain his relatives before going. Though *Uji shūi* differs from *Konjaku* in that it specifies the purpose of the journey, they both differ from the original source of the story, *Ming-pao-chi*, for this[5] makes no mention of any journey as a reason for the banquet. The second example is the anecdote

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[1] The poem and its introduction are quoted in Watanabe and Nishio, 419, note 25.

[2] Konno, '*Konjaku no sakusha*', 39, comments on this mistake as part of the evidence for a lack of culture in the writer. These comments are quoted in part in Watanabe and Nishio, 151, supplementary note 60.

[3] '*Konjaku no sakusha*', 34. He maintains that Takakuni, born in 1004, could hardly have made such a mistake.

[4] 298, note 5.

[5] *Konjaku* (*Asahi*), IV, 297, note 3.

[6] Quoted in Watanabe and Nishio, 151, supplementary note 124.

[7] 289, note 15.

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[1] Quoted in Haga, *Kōshō*, I, 578 ff.

[2] *Ibid.* II (1914), 641–2.

[3] Quoted in Watanabe and Nishio, 278, note 1.

[4] According to Watanabe and Nishio, 406, note 2.

[5] See note 9 to p. 72. The relevant section of *Fa-yüan chu-lin* is quoted in Haga, *Kōshō*, I, 649.

of Confucius' encounter with the bandit Tao Chih. Both *US* 197 and *KM* 10/15 include in the latter's diatribe against the sage's teaching the statement that Confucius' disciple Yen Hui died young. But in the passage from *Chuang-tzu* which is usually accepted as the source of this anecdote, no such statement appears. This is hardly surprising, since an earlier section of the same passage[1] states that Yen Hui accompanied Confucius on his visit to the bandit—a fact which, needless to say, *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* do not record.

This last example is all the more notable for the occurrence, within this statement by the bandit which otherwise seems so clearly to link the two Japanese versions, of an interesting textual difference: where *Uji shūi* (p. 434/7) has *fukō* (*ni shite inochi mijikashi*) 'he was unfortunate and died young', *Konjaku* has *fukaku* (*ni shite inochi mijikaku shite shiniki*) 'he was stupid, and died young'. In view of the prevalence at this time of what the Japanese call *u-onbin*, it seems highly probable that the difference in meaning here arose from a confusion of similar-sounding words, though it is impossible to guess which was the original meaning, and the text of *Chuang-tzu* cannot help since it has no counterpart to this sentence.

To conclude this examination of *Uji shūi–Konjaku* parallels, here are some further examples of textual variants which may well have arisen from confusions of sounds (possibly through copyists' errors, though perhaps in some cases in the course of oral transmission). I would stress that these and all the foregoing examples are presented without any assumption as to the priority of one text over the other, or even as to the existence of any direct relationship, since both may be derived from a common source. These are questions to be discussed in Chapters 6 and 7.

v. *Textual variants suggestive of copyists' errors etc.*

All stories are in the B category except 59, 137 and 172 (C). 59 and 172 are from the same *Konjaku* item.

US 24	*hizagoto no shi-tamai so; hizagoto no koto shi-tamau hito ka na* (p. 97/3–4 and 6)
KM 20/44	*hizagoto na notamai so; kou no koto o no notamaikeru hito ka na*
US 25	*araku mote-agekereba* (p. 99/11)
KM 28/20	*ashiku mochi-agekereba*
US 27	*shiru mama ni hashiriidekite, tsuji hashirimeguru* (p. 105/7)
KM 23/16	*kado o hiraku mama ni, hashiriidete, tsuji ni hashiri-saru* (Elsewhere in this story, *Konjaku* has *tsuigaki* where *Uji shūi* has *tsuji*. See also *US* 91 below.)

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[1] See Yamada, *Konjaku*, II, 200, notes 49 and 51.

US 29	*kushiko imijiki ayamachi suna. Kushiko ni wa...kou ni uraga sore uchi ka na* (p. 109/10–14)
KM 26/4	*ushiko* (the character could also be read *kushiko*) *ni wa...kou no ayamachi o sunna*
US 31	*kokoro mo shirazu oikereba* (p. 116/2)
KM 23/21	*tokoro mo shirazu oikereba*
US 54	*sono kogane, hassenryō bakari arikeru* (p. 155/4) (Two texts of *Uji shūi* have *sono kogane wa senryō...*)
KM 26/15	*sono kogane, senryō arikeri*
US 59	*kore ga kaku naku koto* (p. 165/8)
KM 19/2	*tori kaku naku zo*
US 91	*shiroku takaki tsuji; tsuji o takaku kizuki-megurashitari* (p. 211/6 and 13–14)
KM 5/1	*shiroku takaki tsuigaki; tsuigaki o takaku kizuki-megurasetari*
US 92	*ima sono on o wasurete korosare-tatematsuran to su ru. Ika ni nanji, mizu ni oborete...* (p. 216/13–14)
KM 5/18	*sono on o wasurete dai-ō ni mōshite korosasen to suru, ika ni zo. Mizu ni oborete...*
US 102	*kaku ikō* (in *kana*, *ikau*) *takaki mi* (p. 245/11)
KM 14/29	*ikō no takaki mi*
US 137	*shiri ni shitagaite* (p. 331/1–2)
KM 4/9	*uchishitagaite*
US 162	*sono toki no miyuki* (p. 362/10)
KM 28/6	*sono toshi no mi-yuki*
US 163	*sokoshi Koimaro-gawa o wataru* (p. 363/14)
KM 27/42	*suginishi Katsura-gawa o wataru*
US 172	*sōzu o wakete kyō o kō-ji-tamaikeru* (p. 380/15)
KM 19/2	*sōzu o wakete sangero ni kajō shi-tamau ni*
US 177	*katatsura ni gonokomon bakari ashi o fumi-irete* (p. 391/11)
KM 23/20	*katawa tsuchi ni gorakuran bakari ashi o fumi-irete*
US 180	*Hakata to iu tokoro ni yukitsukinikeri* (p. 396/3)
KM 26/16	*kanata ni yukitsukinikeri*
US 185	*sara nari* (p. 407/2–3)
KM 24/22	*sa nari*
US 196	*kaesugaesu onoga haji nomishiki* (p. 430/16–p. 431/1)
KM 10/11	*kaerite onoga tame ni haji tarubeshi*

KOJIDAN

Since *Kojidan* stories are not numbered, Japanese references to the position of individual items within the work usually indicate only in which of the six books they occur. In Table 4 (pp. 440–2), however, I give for all those stories which have parallels in *Uji shūi* page references to the *Kokushi taikei* edition.

If allowance is made for the difference in style between *Uji shūi* and *Kojidan*, the resemblance between their respective versions of stories is close, and in some cases almost exact. There are fourteen stories in

Watanabe and Nishio's A category, of which about half are Buddhist, or at least concern Buddhist priests.

Of the five stories in the B category, that about Michinaga and the dog, *US* 184, shows the widest difference of wording. The *Kojidan* version of the Dōmyō story, *US* 1, as we have seen, makes the conversation between the priest and the old deity very abrupt, with the deity revealing his identity from the start. There is a close correspondence in the Takemasa story, *US* 188, until near the end, where *Uji shūi* becomes slightly more circumstantial. The story of the Kegon service at the Tōdai-ji is a close parallel to *US* 103, but is a special case, since a closer parallel still is found in *Kenkyū go-junreiki*.[1]

There is one D category parallel. In *US* 7, the tale of the hermit who takes the place of a stag in order to convert his friend, he is not named, but described simply as 'the Holy Man of Ryōmon'. Besides being less interestingly narrated, the *Kojidan* version makes no mention of the place, but does give the hermit a name, the Venerable Shunken (Shunken shōnin).

Of the seven E category parallels, four are extremely remote, *US* 151, 173, 193 and 194, while another, *US* 144, is hardly to be called a parallel at all, since the *Kojidan* item is so brief and barely relevant. But the remaining two are of some interest, as they show how great a variation was possible between stories about figures in Court society. In the first of these, *Kojidan* tells basically the same story as *US* 35, but only suggests in a note, rather than stating definitely, that the lady involved is Koshikibu-no-naishi. More important, it names the lover who is embarrassed by her reaction to the sound of her other lover's sūtra-reading outside her room as Fujiwara Yorimune, not, as in *Uji shūi*, the Chancellor, that is, Norimichi. Above all, the embarrassment is said in *Kojidan*, but not in *Uji shūi*, to have been so extreme as to have caused him to enter religion. (Though this feature is lacking in *Uji shūi*, the story there follows another describing an embarrassing experience with a woman, in which the first impulse of the man concerned is to shave his head and become a priest, though he soon changes his mind.) The second of these two examples deals with the inaugural banquet of the Minister of the Right from Tominokōji Lane, Fujiwara Akitada. Whereas in the relevant section of *US* 97 the banquet is meagre but the guests are given magnificent horses as presents, in *Kojidan* the main guest, Lord Ononomiya, sees two very fine horses in the stable which are very much out of keeping with the shabbiness of the house— but they are not presented to the guests.

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[1] Discussed in Chapter 5 below, pp. 86–9.

5

UJI SHŪI MONOGATARI—III

A SURVEY OF JAPANESE VIEWS ON ITS DATE

Many manuscripts and early editions of *Uji shūi* contain fragments of a preface, but only the 1659 printed edition gives the preface in full. It reads as follows:

> There exists a book known as 'The Tales of the Major Counsellor from Uji' (*Uji dainagon monogatari*). This Major Counsellor was a man called Takakuni, who was the grandson of Lord Nishinomiya[1] and the second son of the Major Counsellor Toshikata.[2] In his old age, as he felt the heat, he obtained leave to go and stay from the fifth to the eighth months in a place called the Nansen-bō (Nansen Cell), close to the mountains on the south side of the Tripitaka storehouse belonging to the Byōdō-in Temple. Thus he was known as 'The Major Counsellor from Uji'.
>
> With his queue tied up in a way which gave him a rather peculiar appearance, he would sit taking the air on a mat spread out on the boards and have a servant cool him with a large fan. Meanwhile he would call in passers-by, low-class people as well as high, and invite them to tell tales of days gone by, while he reclined in his room and wrote down the tales in large notebooks, just as they were told.
>
> There are tales of India, of Great T'ang and of Japan. They are of many different kinds, some inspiring, some amusing, some terrifying, some moving, some coarse. Some (just a few) are fictitious, some witty. They are widely enjoyed. There are fourteen[3] books of them. The original copy was handed down and was in the possession of a person called the Chamberlain (*jijū*) Toshisada.[4] What happened to it is not clear, but later, as skilful people wrote in additional material, the number of stories became much greater. In fact, there are even some copies in which stories of a period later than that of the Major Counsellor have been interpolated.
>
> And now in our time, a text has appeared in which further stories have been interpolated. It seems to have gathered in some stories which are not found in the Major Counsellor's tales, and to have collected some later than his time. It is called *Uji shūi monogatari*. It is difficult to know whether it was given this name because it gathers in tales remaining at Uji, or whether it is so called because a *jijū* is known as a *shūi*. It remains a mystery.

Largely because of the once-prevalent but now exploded fallacy that the 'Tales of the Major Counsellor from Uji' mentioned in this preface were none other than an early form of *Konjaku*, the information which it contains has tended to be thought unreliable. According to

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[1] Several texts add here in smaller characters the note 'That is, Takaakira'. Minamoto Takaakira was the seventeenth son of the Emperor Daigo, and died in 972.

[2] Died 1027.

[3] According to the 1659 edition, 'fifteen'.

[4] The identity of this person is discussed later in this chapter.

Masuda,[1] it is now becoming less and less usual to quote the preface to *Uji shūi* in discussions of the compilation of *Konjaku*. But this should make it all the easier for this preface to be considered with an open mind in relation to the work to which it is attached.

It is true that it was clearly not written by the same hand as *Uji shūi* itself. It is also true that its description of Takakuni compiling a tale collection at Uji cannot be supported by any direct evidence, even though a recent discovery[2] has proved that he did make use of a 'Nansen-bō'. But there is, as will be seen in Chapter 6, ample evidence to prove that Takakuni, who was known as '*Uji dainagon*', was indeed the compiler of a collection of tales,[3] and there seems no reason to disagree with the opinion of Watanabe and Nishio[4] that, in view of the following facts—(*a*) the appearance, in all the main texts of *Uji shūi*, of a preface with roughly the same lacunae; (*b*) the statement in the preface that *Uji shūi* appeared *ima no yo ni*, 'in our time'; and (*c*) the accuracy of its information concerning Takakuni and Toshikata—the preface was probably written not long after the completion of *Uji shūi*, by a person who was fairly well-informed about the compilation and transmission of tale collections.

Unfortunately, the knowledge that the preface was written not long after the date of completion of *Uji shūi* gives us no direct information as to when this was. For one thing, the identity of the 'Chamberlain Toshisada' is obscure. According to Katayose,[5] four figures bearing the name Toshisada written with the same characters as in this preface appear in *Sompi bummyaku*. He considers that the past tense used in the phrase in the preface 'a person called . . . Toshisada' (*Toshisada to iishi hito*) shows the writer to have lived after Toshisada's time, but at about the time when *Uji shūi* was compiled, that is, according to the usual dating of the work, between 1190 and the Kempō period, 1213–19 (Katayose believes the preface may have been composed to accompany a text very close in time to the original). He therefore eliminates three of the four figures, one who lived in the eleventh century, one whose dates are obscure, and one other, a certain Takashina Toshisada. The strongest candidate of the four he considers to be a Fujiwara. Since this was a son of Tomomichi, who died in 1141 aged forty, Katayose deduces that the son would have been about sixty or seventy when *Uji shūi* was written. He believes the wording of the preface, particularly the use of the *-ki* (attributive *-shi*) past form[1] in the phrase quoted above, to suggest that Toshisada will have been older, but not very much older, than the writer.

The figure whom Watanabe and Nishio[2] consider the most likely candidate is a descendant in the sixth generation of Takakuni himself, though this man's name is written differently. His dates are unknown, but Watanabe and Nishio quote a reference dated 1164 to a 'Chamberlain Toshisada' which they think may be to this Minamoto Toshisada. There is no evidence, incidentally, that Fujiwara Tomomichi's son was ever a chamberlain.

As we have said, Watanabe and Nishio believe the preface to have been written not too long after *Uji shūi*, but they are critical[3] of Katayose's view that the writer of the preface and Toshisada were perhaps almost contemporaries. For one thing, they dispute the validity as evidence of the *-ki* past form, which they say was coming to be used like *-keri*. Again, they argue (against Katayose's view of the wording of the preface) that certain phrases—*nochi ni*, 'later', and *sate kodo ni ima no yo ni*, 'And now in our time'—can be taken to indicate some lapse of time between Toshisada (whether the Fujiwara or the Minamoto) and the writing of the preface. They emphasize that the period within which *Uji shūi* may have been compiled must now be considered to extend up to 1242 (the argument for this is discussed later in this chapter).

In this connection, we should perhaps consider the Takashina Toshisada mentioned above. In saying that this figure is too late, Katayose is working on the assumption that *Uji shūi* was written between 1190 and 1219. He gives no estimate of this man's dates, but my own examination of the Takashina genealogy[4] shows that he is only five generations removed, though not directly descended, from Takashina Tameie. Tameie appears to have been exiled in 1093,[5] and figures in *US* 93, a story whose events must have taken place after, but probably not long after, 1077.[6] Thus, allowing twenty-five years for each generation, Takashina Toshisada may be presumed to have lived

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[1] 'Hanashi no seitai—shakai-sei no mondai', *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, xxiv/7 (1959), 78.

[2] See Chapter 6, pp. 105–6.

[3] Kawaguchi, '*Kogidan to Kokon*', 36, believes that it may have been compiled in the manner described. There seems to be general agreement at least that the tales were probably recordings of popular tradition and gossip.

[4] 436, supplementary note 1.

[5] *Kenkyū*, 1, 256–7.

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[1] On the distinction between *-ki* and *-keri* as past endings, see Chapter 6, pp. 103–4.

[2] 19, note 23.

[3] 20.

[4] *Gunsho ruijū*, v, 901, and *Zoku gunsho ruijū*, vii, Pt 1, 449.

[5] See Watanabe and Nishio, 219, note 19.

[6] The same story in *Konjaku* (24/56) is cited as evidence in discussions of the date of the work. Beginning, 'When . . . was Governor of Harima', the story seems to have been written after Tameie's term of office. Tameie is mentioned in contemporary documents (cited by, for example, Yamada, *Konjaku*, 1, 9) as Governor of Harima in 1077, as having been reappointed in that year, and as being still Governor in 1081. But Takakuni died in 1077.

between 1225 and 1250. Now if, while accepting the extension of the terminal date for *Uji shūi* to *c.* 1242, we were to work on Katayose's assumption that Toshisada and the writer of the preface were not far apart in time, it would become permissible to consider as a possibility, however remote, that the Toshisada in question here is Takashina Toshisada.

The idea is perhaps not the idle speculation that it might seem. Although Japanese scholars broadly agree about the approximate date when *Uji shūi* was compiled, the only theory that has been advanced in modern times as to the identity of the compiler is that of Nakajima, who suggests[1] that he might have been a member of the Takashina family. In an appendix to his notes to Story 186 (in his edition numbered 15/1),[2] he gives as his reason for suggesting this the fact that the end of the story seems to give prominence to the honouring of the member of the Takashina family who had given the fugitive Crown Prince, later the Emperor Temmu, a drink of water in the province of Shima. Nakajima's suggestion, perhaps not surprisingly, has found no support. It is worthy of note, however, that more characters in the work have Takashina connections than one might expect. Indeed, the story (185) immediately preceding that which Nakajima mentions is about the brother of Takashina Shumpei. These two are the only stories in which members of the Takashina family are specifically mentioned as such. However, Michitoshi, in 10, is the son of a Takashina mother; the father of Haku-no-haha and her sister in 41 is a Takashina, as is Tamete in 93; and Sadayū, in 118, is said in Nagano's edition of *Konjaku*[3] to have been the son of a Takashina mother. Also the one story (61) without known parallel which appears in the otherwise unbroken run of *Kojidan* borrowings (60, 62–9) concerns Takashina Naritō, though he is referred to simply as Naritō.

However, it must be admitted that the most likely Toshisada of those mentioned is the descendant of Takakuni. Certainly, identification of Takashina Toshisada with the figure mentioned in the preface would seem to place the initial interpolation of tales into Takakuni's text at a somewhat remote point in time from Takakuni himself.

In the absence of any other evidence, theories about the date of *Uji shūi* have of necessity been based on internal evidence alone. The view that the compilation was made in the Kempō period, 1213–19, was first propounded by Satō Jōjitsu[4] in 1901, on the basis of the following three passages:

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[1] *Suishaku*, 9.

[2] *Ibid.* 491.

[3] *Konjaku* (*Araki*), v, 236, note 1.

[4] '*Uji shūi monogatari kō*', *Niigata zasshi*, xxiv (1901), 73–4.

1. The ending of the story concerning the origin of the Kegon service at the Tōdai-ji, 103. This reads, 'Until thirty-four years ago, this "mackerel-pole" tree was green and flourishing. From that time it withered, though it remained standing, but recently it was burnt down, when the Taira fired the temple. What a pity it is—so typical of this decadent age!'

2. The ending, and the note which in some texts follows it, of the story (116) about the priest Myōsen, whose musical skill so impresses the Emperor that he is presented with the Emperor's own flute. This reads, 'The flute in question is still preserved, and I understand that it is in the possession of Yukikiyo, the chief priest of the Yahata Shrine. (The flute in question was presented by Yukikiyo to the present Emperor, 1215.)'

3. The reference at the beginning of the story about a ghostly flying-squirrel (159) to 'the Retired Emperor Go-Toba'.

Satō accepts the second of these passages without question, and takes the reference to the year 1215 as evidence that the story was written in that year. For reasons which we shall see, he takes the first passage as an indication that the story was written in 1216. Inconveniently, the reference to Go-Toba does not fit in with these other dates, since, as Satō himself points out, Go-Toba was not so called until 1242. Accordingly, Satō maintains that the new name given in that year must have been substituted in the text for the designation originally used, which he suggests may have been 'Senior Retired Emperor' (*hon'in*). Nomura[1] thinks this explanation too easy and takes the view that the whole story must have been in or after 1242. He insists that one must keep an open mind about a terminal date for the compilation. The whole work might have been written after 1242, though he thinks this unlikely, since it contains no stories about the Shogunate and eastern Japan such as are found in *Kokon chomonjū*, written only twelve years after 1242. It is more likely that this story was interpolated in an already existing text. This is indeed the position taken by most scholars.[2]

If we examine Satō's conclusions from the other two passages which he quotes, we find that very valid objections have been raised to them, notably by Gotō Tanji.[3] According to Satō, the occurrence of an actual date in the note to Story 116 proves that the story was written at that time. The first objection to this is that it is possible to interpret the note in more than one way. It could be, as Satō takes it, that the date indicates the year of writing, but Gotō interprets it to mean that in 1215 the flute was given to the reigning Emperor, that is, reigning both in 1215 and at the time of the note. Interpreted in this way, the note cannot be dated more closely than 'in the reign of Juntoku', that is, 1215–21. Gotō's second objection is that it is by no means certain that this final sentence was written together with the story which it follows. It appears in only three texts, and there in small characters, divided into two columns. It is in Chinese, unlike the rest of the story. Furthermore, it not only somewhat curiously repeats the phrase 'the flute in question' from the previous sentence, but is a contradiction of that sentence. Possibly, therefore, this final sentence is a note added at some time after the story itself was written, though whether by the original writer or by someone else it is impossible to say. The story proper provides one further possible piece of evidence of its date, namely that Yukikiyo is described as *Yahata no bettō*, 'the chief priest (or: Intendant) of the Yahata Shrine', that is, the Iwashimizu Hachimangū. There is some doubt here, it seems, whether the Japanese term is to be taken in its full sense; according to Gotō, Yukikiyo was appointed in 1192, as a young lad in his early teens, and did not take up the duties of his office until 1207. If one assumes that the reference is to Yukikiyo as *bettō* in the full sense, the story can be dated between 1207 and 1215. However, Gotō points out that it appears, with almost identical wording, though without the 1215 note, in *Kojidan*. If, as he thinks, this *Uji shūi* story was copied from *Kojidan*, the details concerning Yukikiyo cease to have any bearing on its date. All that can then be said is that it cannot have been written before 1212 or, for the reasons given above, after 1221.

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[1] *Uji shūi* (*Araki*), i, 98–9.

[2] See, for example, Sakai, *Shin kenkyū*, 106–7, and Gotō, '*Kempō go-jūnenki o ron-jite*', 19–20.

[3] '*Kempō go-jūnenki o ron-jite*.' The sections relating to the individual *Uji shūi* stories are 17, 18 (*US* 116) and 11–14 (*US* 103).

Satō's argument concerning the tree passage in 103 is the least plausible of all. Pointing out that *Uji shūi* (which he believes to be based on *Konjaku*) differs markedly at this point from the *Konjaku* text (which reads, 'This pole on which he had carried the mackerel is still in the grounds on the eastern side of the Buddha Hall. Its size never increases and it has never flourished, always having a withered appearance') he comments, 'It is probable that *Uji shūi* originally stated that this tree did not flourish but remained standing in a withered state, but that some alteration, perhaps a copyist's error, must have been made. The specific mention of thirty-four years and not just vaguely thirty or forty years seems like a reference to the time of the burning.' Since the temple was burnt in 1180, he concludes that this story was written in the Kempō period, thirty-four years later.

Apart from the fact that Satō's argument depends on an astonishingly bland assumption of textual corruption, it is also open to criticism for its interpretation of the phrase *kono tabi*, which I have translated rather freely as 'recently'.[1] Sakai[2] argues that this cannot reasonably be used of an event of thirty-four years before, and considers that this period of years must be reckoned from some date sufficiently close to the burning of the temple for that event to be referred to as having taken place *kono tabi*. His conclusion is that this date was probably between 1182 and 1190.

Gotō, however, has proved conclusively that not only Satō but also Sakai is wrong about this passage. He compares this *Uji shūi* story with a section of the work entitled *Kenkyū go-junreiki* in which roughly the same story is told, with very great similarities in wording. This work is an account in Chinese by the priest Jitsuei of a pilgrimage made by the Empress in 1191 to the shrines and temples of Yamato. The original source of the story appears to have been *Tōdai-ji yōroku*, a collection of tales and records concerning the Tōdai-ji thought to have been made by some unknown author between 1106 and 1134. Gotō notes the striking fact that though *Tōdai-ji yōroku* contains no corresponding passage to this controversial sentence in *Uji shūi* about the withering of the tree (it could obviously not contain any mention of the burning of the temple), a similar passage does occur in *Kenkyū go-junreiki*. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the two versions are related. The problem then is, which version was written first. Gotō considers that the *Uji shūi* story is based on that in *Kenkyū go-junreiki*, on the ground that its style shows much Chinese influence, unlike the predominantly Japanese tone of the work as a whole. Thus this *Uji shūi* story can only be dated as not earlier than 1191. More important, if the *Uji shūi* version is based on that in *Kenkyū go-junreiki*, the phrase 'until thirty-four years ago' can tell us nothing about the date of *Uji shūi*, since it appears also in *Kenkyū go-junreiki* and will simply have been taken over unchanged, even though the point of reference is different. Gotō emphasizes that it is not unusual for references of this kind to remain unchanged when stories are taken from one collection into another, and points to another instance in the same story, the *kono tabi* which appears in both *Uji shūi* and *Kenkyū go-junreiki*.

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[1] The grammatical relationship of this phrase to the rest of the sentence is not entirely clear. The meaning could be 'it was burnt down in the firing of the temple which just took place' (or: 'in the recent firing of the temple'). However one interprets the relationship, though, the basic sense is much the same.

[2] *Shū-kenkyū*, 103 4.

In addition to these points of detail in individual stories, there is a wider aspect of *Uji shūi* through which one might hope to establish its date, that is, its relationship with *Kojidan*. We have seen already that many *Uji shūi* stories have close parallels in this work, and mention has twice been made of the view that the relationship was *Kojidan* → *Uji shūi*, and not *vice-versa*. But on this subject, not all scholars are agreed. While it is true that the majority accept *Kojidan* as a source for *Uji shūi*, such an eminent authority as Ikeda Kikan upholds[1] the opposite view. Another notable dissentient is Sakai.[2]

An important contribution to this subject has been made since the war by Masuda.[3] Though he shares the views of Gotō and Yafuki on the priority of *Kojidan* over *Uji shūi*, he does not think the evidence they advance for it sufficiently convincing. (Gotō, in his discussion[4] of the Yukikiyo story, 116, maintains that statements as to the whereabouts of some object such as are found at the end of this story are common in *Kojidan* but rare in *Uji shūi*; while Yafuki,[5] besides supporting this point of Gotō's, bases his main argument on the stylistic difference between the two works, mentioned in Chapter 3 above.)

One small new point of detail which Masuda discusses[6] is the fact that the statement in the *Uji shūi* story of Shin Myōbu, 60, to the effect that her spiritual adviser was a man of eighty who had recited the Lotus Sūtra 84,000 times, appears as a normal part of the text, whereas in the *Kojidan* version it is inserted as a note, in small characters and divided into two lines. Masuda very reasonably considers it unlikely that anyone copying from *Uji shūi* would have converted part of the text into a note, but quite probable that the note in the *Kojidan* story could have been incorporated into the ordinary text when the story was taken into *Uji shūi*.

In the main part of his investigation, Masuda[7] compares *Uji shūi* and *Kojidan* versions of stories with the versions found in other works known to have served as sources for *Kojidan*. Thus the two versions of the Ban Yoshio story (*US* 4) are compared with that in *Gōdanshō*, and those of the Jōzō story (*US* 117) with that in *Fusō ryakki*. The interesting result of these comparisons is that *Kojidan* is found to have similarities of phrasing both with *Fusō ryakki* (and *Gōdanshō*) and with *Uji shūi*, but that *Uji shūi* has a few expressions not found in the *Kojidan* or the other versions. The relationship can be represented diagrammatically thus:

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[1] 'Chisoku-in kanpaku', 5.

[2] '*Kojidan* to *Uji shūi monogatari* no kankei', in *Nihon bungakushi kenkyū*, v (1950).

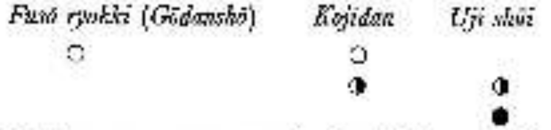
[3] See note 9 on p. 87.

[4] '*Kojidan* to *Uji shūi*', 12.

[5] *Shin-kenkyū*, [illegible]

[6] See Chapter 3, note 2 to p. 57.

[7] *Ibid.* 13–19.



This does indeed seem more convincing that any other evidence previously adduced in support of the idea that *Kojidan* served as a source for *Uji shūi*.[1]

We have now examined in detail the arguments which have so far been advanced concerning the date of *Uji shūi*. As is shown by the following list quoted from Watanabe and Nishio,[2] estimates have varied widely:

(i)	Kikuchi Hisakichi	1188
(ii)	Satō Jūjitsu	1216
(iii)	Sakai Kōhei	1182–90
(iv)	Fujioka Sakutarō Takashima Ken'ichi Araki Yoshio	1213–19
(v)	Satō Sukeo	1191–8
(vi)	Gotō Tanji	1211–21
(vii)	Fujii Otoo	1177–1212
(viii)	Nomura Hachirō	1177–1242
(ix)	Nakajima Etsuji	1210–15

Despite these differences of opinion, however, there is clearly agreement on the general period. The tendency, also, has been to treat *Uji shūi* as a compilation made more or less at one time (with the exception, of course, of Story 159), so that deductions about individual stories have been regarded as valid for the work as a whole. Nomura, it is true, goes further than most in admitting the likelihood that the present *Uji shūi* contains items interpolated in the original, possibly even by several hands. It could even, he says, be regarded as still incomplete. He makes the good point[3] that the *Uji shūi* versions of *Kojidan* stories may not all have been written at the same time, but could have been the work of different people. He gives no reason for his opinion, but this might in fact explain the great variation in the degrees of closeness to *Kojidan*. Watanabe and Nishio, though they do not commit themselves to a date, do admit[1] that tale literature 'is a form particularly susceptible of later interpolations, and it cannot be said with certainty that *Uji shūi* is free of them'.

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[1] Note, however, that Kunisaki disagrees with Masuda as to the relationship between *Kojidan* and *Gōdanshō* on the one hand and *Uji shūi* on the other. His conclusion from the same evidence is that the versions in all three collections must be separate recordings of oral tradition (see [illegible] *monogatari* [illegible], 140–6), and that therefore *Uji shūi* cannot be said to have borrowed from *Kojidan*. He does not discuss the case of the *Fusō ryakki* story.

[2] 13. The opinions of Satō Sukeo (in '*Uji shūi monogatari oboegaki*', *[illegible]*, ii (1950), an article which I have been unable to see) are discussed by Masuda in an appendix to his '*Kojidan* to *Uji shūi*', 98–99. They are based on a not very convincing argument that the relationship between *Uji shūi* and *Kojidan* is indirect. The date 1191 is arrived at by taking the latest date of events in *Uji shūi* (Story 190).

[3] *Uji shūi* (*Asahi*), 1, 24.

In my view, there are several positive grounds for doubting that *Uji shūi* was written all at one time. But these can best be discussed as part of the wider problem of the interrelationships of the *Konjaku* group of works. I propose, therefore, first to outline the development of Japanese studies of this problem, and to conclude with my own observations both on these interrelationships and on the date, compilation and structure of *Uji shūi*.

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[1] 19.

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UJI SHŪI MONOGATARI—IV

A SURVEY OF JAPANESE VIEWS ON ITS RELATIONSHIP WITH OTHER WORKS

There can be few things in the history of Japanese literature more confusing than the astonishing variety of names by which the tale collections of the *Uji shūi Konjaku* group have been known at different times. We find, for instance, that two texts of *Uji shūi* bear the titles *Uji no dainagon no monogatari* and *Uji dainagon monogatari*, while another has the title *Uji monogatari* and yet another *Konjaku monogatari*. A reference in *Tamon'in nikki* under the date 1583 to a collection bearing this last name is also thought to be to the present *Uji shūi*, presumably because it specifies the number of books as fifteen. This example of the use of the title *Konjaku monogatari* for *Uji shūi*, first noted by Wada Hidematsu,[1] is widely quoted. Surprisingly, two further examples of early uses of '*Konjaku monogatari*' cited by Sakai[2] are not; they are even ignored by the otherwise encyclopedic Katayose. One of these is *Konjaku monogatari emaki*, which, according to Sakai, is the same as an *Uji shūi monogatari emaki* of the seventeenth century. It is described as containing twelve pictures (each illustrating a story from *Uji shūi*, namely 109, 108, 83, 148, 122, 44, 85, 69, 3, 36, 78 and 29) by an artist, Chieda Korehisa, who Sakai thinks lived *c.* 1270, despite other references which place him in the first half of the fourteenth century. The other is *Konjaku monogatari ekotoba*, an illustrated version, said by Sakai to date probably from the period 1312–17, of the story of human sacrifice found both in *Uji shūi* (119) and *Konjaku* (26/7). He seems to imply, though he does not make it quite clear, that the text of this corresponds with that in the present *Uji shūi*.

The first use of '*Konjaku monogatari*' as the title of the present work of that name does not occur until 1667,[3] and it is from roughly the same time that we find[4] this work attributed to Minamoto Takakuni and said to have been compiled from travellers' tales at Uji. That confusion was complete is shown by the entry in a Genroku-period bibliography[1] to the effect that an *Uji shūi monogatari* in fifteen books was compiled by Takakuni in the aforesaid manner.

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[1] *Honchō shojaku mokuroku kōshō* (1936), 624.

[2] *Shin-kenkyū*, 70–80.

[3] In *Nihon shojaku kō*, quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 53.

[4] In *Zoku honchō tsugan* (1671), quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 55.

The name *Uji shūi monogatari*, apart from its use in the preface to the present work of that name, whose date we have seen to be obscure, appears in the Muromachi-period bibliography *Honchō shojaku mokuroku*,[2] where it is included in the section entitled *kana* (i.e., containing titles of *monogatari*) and said to be in twenty books, by Minamoto Takakuni. It occurs also in two Muromachi-period diaries: (*a*) *Kammon gyoki*,[3] where it is stated that on the twenty-third day of the eleventh month of 1438 the Palace sent for *Uji dainagon monogatari*, and seven books (*jō*) were submitted, while on the tenth of the twelfth month nine books (also *jō*) of *Uji shūi monogatari* were submitted; and (*b*) *Sanetaka-kō-ki*,[4] which contains four entries (eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth and nineteenth days) for the seventh month of 1475 mentioning readings to the Emperor of tale collections, the first naming *Uji dainagon monogatari*, the next two *Uji shūi monogatari* and the fourth *Uji* (*no*) *ashū* (*no*) *monogatari*. This last title is reminiscent of the reference in the preface of *Kokon chomonjū* to 'the clever stories of the *ashō* (i.e., *dainagon* or Major Counsellor) from Uji'. According to Katayose,[5] the three titles in these diaries all probably indicate the same work, the present *Uji shūi*, but he can give no real evidence for this, and it may be thought strange that the diarists should thus ring the changes on the titles.

Undoubtedly, the name which occurs most frequently throughout the Kamakura and Muromachi periods, and even in the Heian period, is '*Uji dainagon monogatari*'. A reference to the title alone, as in *Jūin'in naifu ki*,[6] under the date 1482, tells us little. More useful are a number of references specifically connecting a work of this title with the name of Takakuni, for example, in *Waka iroha shū* (?1195),[7] *Yakumo mi-shō*[8] (1221) and a work of unknown title on poetry, thought to have been composed in the period 1288–1301.[9] In each of these, the title is included in lists of *monogatari*, which proves that such a work by Takakuni did exist, though it does not give any indication when or how the work was compiled. Most important, however, are the numerous

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[1] *Gunsho ruijū* (*zokushū?*) *mokuroku*, iv, quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, i, 56. Watanabe and Nishio think that at some time all collections of tales beginning *ima wa mukashi* came to be considered as different varieties of one and the same thing. They mention, for instance (p. 11) that two texts of the probably middle or late Muromachi *Zazuin* bear on the cover the title *Uji dainagon monogatari* (though Katayose, *Kenkyū*, i, 96, makes it clear that inside they have the title *Zōtanshū*).

[2] Wada, *Honchō shojaku mokuroku kōshō*, 62.

[3] Quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, i, 69.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.* 70. (It is not clear what this work was, but the title means 'Record of the Inner Minister of the Jūin Cloister'.)

[7] *Ibid.* 71.

[8] *Ibid.* 72.

[9] *Ibid.* 80.

quotations of or references to specific stories from an '*Uji dainagon monogatari*'. Some, but not all, of these stories are found in collections of the group which we are examining, but no collection has all even of those. I have therefore listed the quotations or references not in strict chronological order but in groups according to the collections in which the stories are found to occur.

1. 'UJI SHŪI' AND 'KONJAKU'

The text of *Shimeishō*[1]—a commentary (?1293–8) on *Genji monogatari*—which is in the library of the Ministry of the Imperial Household quotes as from '*Uji dainagon monogatari*' a story concerning the priest Bijitsu which corresponds closely, both in content and in wording, though it is not identical, with *US* 141 and *KM* 12/35. The *Shimeishō* story has some phrases closer to *Uji shūi*, some to *Konjaku*.

2. 'UJI SHŪI' AND 'UCHIGIKI'

Book 6 of *Jimon denki*, or *Onjō-ji denki*,[2] a collection of records, biographies of priests, etc., connected with the Onjō-ji (i.e., the Mii-dera) which was compiled about 1300 by some person unknown, quotes as from '*Uji dainagon monogatari*' a story of the Venerable Kūya which corresponds to *US* 142 and the first section of *UGS* 26. The tale in *Jimon denki* is written in semi-Chinese, but the differences in phrasing are too great to be accounted for solely by the differences in style. In particular, the *Jimon denki* version gives as the reason for Kūya's deformed arm a fall from a bed, whereas in *Uji shūi* and *Uchigiki* it is said to have been caused when his mother threw him to the floor in a fit of anger.

3. 'KONJAKU' ALONE

The seven-book manuscript of *Hōbutsushū*[3] contains, shortly after the beginning of the first book, a passage apropos of the poem *Tonomori no tomo no miyatsuko kokoro araba kono haru bakari asa-giyome su na*, 'Sweepers of the Palace, if you have any feeling, do not sweep in the mornings while spring lasts.' This passage states the circumstances under which 'according to *Yotsugi*[4] and the tales of Takakuni, the Major Counsellor from Uji', the poem was written. A story on this same subject, though much longer (the *Hōbutsushū* version is only a brief outline), is found in *Konjaku*, 24/32. It is interesting and perhaps significant that the poem in question is attributed in *Shūishū*[1] to Kintada, but in both *Hōbutsushū* and *Konjaku* to Atsutada.

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[1] *Ibid.* 77–8.

[2] *Ibid.* 68. Katayose uses the second of the two titles, but in Endō Motoo and Shimomura Fujio (eds.), *Kokushi bunken kaisetsu* (1957), 191, the work is listed under the first.

[3] Quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, 75.

[4] Presumably either *Eiga monogatari* or *Ōkagami*. But Katayose points out that neither work in its present form contains this story.

(For two other stories found in *Konjaku* alone but not under the title *Uji dainagon monogatari*, see under B below.)

4. 'KONJAKU' AND 'KOHON'

One section of *Shichi-daiji junrei shiki*,[2] an account of a pilgrimage to the temples of Nara made by Ōe Chikamichi in the year 1140, ends with the remark 'The same story is found in *Uji dainagon monogatari*'. This is the oldest known reference to a work bearing that full title. This story concerning the rebuilding of the Kōfuku-ji after it had been burnt down appears in *Konjaku*, 12/21, and *Kohon*, 47. Allowing for the fact that it is in Chinese, the resemblances are reasonably close. Kawaguchi points out[3] that in one sense *Kohon* is closer to the Chinese version than *Konjaku*, since it preserves the appearance of oral tradition, and the Chinese version actually states that it had an oral source; in *Konjaku*, on the other hand, a conscious attempt has been made to present the story as historical fact.

5. 'KOHON' ALONE

The *Genji* commentary *Shimeishō*[4] (in the same text as mentioned under 1, above) relates a version of the story, referred to in the Suetsumuhana chapter, of the discomfiture of Heichū, that is, Taira Sadabumi, when a lady puts ink into the water which he uses to splash on his face in order to pretend that he is weeping at her treatment of him. This story is preceded by the note 'Minamoto Sadabumi, *Uji dainagon monogatari*'. The form of the note is confusing, since it might appear to suggest that Sadabumi is the author of the *monogatari* named. This cannot be the intention, however, and it seems clear that 'Minamoto' must be a mistake for 'Taira', so that the name is that of the character in the story, Heichū.

The above reference should be considered together with a similar one in another *Genji* commentary, *Kakaishō*[5] (?1346–8) by Yotsutsuji

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[1] Quoted in Kameyose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 89.

[2] *Kokon* (Iwanami), 206.

[3] *Ibid.* 80.

[4] *Ibid.* 83–4.

[5] Quoted in Kameyose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 96–7.

Yoshinari. This gives essentially the same story, though with slightly different wording and with only one of the two poems in the *Shimeishō* version. The name of the man in the story is given with four Chinese characters that are a curious mixture of the two names Taira Sadabumi and Heichū (the first, second and fourth spelling the former name and the first and third spelling the latter).

This story appears in *Kohon* (19), a fact which at the time when this work was brought to public notice raised hopes that the lost *Uji dainagon monogatari* might at last have come to light. The story in the two commentaries appears to be in the form of a summary, so that little comparison with the wording of *Kohon* can be made.

6. STORIES NOT FOUND IN THE 'UJI SHŪI–KONJAKU' GROUP OF WORKS

(*a*) Yet another tale under the heading '*Uji dainagon*' appears in the *Shimeishō* text[1] mentioned earlier. This is a description of a celebration at Court in honour of the fortieth birthday of the Emperor Uda, and is quoted in connection with the *Momiji no ga* (Festival of Red Leaves) section of *Genji*. Its subject-matter is of the *yūsoku kojitsu* type, common in works like *Gōdanshō*. This tale, however, does not appear elsewhere.

(*b*) At the end of a story in Book 5 of *Shingonden*[2] relating the career of the priest Yūshū, there appears a reference to '*Uji dainagon monogatari*'. This story, however, does not occur in *Uji shūi* or any related collection.

7. THE PRESENT 'UJI DAINAGON MONOGATARI'

Kachō yojō (1472),[3] another commentary on *Genji*, by Ichijō Kaneyoshi, also contains a quotation from '*Uji dainagon monogatari*'. This is a story which says that *Genji* was the creation of Murasaki Shikibu's father, Tametoki, her part having been to fill in the details. The only other works in which this story occurs are *Yotsugi monogatari* and the almost identical *Uji dainagon monogatari*, in both of which it appears word for word, exactly as in *Kachō yojō*.

This reference has been confidently supposed to be to the second of these two works, and not to any collection by Takakuni. However, some doubt has recently been cast on this supposition by Kōchiyama,[4] who draws attention to the existence in this extant *Uji dainagon mono-*

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[1] *Ibid.* 79.

[2] *Ibid.* 69–70.

[3] *Ibid.* 82.

[4] '*Uji dainagon monogatari no chōryū*', 14.

gatari (and the similar *Yotsugi*) of another—and contradictory—anecdote about the compilation of *Genji* which Kaneyoshi would surely have mentioned if he had been using the work.

8. OTHER REFERENCES AND QUOTATIONS

(*a*) *Chūgaishō*[1] contains an entry, under the date 1150, where Tadazane tells of an experience which he had as a youth while hawking and which made him feel great pity for the prey. He goes on to say, 'Later, when I heard a lady-in-waiting read the tales of the Major Counsellor and I heard how a great enthusiast for hawking turned into a pheasant and was terrified by a hawk, I got up the next morning and turned all my hawks loose. Thereafter I took no interest in the sport.' Ikeda, in drawing attention to this passage, points out[2] that the story of the pheasant is found in *Konjaku* (19/8). He also says that the reference to 'the tales of the Major Counsellor' must clearly be to those of Takakuni.

(*b*) In the section of the historical work *Gukanshō*[3] (?1219–21) dealing with the Emperor Ichijō (Book 3), it is said that Takakuni, the Major Counsellor from Uji, wrote that he had been told the following anecdote by Lord Uji (i.e., Yorimichi, son of Michinaga): 'When Michinaga was clearing up the effects of the Emperor Ichijō after his death, he found in a box what appeared to be a decree written in the Emperor's hand, beginning, "Though the three luminaries strive to shine, they are covered by layers of cloud, and their great brightness is dimmed", and without reading any further, he immediately rolled it up and burned it.' There is no indication where Takakuni recorded the anecdote. It could, of course, have been in a diary and not in a collection of tales. But this is usually taken to be a reference to *Uji dainagon monogatari*. The tale does not occur in *Uji shūi* or any related collection.

(*c*) *Zōdanshū*[4] contains a story which is described as being from '*Uji no monogatari*'. This concerns a man who, having bought a turtle in order to set it free, finds himself after death granted a respite through the intercession of Jizō, of whom the turtle was an incarnation; the man in fact doubles his merit by asking Jizō to save, instead of him, a young girl, since she has so much more of life to lose. This story appears, with slight differences, in *Jizō bosatsu reigenki* and in *Konjaku* (17/26). Since the story does not occur in the present *Uji shūi*, Nagano[5] believes that the reference to '*Uji no monogatari*' must mean either

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[1] *Ibid.* 84–5.

[2] Quoted in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, I, 71.

[3] *Konjaku* (*Asahi*), III, 162, note 1.

[4] 'Chisoku-in kampaku', 14.

[5] *Ibid.* 80–1.

Konjaku or the lost *Uji dainagon monogatari*. Katayose,[1] however, thinks that, in view of the reference in *Honchō shojaku mokuroku* to an *Uji shūi* in twenty books, yet other books may have existed which are now lost. Since the present *Uji shūi* has so many tales in common with *Konjaku*, the same would surely have been true of the lost books. Therefore this story may have been in one of these presumed lost books. Thus '*Uji no monogatari*' would seem to be a reference to some form of *Uji shūi*, on one manuscript of which this title actually appears. (As we shall see, it is now commonly believed that many tale collections existed which are now lost.)

Whatever the truth of this speculation, it is certainly worth noting that this story in *Konjaku* follows two Jizō stories of a similar kind that occur also in *Uji shūi*. These two stories are almost the only cases in which consecutive stories in *Konjaku* are also consecutive in *Uji shūi*.

The above list, which shows that no single extant work includes all the tales said to be from *Uji dainagon monogatari*, is made up of references discovered by a number of scholars since the first investigation of the position of *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* by Satō Jūjisu. Satō, knowing only of the *Hobutsushū* passage and the references in *Yakumo mi-shō* and *Kokon chomonjū* to a collection of tales by Takakuni,[2] was not aware of the evidence contradicting his identification (or, strictly speaking, his justification of the traditional identification) of *Konjaku* with *Uji dainagon monogatari*. However, it is not only the discovery of *Uji dainagon monogatari* stories not found in *Konjaku* which discredited Satō's views. In fact, it would be true to say that almost all of his contentions about *Konjaku* have been proved wrong, or discarded for lack of evidence.

According to Satō,[3] who at the outset takes the standpoint that the *Honchō shokaju mokuroku* reference to an *Uji shūi* in twenty books by Takakuni can be identified with *Konjaku*, and that another name for the same work is *Uji dainagon monogatari*, the *Uji shūi* preface is full of wrong statements and does not relate to the work to which it is attached. The present *Uji shūi* is clearly not a supplement to *Konjaku*, it contains over thirty stories set in a period later than Takakuni and it is shown by its language to be by a different and later author (though obviously based on *Konjaku*), so that it is not simply the work of Takakuni with certain added stories. Therefore the work to which this preface relates must be the expanded version of *Uji dainagon monogatari* and must also be the *Uji shūi* mentioned in *Honchō shojaku mokuroku* as by Takakuni (though the reference to twenty books must be a mistake for thirty).

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[1] *Kenkyū*, I, 81.   [2] '*Uji shūi monogatari kō*', 69.   [3] *Ibid.* 69–70 and 82.

Notwithstanding the words of this preface, *Konjaku* (= *Uji shūi*) does not contain any reference to a time later than that of Takakuni. Nor was it compiled in the manner described, since it is known to have literary sources. The legend probably originated through a confusion of Takakuni with Fujiwara Tadabumi, known as *Uji no mimbukyō*, 'The Minister for Popular Affairs from Uji', who is said in *Gōdanshō* to have spent the summer in retreat at Uji.

The latter point has long been dismissed as gratuitous speculation. There is in any case ample evidence associating Takakuni with Uji; he was after all known as *Uji dainagon*, and is now known to have made use of the Nansen-bō. In addition, there has been wide agreement with Sakai's view[1] that there is no reason to think of the *Honchō shojaku mokuroku* entry as referring to anything other than some form of the present *Uji shūi*, given the great variation in the number of books into which the extant texts are divided. But the most serious flaw in Satō's arguments, besides his assumption that references to *Uji dainagon monogatari* in other works necessarily indicate *Konjaku*, is the statement that *Konjaku* contains no stories of a date later than 1077, when Takakuni died. Fujioka,[2] though generally supporting Satō's ideas, pointed out in 1903 that the table of contents of Book 25 contains a title (the story, No. 14, is not extant) mentioning the campaigns of Minamoto Yoshiie against Kiyowara Takehira (the war known as *Go-sannen no eki*), which took place in 1086. Since this discovery, many other stories have been identified as clearly having been written after Takakuni's death. (Three of these, it will be noticed, appear also in *Uji shūi*.) For instance, Wada Hidematsu[3] showed that the events described in 24/56 (*US* 93) could not be dated before 1077; the wording of the opening of the story suggests that it was written after Tameie had ceased to be Governor of Harima, but he is mentioned in contemporary records as having been Governor in 1077, having been re-appointed in that same year and being still Governor in 1081. Sakai quotes further cases.[4] He considers that the story of Yoritoki, 31/11 (*US* 187), could not have been written until about ten years after 1077, because of the manner of its reference to Munetō, Yoritoki's son. Also later than the death of Takakuni, he thinks, are the story of

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[1] *Shin-kenkyū*, 78.

[2] *Konjaku monogatari kō* (1903). I have not seen this book, but the argument is described by Katayose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 18–19. The same point is made in Fujioka's *Kokubungaku zenshi*, *Heianchō-hen* (1924 ed.), 573.

[3] '*Konjaku monogatari kaisetsu*' (in *Kokugakuin zasshi*, x/2 (1904)), also described in Katayose, *Kenkyū*, 1, 19–20. The contemporary records to which Wada refers are different from those mentioned by Yamada, *Konjaku*, 1, 9; but they yield the same information.

[4] *Shin-kenkyū*, 93–4.

Yorinobu, 25/9, which contains a reference (not found, it should be noted, in the *Uji shūi* parallel to this story, 128) to his descendants (sons and grandsons) as 'still prospering and serving the Throne'; that of Taira Koremochi, 25/5, because of a similar reference to the descendants of his son Shigesada; and that of Yoriyoshi, 25/13, because of its reference to Yoshitsuna, his second son and younger brother of Yoshiie. Two other examples, quoted by Yamada Hiden[1] (though not as his own discoveries), are the story of Morifusa, 24/57, said to date probably from the early period of his appointment as *kurōdo*, 'archivist', that is, not before 1086, and that of Minamoto Akiie, described in 29/27 as Governor of Higo but also similarly described ('Higo Akiie') in the diary of Fujiwara Tametaka, under the date 1106.

In addition to investigations of the above kind, many efforts have been made to establish the date of composition of *Konjaku* by the study of stories with parallels in other works roughly contemporary with it, for example, *Ōkagami*. Perhaps the most important contribution based on the study of parallels has been that of Katayose.[2] Having found a relationship between five stories in Book 7 and a Chinese work entitled *Hung-tsan fa-hua chuan*, he discovered further that a colophon to the oldest known manuscript of this work suggests that the work was brought to Japan for the first time in 1120. Largely on the basis of this theory, the present accepted view is that *Konjaku* dates from not long after 1120.[3]

It is evident, therefore, that *Konjaku* cannot all have been written by Takakuni. But did he write any of it? In other words, could *Konjaku* consist of Takakuni's *Uji dainagon monogatari* plus some later interpolations? If so, some explanation must be found for the mention in other works of *Uji dainagon monogatari* stories which do not appear in *Konjaku* (Nagano's answer to this point is that they may have been in sections now lost).[4] On the other hand, is the relationship of *Konjaku* with *Uji dainagon monogatari* only that, when it was compiled, sometime after Takakuni's death, the latter's work was used as one, though an important one, of its sources?

Let us look first at certain aspects of *Konjaku* which have been taken as evidence supporting the theory of Takakuni's authorship. Satō,[5] for instance, picks out two phrases which seem to suggest that the people to whom they refer (who were contemporaries of Takakuni) were living at the time when the stories in which they occur were written. Thus in 23/15 it is said of Tachibana Norimitsu that he was the father of *tadaima aru Suruga-no-zenji Suemichi*, 'the former Governor of Suruga, Suemichi, who is alive at the present time', and another story in the same book, 23/21, has a similar reference to the grandson of a certain wrestler as *kono aru Tsunenori*. Sakai[1] pours scorn on the idea that such references can be of value in dating the work, pointing out that the father of the man described as *kono aru Tsunenori* is similarly described (*tadaima aru kote Tamemura*) in 23/25, while Suemichi, as Satō himself admits, is in 23/16, where he is the main character, spoken of in the past tense.[2] Sakai argues that, just as Satō points to the phrase *konogoro aru*,[3] found at the beginning of *US* 118 and 180, as taken over from *Konjaku*, so also the above two and a number of similar phrases elsewhere in *Konjaku* should be regarded as taken over bodily from its sources.

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[1] *Konjaku* (Iwanami), 1, 9–10.

[2] A further contribution on this question has been made by Tachibana Kenji, in his discussion of a story (27/37) described as having taken place 'at the time of—(lacuna)' and 'only two or three years ago'. On the basis of some not unreasonable assumptions about the identity but some rather breathtaking assumptions about the age and official position of a certain member of the Nakatomi family associated with the Kasuga Shrine, Tachibana concludes that the time referred to must be between 1120 and 1130.

[3] *Kenkyū*, 1, 112–32.

[4] *Konjaku* (*Asahi*), 1, 70.

[5] '*Uji shūi monogatari kō*', 69–70.

Sakai's dismissal of Satō here is perhaps a little cavalier. A much more reasoned appraisal of these 'contemporary' references has been made by Nakano Takeshi,[4] in relation to the ideas of Nagano Jōichi (who numbers in this 'contemporary' category many more stories than Satō). Nagano was until recently an ardent supporter of Takakuni as a candidate for the authorship of *Konjaku*, though he acknowledged, of course, that it must contain later interpolations. Unlike earlier advocates of Takakuni who, largely because of the legend about his old age at Uji, considered *Konjaku* to have been written in the latter part of his life, Nagano claimed[5] that some of its stories (23/25, 24/18 and 24/21) seem to have been written earlier in Takakuni's lifetime. Nakano examines a number of stories said to contain references or describe characters in ways which suggest that the stories could, so far as their date is concerned, have been written by Takakuni. Nakano's arguments, which seem very reasonable, are too detailed for recapitulation here, but his conclusion, from a re-examination of thirteen stories considered by Nagano as falling within the period when Takakuni could have written them, is that in each case Nagano is not strict enough in his assessment of the dates. According to Nakano, six of the stories are too early and the remaining seven too late to be regarded as contemporary with Takakuni. Nakano does not, like Sakai, question the validity of dating such stories. But he feels that they were written at too widely different periods to have been the work of any one man.

He reaches roughly the same conclusion in the second section of the article in question, where he examines a number of stories in which the *-ki* past ending (or its attributive form *-shi*) is used in the narrative, as opposed to dialogue. He first summarizes a discussion by Sakurai Mitsuaki[1] of the differences between the past forms in *-ki* and *-keri*. The latter, according to Sakurai, indicates that the facts related were not experienced by the writer in person. The use of the *-ki* form, however, shows some variation. In dialogue, it is used mainly when the speaker is recalling his own experience, and when used of things outside his experience is limited to questions. In narrative, it is mainly used of things within the writer's personal experience, and though it can be used of things outside his experience, its use in this way is associated particularly with the language of translations from Chinese. Sakurai's general conclusions are thus that the usage of these two suffixes varies as between pure Japanese and the language used in translating from Chinese. In the translated style, they are sometimes used in similar ways. But in pure Japanese style, they seem to be directly opposed, *-ki* implying a recollection of personal experience and *-keri* being more indirect.

This distinction can be of some significance in *Konjaku* stories. Although the overwhelming majority of its stories begin with the formula *Ima wa mukashi . . . arikeri*, some use, instead of *arikeri*, the form *ariki*, which might suggest that the characters thus referred to either were personally known to the writer or at least lived during his lifetime, so that his recollections of them and their activities would be more direct.

The relation of Sakurai's work to *Konjaku* lies in the fact that, in

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[1] *Shin-kenkyū*, 94–5.

[2] It seems to me that a possible interpretation of *tadaima aru Suemichi* in 23/15, particularly since it comes at the end of the story, is 'Suemichi, whose story comes next'. There would then be nothing surprising in the use of the past tense in 23/16. (It is noteworthy that in *Uji shūi* these two stories are widely separated—Nos. 27 and 132. Possibly the *Konjaku* arrangement results from its re-ordering in classified form of earlier material.) It is true that the character of Tamemura, the champion wrestler in 23/25 (*tadaima aru kote Tamemura*) does not appear in the next story, which bears no relation to the preceding one. Nevertheless, it is significant that the *tadaima aru* again occurs at the end of the story proper, though a long comment on the story follows it. Also, this phrase is not used when the same character is mentioned in an earlier story (23/21), in a similar context, a naming of the descendants of the main character, Narimura. Could the explanation of this be that there once existed, or was projected, a story of Tamemura, as one of this group of stories about champion wrestlers? Since Book 23 of *Konjaku* is in any case incomplete, beginning at Story 13 (indeed, the stories from 13 onwards are not numbered in old manuscripts), this seems quite possible.

[3] The phrase in *Konjaku* is in both places written with characters which would now be read *shikogoro*. But according to Yamada, *Konjaku*, I, 457, supplementary note 211, the correct reading is *konogoro*.

[4] In the article referred to in note 1 on p. 41 of Chapter 2.

[5] Originally in an article '*Konjaku monogatari no sakusha-kō*' (in *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, xviii 10 (1941)), but also in the initial headnotes to the stories in his edition of *Konjaku*.

[1] 'Kaisō no jodōshi no yōhō', in *Kokugogaku*, xxiii (1955).

order to show the validity of his theory about the *-ki* past ending, he has examined the *Konjaku* (Japanese) stories in which it is used in the narrative and constructed a table showing the dates of people so mentioned.[1] He sees justification for his interpretation of *-ki* in the fact that, according to his table, the stories could all have been written by one man. Nakano, however, disagrees with Sakurai, and himself constructs a table on the basis of a stricter examination of possible dates. The result of this is that the same stories are distributed over a rather longer period of time, too long, in fact, for them all to be the work of one man.

Nakano interprets his results as showing *Konjaku* to incorporate a number of stories written at different times. (He does not believe that differences in the date of composition of stories mean that some were interpolated in an existing text.) The work of compilation may have been directed or performed by one man, possibly one of the several authors by whom the stories were written. Like Kawaguchi, who had already put forward the idea of multiple authorship of *Konjaku*,[2] he believes that the project had a definite association with the priesthood.

Though this idea of multiple authorship now has wide currency, there are still some scholars who see *Konjaku* as the work of one man. A notable example is Konno, whose studies of *Konjaku* are recognized to be of outstanding value. His main contribution[3] has been to draw attention to mistakes in the work which are of great significance for the study of the authorship, and provide convincing evidence against Takakuni as a candidate. Konno's rejection of Takakuni is, of course, in itself not new. What is new is that he appears to have invalidated the premises on which previous conjectures as to the identity of the author have been based, for example, the view of Sakai and Katayose[4] that he must have been of noble origin. Konno shows very convincingly that *Konjaku* makes egregious mistakes which no aristocrat, brought up to the Court culture of the time, could possibly have made.

The present situation in *Konjaku* studies is thus that while much progress has been made in the study of certain aspects of the work, there still remains a wide divergence of opinion as to the interpretation

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[1] A reproduction of this, together with the table constructed by Nakano himself, appears on p. 48 of Nakano's article.

[2] In the article referred to in note 1 on p. 41 of Chapter 2.

[3] In '*Konjaku no sakusha*'.

[4] *Shin-kōkyū*, 100, and *Kenkyū*, i, 249 ff. and 151 respectively. Both agree that the hypothetical author must have been a very knowledgeable man, but Sakai stresses (p. 109) that he does not seem to have had more than an average knowledge of foreign literature.

of the facts which have been established. Many writers think that there must have been *some* priestly connection with the work. But was it compiled by one person, or by several? In addition, what was its purpose? Here the opinions of scholars vary greatly according to their own particular interests. Konno's view[1] that the work may have had no specific purpose is shared by Nishio,[2] but in other respects their standpoint is different, for the particular interest of Nishio, as of Masuda, lies in the investigation of the way in which popular tales are given literary form. Nagano is also interested in the work as literature, but his enthusiasm is directed toward the investigation of its qualities as creative art, as an early example of the craft of short-story writing. He therefore deplores the tendency of Sakai and Katayose to see it primarily as a Buddhist work.[3] Kawaguchi, interested in the transmission of popular Buddhist tales, sees it[4] as an attempt to create a Japanese counterpart of the monumental *Fa-yüan chu-lin*.

Another proponent of multiple authorship is Kunisaki. Like Kawaguchi, he tries to reconcile the likelihood that the stories were not written by men of the highest education and culture with the fact that the work was a large-scale undertaking and must have had the backing and guidance of some influential figure. In his opinion, the arrangement of the whole work gives evidence of a kind of nationalistic consciousness. Moreover, he finds in the Japanese stories a remarkable number of figures who were intimately associated with or were related to intimate associates of the Retired Emperor Shirakawa. He believes therefore that the Retired Emperor, an authoritarian, dictatorial man, conceived the project as a means of providing enlightenment for the lower officials vital to his Cloister Government, and employed both members of his own Court and priests to compile this great collection of tales. Although Kunisaki's original views on the organization of *Konjaku* have found wide acceptance, his theory as to the circumstances of its compilation[5] has not.

Perhaps the most interesting new theory is that put forward by Nagai,[6] who sees some significance in the persistence of the legend associating Takakuni with *Konjaku*, and also in the fact that Takakuni himself does not appear in its stories. His theory arises out of his study of a manuscript of a work which came to light in the early years of the Shōwa period. Previously, it was known to have existed but was thought to have been lost. This is *An'yōshū*, in ten books, a learned compilation of An'yō Jōdo texts described in a note appearing under the title of each book as put together by 'The Major Counsellor from the Nansen-bō and some thirty or forty priests (*ajari*) of the Enryaku-ji'. Nagai suggests that *Konjaku* was a collection of stories designed to put into concrete and practical form the teachings of the other work. He thinks that this may have been compiled by a group of priests around Takakuni, and that further material continued to be added after Takakuni's death.

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[1] '. . . is it not possible that *Konjaku monogatarishū* was written with no ulterior motive or social purpose in mind—that is to say, that it was the work of an individual, for his own amusement, and even when compiled, hardly circulated at all?' ('*Konjaku no sakusha*', 152.)

[2] Quoted by himself in '*Konjaku monogatari kenkyūshi*', in *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, xx/7 (1955), 62.

[3] *Konjaku* (*Asahi*), i. 142–3, 176.

[4] '*Konjaku to Kokin*', 96–7.

[5] See *Konjaku monogatarishū seiritsu kō*, 269–294.

[6] This theory was first put forward by Nagai several years ago. A more recent statement of his position is found in his article '*Konjaku monogatarishū—sakusha-Takakuni-setsu no saiginmi*', in *Kokubungaku: kaishaku to kanshō*, xxx/2 (1965). But the most complete exposition of his ideas and the evidence for them is found in his *Nihon bukkyō bungaku kenkyū*, ii. 281.

So far our account of studies of the *Uji shūi–Konjaku* group of works has been concerned almost entirely with investigations of *Konjaku* alone, simply because *Konjaku* has attracted most attention. However, we must now consider Japanese views (since Satō) of its relationship with *Uji shūi*.

If one takes the view[1] that *Konjaku* is an enlargement of or incorporates the original *Uji dainagon monogatari* by Takakuni, it follows, since there are good grounds for thinking that *Uji shūi* has some relationship with Takakuni's work, that the relationship between *Konjaku* and *Uji shūi* is direct, that is, in effect, that *Uji shūi* was based on *Konjaku*. This, however, does not take account of the differences between them. It is difficult to accept the view of Nomura[2] that these differences arose because the *Uji shūi* compiler(s) altered *Konjaku* to bring it more into line with the times, and that the variation in the degree of difference can be considered to result entirely from the whims of the compiler(s) on different occasions. As previous chapters have shown, they are not only differences in small details of wording, for in places the order of whole sentences is reversed. More important, there are differences of substance, again not only in small details; each of the two works occasionally has (even in otherwise closely parallel stories) sentences not found in the other.

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909. While Kawaguchi does not see this theory as necessitating any change in his own views, he nevertheless regards it in a favourable light, and even goes so far as to say ('Setsuwa no keisei', 98) that it may be valid for some original form of *Konjaku*. Basically the same idea, i.e., that Takakuni was associated with some Buddhist prototype of *Konjaku*, is suggested in a very recent article by Umetani Shigeki, '*Konjaku monogatarishū* no Tenjiku no bu o megutte', in *Nihon bungaku*, xvi/2 (1967), 30, note 11.

[1] Held by e.g., Ikeda ('Chisoku-in kampaku', 14), Nomura (*Uji shūi*, *Asahi*, i, 6) and Nagano.

[2] *Uji shūi* (*Asahi*), 1, 20–1.

Suppose now that we take the view that *Konjaku* is not simply an enlargement of *Uji dainagon monogatari* but a new work in the compilation of which Takakuni's work must have been an important source. Since, as I have said, *Uji shūi* seems to be directly related to *Uji dainagon monogatari*, the relationship with *Konjaku* becomes indirect, that is to say, the two works have a common source. Not only does such a relationship make more understandable the existence in *Uji shūi* of *Uji dainagon monogatari* stories which are not in *Konjaku*, but it provides a much more plausible explanation of the differences between the collections than mere caprice. This, then, was the view of the relationship that came to be widely held as a result of the work of Sakai[1] and Katayose (even though some differences, e.g., between *US* 16 and *KM* 17/1 and between *US* 152 and *KM* 10/9 are too great to be accounted for in this way). However, with the discovery of two hitherto unknown collections, *Uchigiki* and *Kohon*, published in 1927 and 1955 respectively, the problems of the *Uji shūi–Konjaku* relationship took on further dimensions. Though both newly-discovered works have more stories in common with *Konjaku* than with *Uji shūi*, the degree of closeness seems greater in the *Uji shūi* parallels. The problems presented by *Uchigiki* were not enough to upset the common source theory of the *Uji shūi–Konjaku* relationship, but those presented by *Kohon* are of a different order.

So far as *Uchigiki* is concerned, opinion has tended to reject the idea of any direct relationship with *Konjaku*, while considering a direct relationship with *Uji shūi* at least more possible. Doubt is cast on the latter possibility, however, by such stories as that of the turtles (*US* 164), in which the wording of *Uji shūi* in places resembles that of *Konjaku* but in other places that of *Uchigiki*, and in addition has some phrases not found in either. It seems very unlikely that any of these three versions is based directly on a Chinese text, though Nakajima suggests they may have been based on some existing translation. On the other hand, they could be from oral tradition. Nakajima does not think that any of them are direct recordings of popular oral tradition, but rather that all three must derive from different written texts.[2] Kunisaki regards[3] the *Uchigiki* and *Uji shūi* versions, which differ slightly but in ways that seem to him to be not deliberate and purposeful, as separate direct recordings of oral tradition. *Konjaku*, on the other hand, he thinks must be from a written text because its policy of standardizing wording, involving additions to fill out and make the narrative more logical, would be difficult to carry out direct from oral tradition.[1] But it too must ultimately go back to an oral source.

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[1] A similar theory was originally proposed as early as 1908 by Kikuchi Hisakichi, in his '*Konjaku monogatari* sakusha-kō' (in *Tōyō tetsugaku* (November 1908)), an article to which I have not had access (as also to his '*Uji shūi monogatari* chosaku nendai kō' (*ibid.* August) of the same year).

[2] According to Kunisaki ('*Konjaku* no seiritsu no jijō', 54), Nakajima expresses these views in '*Uchigikishū* kaisetsu', but I have been unable to find any article of this name. Kunisaki may perhaps be referring to Nakajima's '*Uchigikishū* kō' (in *Kokubungakushi* (October 1931)), but this I have not been able to see.

[3] '*Konjaku* no seiritsu jijō', 57.

Like *Uchigiki*, *Kohon* too is not thought to have any direct relationship with *Konjaku*. As regards its relationship with *Uji shūi*, the virtual identity of some of the stories in the two works might be thought to suggest, more strongly than do any other comparisons of stories in the works of this group, that it is direct. In the case of some stories, Watanabe and Nishio actually treat it as such, though they do not make it clear how the degree of similarity can vary so much. Kunisaki, on the other hand, maintains that the particular combination of similarities and differences between *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* could not have resulted from a direct relationship. It is instructive to compare his approach, with its great stress on the factor of oral transmission, with that of Kawaguchi, who, though believing the relationship between these two works to be indirect, approaches the problem from the more accustomed angle of literary borrowing (though in other respects he too does not neglect the factor of oral tradition).

Two aspects of the work of Kunisaki must be considered. The first is his discussion of the relationship between *Konjaku*, *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*. It has already been mentioned that, since *Konjaku* adapts the wording of tales to accord with its standard narrative technique, whereas *Uji shūi* does not, Kunisaki believes the tales in the latter to be in an earlier form, according to him closer to oral tradition than the same tales in *Konjaku*. He therefore makes the stimulating but highly novel suggestion that the possibility should be considered whether some early form of *Uji shūi* might have been a source for *Konjaku*.[2] He decides

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[1] *Ibid.* 58. It is difficult to see why Kunisaki thinks the recording of oral tradition and the standardization would necessarily have to be done in one operation. Note that Book 20 of the Tanaka text of *Konjaku* contains two stories that do not appear in any other text of the work and whose form differs greatly from that of the remainder of the stories, using quite different opening and closing formulas. Mabuchi, in the article in which he proposes the theory that *Konjaku* was never completed, suggests that these stories are perhaps indicative of a first stage in the compilation, when the work was laid out in rough.

[2] '*Konjaku* to *Fusō ryakki*', 51–2. Besides Kunisaki's general point about style, I would draw attention to differences of detail which might be thought to give some indication that the *Uji shūi* form of certain stories is the earlier. First, in *Konjaku* the story of Mochitsune (28/30) is stated to have taken place 'in the heyday of Lord Uji', but the *Uji shūi* version (93) has no such phrase. Second, the story of Yorinobu and Tadatsune (*KM* 25/9) concludes with the statement that Yorinobu's sons and grandsons 'are still prospering and serving the Throne'. This sentence, which has been taken to indicate that the story could not have been written by Takakuni, does not appear in the *Uji shūi* version (128). The third point is that in *US* 180,

that a direct relationship is ruled out, just as between *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*, by the nature of the differences that exist. One can say no more than that some collection with stories very close in wording to *Uji shūi* (or *Kohon*) may have existed, and may have been a source for *Konjaku*. (It is impossible to say whether there existed some collection containing only the stories which *Uji shūi* or *Kohon* have in common with *Konjaku*.) To this hypothetical source of *Konjaku*, he gives the name 'Pre-*Konjaku*'.[1] But he also says[2] that the hypothetical early form of *Uji shūi*, which he calls 'Original *Uji shūi*', cannot have been very dissimilar to the form of the same stories in the present *Uji shūi*, and thus will not have been identical with that of 'Pre-*Konjaku*'. Therefore if *Konjaku* was based on *Uji dainagon monogatari*, *Uji shūi* was not; conversely, if *Uji shūi* was based on *Uji dainagon monogatari*, *Konjaku* was not.[3] The differences between the parallel stories in *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku*, he thinks, must reflect differences which had arisen before the stories were recorded from oral sources.

The second aspect of Kunisaki's work is his treatment of the relationship between *Uji shūi* and *Kohon*. He states[4] three objections to the idea that it can be direct: (*a*) Why, if one borrowed from the other, were only certain stories taken, when neither collection arranges its material in distinct categories? (*b*) How is it that wide differences of plot and wording can occur, with only the general theme of a story

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Fujiwara Yorimichi is referred to as *ko-Ujidono*, 'the late Lord Uji', whereas in the corresponding place *Konjaku* (26/11) has simply 'Lord Uji'.

As regards the first of these three points, there seems no reason why the phrase about Lord Uji should have been deliberately omitted by *Uji shūi*, and it may be thought, therefore, that it is an addition of *Konjaku*. If this were an *Uji dainagon monogatari* story, it is doubtful whether Takakuni, who was closely associated with Yorimichi, would have used such a phrase, at least during Yorimichi's lifetime (he died in 1074, three years before Takakuni), if at all. The fact that the phrase does not occur in *Uji shūi*, and that the mansion to which Mochitsune goes for the fish (which *Konjaku* makes clear is the residence of Yorimichi) is described simply as *Ōdono*, 'The Great Hall', may thus have some significance. On the second point, it might well be objected that the omission of the phrase about sons and grandsons is not surprising in a work thought to have been compiled over a hundred years after the time in question. But if this amount of conscious revision took place, why does *Uji shūi* in this story preserve the *-ki* past form in the introductory sentence—'Mukashi, Kawachi-no-kami Yorinobu, Kōzuke-no-kami nite arishi toki, Bandō ni Taira Tadatsune to iu tsuwamono ariki'? *Konjaku* here uses the *-keri* form in both cases. (For a discussion of the distinction between *-ki* and *-keri*, see p. 109.) The last of the three points is perhaps most significant of all, particularly because the phrase *kono goro aru* (*Hakozaki no taifu* . . .) in this *Uji shūi* story has, as we have seen, so often been singled out as an example of how *Uji shūi* reproduces such time-phrases from an earlier text even though the point of reference is different. It is difficult to decide when the word *ko-*, 'late', ceases to be applicable, but it had clearly become inapplicable by the time of *Konjaku*. Since Yorimichi died in 1074, this expression could still have been used even if the story were not by Takakuni. But its use certainly suggests that the form of the story is earlier than that of *Konjaku*.

[1] '*Uji shūi* to senkō setsuwashū', 71.

[2] '*Uji shūi* to senkō setsuwashū', 71.

[3] '*Konjaku* to *Fusō ryakki*', 52.

[4] *Ibid.* 72–6.

similar? (c) Though most differences of wording are minor and negligible, some are more substantial. How did these arise, and how is it that each collection has phrases (in parallel stories) not found in the other? He concludes that *Uji shūi*, or the hypothetical early form of it, cannot be considered a source for *Kohon*, and *vice-versa*, so that the common stories must be independent recordings of oral tradition, at different times and places. However, he thinks[1] it less likely that the hypothetical 'Original *Uji shūi*' existed than the '*Pre-Konjaku*'. If it did not, he says, the situation must therefore have been that stories already in *Konjaku* and *Kohon* continued to circulate as oral tales and were retold in *Uji shūi* later.

Kawaguchi, while describing[2] Book 2 of *Kohon* as consisting of popular legends, does not suggest that they are direct recordings by *Kohon* from oral sources. Indeed, his conception of the development of *Kohon* and *Uji shūi* places them at some remove from such direct recordings; in his opinion, this whole complex of works stems from the lost *Uji dainagon monogatari* of Takakuni.[3] This he believes to have been compiled largely from oral sources, not for any didactic purpose but as interesting reading; judging from the reference in *Chūgaishō* to 'the tales of the Major Counsellor' (generally thought to be *Uji dainagon monogatari*) which the young Tadazane heard read by a lady-in-waiting, Takakuni's work was evidently simple enough in style and content to appeal to women. With this collection, which Kawaguchi thinks contained secular and Buddhist but no foreign stories,[4] as a basis, but with other stories, including some from India and China, added from both oral and literary sources, a group of Tendai priests put together over a period of some years, though about the year 1120, the original *Konjaku*. The *hiragana-majiri* script of the earlier work was replaced by the *semmyō* style of script, using *katakana*, such as is found in early *Konjaku* manuscripts and in *Uchigiki*. At about the same period, some of the tales which had continued to circulate orally were set down in *Uchigiki*, as notes to be used in telling the tales (again orally), but part of this compilation was later lost. Also about the same time another compilation was made, drawing on, and preserving the *hiragana* and native Japanese style of, *Uji dainagon monogatari*, but adding stories from oral and other literary sources, including works later than *Uji dainagon monogatari*, such as *Ōkagami*, *Eiga monogatari* and *Shumpishō*. This (hypothetical) compilation may have been, like Takakuni's work, such as would appeal even to women. Though not identical with *Uji dainagon monogatari*, it would not be surprising if it were called by the same name. It is out of such a collection that *Kohon* and *Uji shūi* may have arisen.[1] Indeed, Kawaguchi contends that new compilations were constantly being made, and that collections were constantly changing, being added to or reorganized. It may be from later works of this kind that the fragments of *Konjaku* known as the Tsugaru text (one story) and the *beppon* or variant text of Book 20 (two stories) are derived.[2] One such later compilation, with a basis of stories derived from *Uji dainagon monogatari* but with many others added, was probably the *Uji shūi* in twenty books mentioned in *Honchō shojaku mokuroku*. Furthermore, *Kohon*, whose title appears to have been lost by the Kamakura period, may have continued to be transmitted in various changed or reorganized forms, and it may be that after the original *Uji dainagon monogatari* had been lost, at some time between the end of the thirteenth century and 1367 (the date of *Kakaishō*), some late and considerably developed manuscript of *Kohon* was mistakenly called *Uji dainagon monogatari*, and also, since it contained stories parallel with *Eiga monogatari*, became known as *Yotsugi monogatari* or *Koyotsugi*.

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[1] *Ibid.* 79.

[2] *Kohon* (Iwanami), 204.

[3] *Ibid.* 207 ff. *Kohon* does contain two of the tales quoted in medieval works as from that collection (19 and 47). But it is clear that some stories in *Kohon*, e.g. those with parallels in *Eiga monogatari*, *Shumpishō*, etc., could not have been derived from Takakuni's *Uji dainagon monogatari*. Again, in the tale of Ōe Masahira (4), there occurs the statement that he 'lived in the house of the Major Counsellor from Uji'. The reference is obscure, since Masahira died in 1012, when the figure who, as we have seen, was commonly known in this way, i.e. Takakuni, was only eight years old. (It should be noted that the corresponding *Konjaku* story, 24/52, which does not contain this statement, is one of the group of *Konjaku* tales beginning with a verb in the *-ki* past form.)

[4] Katayose, on the other hand, thinks that while the majority of its stories were Japanese, some were foreign (*Kenkyū*, I, 90).

[1] Some light on the question of the priority of one over the other is shed by the *Uji shūi* story of the man who paid his gambling debt with his religious merit (86), which differs significantly in its ending from the version in *Kohon*. Whereas the latter has . . . *to zo hito ni kore. Kore wo hito no koto nari*, *Uji shūi* lacks the last sentence and has a past tense in the first, thus . . . *to zo hito wa iikeru*. This would suggest that the *Kohon* form is older.

[2] Concerning these texts, see note 1 on p. 34 of Chapter 2, and note 1 on p. 108 of Chapter 6.

7

UJI SHŪI MONOGATARI—V

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS ON ITS DATE, STRUCTURE AND POSITION

Of the two approaches outlined above, it is with that of Kawaguchi that I find myself more in sympathy. I cannot myself agree with the view that the complicated situation described in Chapter 4 is entirely the result of differences in oral tradition. In the first place, it seems to me unlikely that tales could be preserved for long with the original wording virtually unchanged if they were handed down among the people, and not told by specialists in story-telling.[1] In particular, I find it incredible that the wording of tales recorded about 1130 (according to the usual view of the date of *Kohon*) could have been preserved almost identically some eighty-five years later (again according to the usual dating of *Uji shūi*). They are after all not tales which seem in any way special, or of a kind to require the wording to be sacrosanct. It has been suggested by Kunisaki[2] that some *Uji shūi* tales may have been written down from the narration of someone who had memorized them, but this remains a vague suggestion, with no discussion of who might have done such a thing, or why. Moreover, Kunisaki himself says that it cannot explain a situation such as that of *US* 192 and *KSS* 61, where the beginnings and endings of the two stories are very close, but considerable variation is found in the middle sections.

The importance of the oral element in the ultimate origin of many of the tales in these collections (e.g., the 'ex-jātaka' tales) is undeniable. In the same way, wide differences such as that between *US* 108 and *KSS* 54 (the Tsuruga Kannon story) can only reflect different traditions, and not simply textual variants. But why should it be necessary to say therefore that all the stories in common between the two works must also represent different traditions, despite the remarkable similarities between them? (I hope to show that it is not necessary to assume that all the *Uji shūi* versions of stories found also in *Kohon* were written at the same time or by the same person.) It seems to me that the factor

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[1] Takahashi ('Setsuwa no ni-keitō', 88) thinks that if *Konjaku*, *Uji shūi*, etc., had independently recorded the same stories from oral tradition, no clear divergences in wording would have arisen, because 'it can perhaps be said that there was some organized (or: systematic) transmission of oral tales'. But he offers no evidence for this statement.

[2] '*Uji shūi* to senkō setsuwashū', 75–6.

of oral transmission is in danger of being over-emphasized just as literary borrowing was earlier. In my opinion, therefore, the interrelationship of all these works must be thought to be basically through written texts.[1]

Some slight indication that *Kohon* and *Konjaku* must be related to *Uji shūi* at least partly through books is found in certain features of their arrangement. To take *Kohon* first, is it likely that there could have been any similarity in the order of stories in this work and *Uji shūi* if either had been compiled directly from oral tradition alone? It is true that the order is not exactly the same. In particular, the order of many of the *Kohon* parallels in the second half of *Uji shūi* bears no relation to their position in *Kohon*.[2] But there are groups of stories in which some similarity of arrangement is undeniable.

There is almost no such similarity in the case of *Konjaku*. In only one case are consecutive stories in *Uji shūi* also consecutive in *Konjaku* (*US* 44–5, *KM* 17/24–5). In two other cases (*US* 176–7 and 196–7), the stories are close together in *Konjaku* (23/20 and 22, 10/11 and 15). *US* 164 and 167 are also fairly close together in *Konjaku* (9/13 and 18). But in four cases, consecutive stories in *Uji shūi* (86–7, 91–2, 137–8 and 172–3) are widely separated in *Konjaku*. The cases in which stories consecutive in *Konjaku* are widely separated in *Uji shūi* are far too numerous to mention. The inference is that if the two works had a common source, this is unlikely to have been arranged in such strictly classified groups as *Konjaku*, since it is difficult to see why *Uji shūi* should disturb that arrangement.[3]

On the other hand, I have found in *Konjaku* a few small points in the arrangement of stories which I believe could suggest, however remotely, some connection with the arrangement of *Uji shūi*. The stories of Suemichi and Akihira (*US* 27 and 29), for instance, are in *Konjaku* placed in different books (23/16 and 26/4). Yet there is a definite link between the two versions of these two stories in that in both collections, both stories begin with a verb in the *-ki* past form (*ariki*). Now in *Konjaku*, both stories are adjacent to items connected in some way with the province of Mino. The Suemichi story is followed by one about a strong woman known as the 'Vixen of Mino', who is a menace to other people where she lives because she robs merchants; she is finally whipped into submission by another strong woman of Mino. (Though the connection is very slight, it might be mentioned that *US* 28, following the Suemichi story, is also about a robber.) The Akihira story in *Konjaku* is preceded by a tale of a flood in Mino which kills everyone but the members of one family. This connection within *Konjaku* through the setting of the two stories in Mino is in itself interesting, but it is surely remarkable also that the story following the Akihira item in *Uji shūi* is the Chinese tale of the old woman who every day observes a stūpa to see if there is blood on it, and when tricked, gets her family away in time to avoid the flood which ensues when the mountain on which the stūpa is situated crumbles away. The resemblance in theme with the *Konjaku* flood story is not exact, admittedly; there, though the family is at first saved, all but one child are later burned to death, and the child is eventually saved from the flood by Kannon. But it is worthy of note that the theme of this story is described by Nagano as 'just such as might be found in a Chinese tale'.[1]

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[1] Though Watanabe and Nishio stress the factor of oral transmission in tale literature, and consider it possible that some *Uji shūi* items may have been written down from a recitation from memory, particularly in view of slight differences which could well have arisen through mishearing, they admit that certain correspondences are too close to be regarded as the result of anything but transcription from a written text. (See the introduction to their edition of *Uji shūi*, p. ii and pp. 6–17.) In general the younger Japanese scholars who have contributed significantly to this field since the war have tended to favour the theory of oral transmission. However, two very active new participants in the controversy in the last few years, Noguchi Hiroyuki and Kōchiyama Kiyohiko, both favour the idea of literary borrowing. Kōchiyama goes so far as to scoff at the interest in *kakigatari* or oral tales as about as meaningless as the medieval search for the philosopher's stone.

[2] Particularly puzzling are cases like *US* 149 (*KSS* 41), *US* 150 (*KSS* 42) and *US* 151 (*KSS* 27). The first two are stories of Tsurayuki in both collections, yet the *Uji shūi* version of the last, despite its placement, lacks the final section of the *Kohon* version—in which Tsurayuki is mentioned.

[3] In this connection it is worth noting that where stories found in Collection A in sequence have parallels in Collection B that are either scattered throughout the work or at least are not in an uninterrupted sequence, it is reasonable to assume that A borrowed from B and constructed a closer sequence. This principle is followed by Kōchiyama in his discussion of *Yotsugi monogatari* and *Kohon* and by Noguchi in his discussion of *Kohon* and *Uji shūi*.

Less striking are two other points. The first concerns *KM* 24/29, which relates how, when Fujiwara Narinobu (or Tadanobu), at the command of Lord Uji, is selecting Chinese poems to be written on a screen, Fujiwara Yoshitada unjustly criticizes some of the poems selected. This story, it should be noted, is close to that (24/32) which contains the poem about the Palace-cleaners and the fallen flowers, and which is said to be in *Uji dainagon monogatari*. Is it coincidence that in *Uji shūi*, a story about Lord Uji (9) is followed by one about an unjust criticism of a Japanese poem? The other point is that the story of the Tsuruga girl (*US* 108) is close to an item (111) concerning a district governor who is ordered to compose a poem in order to escape punishment for his misdeeds. Book 16 of *Konjaku*, which contains (16/7) a fairly close parallel to the Tsuruga story, also contains (16/18)

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[1] *Konjaku* (Asahi), v, 55, note 1.

a tale of a district governor who is made to compose a poem, this time to save his wife's virtue (he is enabled to do so by the aid of Kannon).

While disagreeing with some of Kunisaki's views, I find his suggestion that the form of *Uji shūi* tales might be earlier than the *Konjaku* form very stimulating. In my opinion, Japanese discussions of the position of *Uji shūi* in relation to *Konjaku*, *Kohon* and other works have hitherto been based on a too readily accepted view of *Uji shūi* itself. I propose therefore to examine certain aspects of the work more closely.

Let us look first at the one story (159) which is usually regarded as a late interpolation,[1] on account of its use of the name *Go-Toba-in*, 'the Retired Emperor Go-Toba'. There is one distinctive feature of this story which, if it has been noticed, has certainly attracted no comment, that is, the occurrence in several places of the verb *haberi*. While this verb is by no means uncommon in *Uji shūi*, its use is confined almost exclusively to dialogue. But here, in the very story which is already considered a special case on other grounds, *haberi* is used in *narrative* passages, both as a substitute for *ari*, as in the opening sentence, 'Go-Toba-in no on-toki, Minase-dono ni...karakasa bodo no mono no, hikarite mi-dō e tobi-iru koto haberikeri', and as a verb-suffix, for example, *yōjin shi-haberikeredomo*. This is quite different from the general usage of *Uji shūi*. A few honorific terms are used in narrative sections of the actions of such exalted figures as Gods, Emperors, Chancellors or very venerable priests. Also, in such cases the narrator sometimes shows deference to the exalted personage by using *mōsu*, as in the phrase near the end of 161 *Shijō no dainagon to mōsu wa, makoto yaran*. But it is not usual for the narrator to show deference to the reader, as is the case with this use of *haberi* (although in three stories the closing formula, meaning '...so the story has been handed down', contains the word *mōsu* [91, 172 and 187]).

The Go-Toba story is not the only one in which a narrative *haberi* is found in *Uji shūi*. The other examples are stories 110, 119, 123, 167 8, 182 and 187, none of which has ever been considered a special case, in the same sense as 159. It is difficult to see any particular reason for the distinctive use of *haberi* in these eight stories. There are in fact three similar cases in *Kohon* (6, 30 and 53), but none at all in *Konjaku*. According to Sakurai, who has made a full study of the uses of *sōrō* and *haberi* in *Konjaku*,[2] both words occur frequently, but only *sōrō* appears in narrative passages, and then only in the sense of 'attend, serve'. On the other hand, after examining a number of other tale collections, I have found many examples of *haberi* in narrative or at least non-dialogue passages—for instance, in (though not necessarily throughout) *Hōbutsushū*, *Senjūshō*, *Kankyo no tomo* and *Kokon chomonjū*. These date from a period of about eighty years covering the close of the Heian period and the first half of the Kamakura period. An example of a narrative *haberi* is also found in the *Jizō bosatsu reigenki* story quoted by Haga[1] as a parallel to *KM* 17/1 (which is a remote parallel to *US* 16). It will be recalled that this *Reigenki*, in its present form, is not only thought to contain some late interpolations but derives from a Muromachi manuscript in which the original Chinese is translated into Japanese. In addition, I have found one isolated example in the *Hasedera reigenki* story quoted by Haga[2] as a parallel to *KM* 16/19 (*US* 179). It should also be remembered that *haberi* is used frequently in non-dialogue passages in *Tsurezuregusa*.

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[1] Though Nomura sees it as only extending the period in which the work as a whole may have been compiled.

[2] '*Konjaku monogatarishū no sōrō to haberi*' (*Kokugogaku*, xl (1960)). This article is reproduced in Sakurai's recent book, *Konjaku monogatarishū no gohō no kenkyū* (1966).

One must presume that in all these cases the narrator is showing deference to his reader. Without a more thorough study of these other collections than I have been able to make, I could not offer any explanation of the fact that some employ this *haberi* only intermittently. But its occurrence in *Uji shūi* in a story which there is already reason to think an interpolation must strongly suggest that the other *Uji shūi* stories in which it appears might also be interpolations. In view of the fact that one of them is the Go-Toba story, that they are few in number and also that this use of *haberi* seems common after the beginning of the Kamakura period, there is a strong presumption that all these stories are late additions to *Uji shūi*.[3] Four of the stories with this narrative *haberi* occur in pairs of stories obviously linked by their subject-matter. Two of them are found together (167–8), but it is noteworthy that in the other cases, it is in the second story of the pair that *haberi* appears (110, 159). It should perhaps be stressed that narrative *haberi* does not necessarily occur in stories whose action takes place at a late date, like that of Go-Toba: 182 is set in the twelfth century and 187 in the eleventh. Five are of indeterminate date, though one of these (167) is a Chinese story, found also in *Ming-pao-chi*.

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[1] *Kōshō*, II, 800–1.

[2] *Ibid.* 749–51. This work is a collection of miracle-tales associated with the Hase-dera, of uncertain date, but thought (see Nomura, *Kinko*, 471–2) to have been composed between 1099 and 1042.

[3] This suggestion concerning the stories in *Uji shūi* with *haberi* in the narrative might also apply to the *Kohon* stories in which *haberi* is similarly used. *Kohon*, that is to say, might also contain later interpolations.

The next feature of *Uji shūi* deserving notice is the great variation in the formulas with which its stories open and close. In this it is unique among the group of collections to which it belongs. All *Konjaku* and *Kohon* stories use the introductory formula *ima wa mukashi*, while in *Uchigiki* all but a few stories having no introductory formula begin *mukashi*. Again, *Konjaku* invariably employs the closing formula *to* (or *koku*) *nan kataritsutaetaru to ya*. In *Uji shūi*, on the other hand, eighty-three stories begin *ima wa mukashi*, sixty-five *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, thirty-three *mukashi* and three *kore mo mukashi*[1] (for the distribution of these, see Table 6, p. 446); there is also no uniformity in the endings, which employ a variety of formulas, and sometimes no formula at all. Some points to be noted at once are that not all stories beginning *kore mo ima wa mukashi* necessarily follow stories beginning *ima wa mukashi* (e.g., 4, 73, 129 and 135); that not all the *Uji shūi* stories parallel with *Konjaku* begin *ima wa mukashi*; and that in some books of the fifteen-book text, the initial story begins with a *kore mo* formula (in fact, 5/1, 6/1 and 8/1 have *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, 7/1 has *kore mo mukashi*). Watanabe and Nishio[2] hazard a guess that the blocks of stories beginning with the same formula may well have been written at the same time. But so far as I know, no attempt has ever been made to examine the nature or origin or date of stories in relation to the formulas which they use. The results of my own researches in this matter are not without interest.

To begin with, there seems to be no special correlation between the introductory and concluding formulas in *Uji shūi*. Each of the commonest endings, *to ka*, *to zo* and *to nan*, appears with each of the introductory formulas, except that *to nan* is not found with *kore mo mukashi*, which, however, occurs only three times. Nor does there seem to be any correlation between the introductory formula and the use of *haberi* in the narrative. Of the stories cited in the latter connection, the Go-Toba story (159) has no formula, one (110) begins *mukashi*, five (119, 167–8, 187—all stories found in *Konjaku*—and also 123) begin *ima wa mukashi* and one (182) begins *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. Two stories of the fairy-tale type (3, 92) begin *kore mo mukashi* (92 following a *mukashi* story of a somewhat similar type), but another (48) begins *ima wa mukashi*. In both places where stories of Seimei appear, they begin with *mukashi* (26, 126; 127, also a story of Seimei, begins with no formula, but it should be remembered that this and 126 are normally regarded as together forming one item, 11/3 in the fifteen-book text). Again, in pairs of stories with similar themes, or features which suggest that their juxtaposition is deliberate, it is usual for both to have the same (5–6, 137–8, 167–8) or virtually the same (91–2)[1] formula, but this is not always so (52–3, 109–10, 176–7).

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[1] These figures are based on the edition of Watanabe and Nishio. Some other texts differ slightly. On the implications and English rendering of these introductory formulas, see note 5 on p. 135.

[2] 16.

If we now investigate the possibility of a correlation between the use of certain formulas and the correspondence of stories with those in other works, the rather striking fact emerges that, of the fourteen *Uji shūi* stories with the closest parallels in *Kojidan* (which uses no formulas), all except one begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi*; the exception is 60, which has *ima wa mukashi*. Three of the five B category parallels begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, the remaining two (1, 184) having *ima wa mukashi*, though in some texts 184 also has *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. Of the remoter parallels with *Kojidan*, only one (194) has *kore mo ima wa mukashi*; five (35, 97, 151, 173, 193) begin *ima wa mukashi*, one (144) has *mukashi* and one (7) has no formula.

Turning to *Kohon*, which uses *ima wa mukashi* throughout, we find that all the close parallels in *Uji shūi* begin *ima wa mukashi*, except one (191) which has *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. Strikingly, the only other variations are in 95, *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, and 108, which has no formula. In the first of these, the *Uji shūi* story corresponds exactly with *Kohon*, but the latter has an additional section not in *Uji shūi*. The second is the only story in which the two works differ widely.

The case of *Uchigiki*, which has mostly *mukashi* but otherwise no formulas, is less clear-cut. In fact, all of the *Uji shūi* parallels begin with *mukashi* except two whose *Uchigiki* versions are so brief as scarcely to merit consideration. Of these two, one (84) begins in *Uji shūi* with *ima wa mukashi*, but the other (159), as in *Uchigiki*, has no formula. Of the four stories which have *mukashi* in both works, three are moderately close parallels. However, the only really close parallel begins in *Uji shūi* with *ima wa mukashi*. But this story (195) has a not too remote parallel in *Konjaku*. Of two other stories using *ima wa mukashi*, one (171) is fairly close to *Uchigiki*, but the other (20) rather less so.

As we have seen, parallels with *Konjaku* are very numerous, and of these approximately three-quarters are relatively close. Their introductory formulas, however, are not all alike. Only about one-half begin *ima wa mukashi*. A few (54, 56, 58, 108) begin directly, with no formula, while *mukashi* and *kore mo ima wa mukashi* stories are relatively evenly divided (numbering sixteen and ten respectively). In the stories

in the C category, where the *Uji shūi* item forms only part of a longer *Konjaku* item, each type of beginning is represented except *kore mo ima wa mukashi* (and *kore mo mukashi*). Of the less close or very remotely parallel stories, it should be noted that the majority have *ima wa mukashi*.

What of the more than fifty stories for which no parallels are known, other than a few in Chinese works? Here we find that over half begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, almost twice the number that begin *ima wa mukashi*.

Finally, if we look at the introductory formulas in *Uji shūi* stories concerning actual historical figures in Japan or whose action can be dated with reasonable certainty, further striking facts emerge. First, an overwhelming majority of the stories of a period earlier than, say, 1070 begin either *ima wa mukashi* or *mukashi*, and of those which begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, all but a mere handful have close or relatively close parallels in *Kojidan*. Secondly, the stories with an identifiably twelfth-century setting all begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi* except one (72), which in the Watanabe and Nishio edition has *kore mo mukashi* (though in four manuscripts, it too begins *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, and this reading is adopted both in the *Kokushi taikei* and the Nomura editions). Only one of these twelfth-century stories is from *Kojidan*, though it is perhaps significant that another appears in the midst of a block of *Kojidan* stories. Nine stories (three of them close *Kojidan* parallels) whose events may for various reasons be placed either in the early twelfth century or in the late eleventh (though almost certainly not before 1070) all begin *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. Of a few other stories, however, whose events could have taken place after 1070 but may be slightly earlier, only some have *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, several beginning with *ima wa mukashi*; while three late-eleventh-century stories which definitely date from after 1070 also begin *ima wa mukashi*.

What is the explanation of this apparent association of *kore mo ima wa mukashi* with 'late' stories (including stories of earlier times taken from the late work *Kojidan*)? Could it be taken as evidence of more than one stratum in the structure of *Uji shūi*? It is perhaps difficult to see why the writer(s) should have felt any need to indicate his (their) additions in this way. Indeed, it may be asked whether I am not giving this phrase more importance than it deserves. Is it not simply a natural link from one story to the next, totally unrelated to any other factor? If this is so, one must ask why the collection does not simply begin *ima wa mukashi* and continue thenceforth with *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. Furthermore, how does it come about that this same link follows not only *ima wa mukashi* but also *mukashi* (134–5) and even a story with no formula at all (8–9)? In addition, if links are used, why do blocks of *ima wa mukashi* stories occur without any link (e.g., 16–23, 34–5, 40–3, 47–52, etc.)? The same applies to blocks of *mukashi* stories (e.g., 24–33, 104–7, 141–5). To suggest that this irregular pattern may indicate participation by more than one author, at different times, cannot explain it fully. But one can only say that, if *Uji shūi* is the work of a single compiler, it is an astonishing patchwork.

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[1] *Mukashi* and *kore mo mukashi*.

This is true not only of the relatively minor point of introductory phrases, but of the arrangement of stories as well. Although these sometimes come in pairs or groups linked by subject-matter, or by some association of ideas, there are some surprising features of distribution. The two stories of Toshitsuna (46 and 71) not only do not appear together but both contain the statement that he was originally one of the numerous sons of Fujiwara Yorimichi (Lord Uji) but was adopted by Tachibana Toshitō. There are many other examples of the same character appearing in widely separated stories, e.g., Koshikibu-no-naishi (35 and 81), Ban Yoshio (4 and 114) and Seimei (26 and 126–7). Of these stories, only 35 is one of a linked pair (though it must be admitted that both stories concerning the High Priest Jie [69 and 139] and two of those concerning Confucius [152 and 197] are placed in groups of associated stories). It is true that in all these cases there is no inconsistency. But the two stories of Mochinaga (72 and 99) both begin by introducing him with full name and rank (e.g., in 72 . . . *Daizen-no-suke no taifu Tachibana no Mochinaga to iu kurōdo no goi arikeri*). Story 99 differs from 72 only in placing the name Tachibana before *Daizen*. Again, though there are two stories of the famous *Heichū*, the first (50) introduces him fully (. . . *Hyōe-no-suke Taira no Sadabumi aza, Heichū to iu*), while the second (161) says simply *Hyōe-no-suke narikeru hito arikeri*, going on to say that he had the nickname *Ago-no-mushi*, 'Mr Capstrings', but at no time giving him any other name. Finally, in two of the three stories of the Assistant High Priest Chūin (80 and 182), his speech is referred to simply by the verb *iu*, but in the other (2), a quotation of his words is followed by an honorific, *notamaikeri*.[1]

Yet another example of the lack of uniformity in *Uji shūi* is the variation in the way the stories begin (apart from the introductory formulas). The most common form is, as in *Konjaku*, *Ima wa mukashi* . . . *arikeri*, the subject being either a person or a place. At the other extreme are stories which plunge directly into the narrative, for example,

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[1] This story differs from the others in referring to him as 'the late Assistant High Priest Chūin'.

Ima wa mukashi, Morokoshi no Shin-shikō no yo ni, Tenjiku yori sō watareri (195). Some simply identify a person or place, thus . . . *Kawara-no-in wa Tōru no hidari-no-otodo no ie nari* (151). Occasionally *ari* replaces the *arikeri* of the commonest formula, especially, it seems, in stories of Chinese or Indian origin, for example, 91. Not all Chinese or Indian stories have *ari*, but in those which do, it is in keeping with the neutral verb-form commonly used in them as a historic present. The *ari(keri)* is sometimes replaced by an honorific, for example, *owashimasu* (119) or *owashikeri* (11). However, the most important variation is the use in the opening sentences of ten stories (27, 29, 109, 110, 128, 166–8, 174, 197) of a verb in the *-ki* past form (or its attributive counterpart in *-shi*). In two of these cases (167–8), the verb is *haberiki*, but there is no special relation between the narrative *haberi* and *-ki*, as in 159 we find *haberikeri*.

It must be admitted that, whereas *Uji shūi* is unique in having a great variety of introductory phrases, it is not alone in having variations in its introductory sentences as a whole. *Kohon*, for instance, is equally varied. Even *Konjaku*, though the bulk of it has the standard form *Ima wa mukashi* . . . *arikeri*, does in places show the same kind of variation as *Uji shūi*, except that it has no narrative *haberi*; in addition, though in general it is only when the story is not the first in which the main figure has appeared that *Konjaku* dispenses with an introduction altogether, there are exceptions. It is of some interest to examine parallel stories in *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* to see whether they correspond in their deviations from normal usage. The first striking thing is that almost without exception (the one case being 143) there is no introduction in *Uji shūi* stories in the C category, that is, which in *Konjaku* form only part of a longer item containing several anecdotes about one person. Secondly, in the *Konjaku* parallels to two *Uji shūi* stories using the *nari* form of introduction, *Konjaku* employs the same form. In addition, there are ten stories (54, 90, 97, 105, 108, 121, 163, 164, 183, 195) in which the lack of introduction in *Uji shūi* is paralleled in *Konjaku*. Finally, in two cases (27, 29) the *-ki* in *Uji shūi* is found also in *Konjaku*.[1]

On the other hand, the *Uji shūi* form is not always the same as that in *Konjaku*, whether it is a 'direct' beginning (e.g., 18, 102, 111), a *nari* construction (118) or an honorific verb (e.g., *US* 179 *owashikeri*—*KM* 16/19 *arikeri*), etc. Above all, five *Uji shūi* stories (128, 167–8, 174, 197) have a *-ki* past form which is not in *Konjaku*, and conversely the *Konjaku* parallels to *US* 25 and 185 have *-ki* where *Uji shūi* does not.

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[1] In one case where *Konjaku* has *ariki* (23/24), *US* 166 has a similar tense-suffix, though in the attributive form *-shi*, but the form of the sentence is different.

As we have seen, the use of *-ki* past forms may be of significance in the assessment of the dates of composition of stories. However, I note the differences here only in order to draw attention to this anomalous variation in their use in stories which are otherwise equally close parallels.[1]

All these points, taken together with the variation shown by the examination in Chapter 4 of parallels with *Konjaku*, *Kohon*, *Uchigiki* and *Kojidan*, reveal that *Uji shūi* is anything but homogeneous, whether considered in isolation or in relation to other works. Is it not astonishing, therefore, that scholars have almost with one accord accepted it as the compilation of one man, written more or less at one time? Indeed, they go further, treating *Uji shūi* as a new work consisting of newly written or at least revised versions of earlier stories, some stories newly recorded from oral sources and some borrowed from the recently composed *Kojidan*. But why, if there was any conscious revision of earlier stories, was the whole work not made more coherent?

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[1] One cannot, in fact, draw any conclusions as to the priority of *US* 157, 174 and 197 over their *Konjaku* parallels (even though these begin with *-keri* and not *-ki*), since these stories are all Chinese in origin, and thus of a kind in which, according to Sakurai, the *-ki* past form is used more freely. On the other hand, it does seem certain that in some *Uji shūi* stories final phrases containing *-ki* past forms do show them to preserve an earlier form than *Konjaku*. The *Konjaku* version of the story of the two children stranded on an island (26/10) exactly reproduces the ending of the *Uji shūi* version (56) . . . *to zo hito katarishi*, but follows this with a moralizing comment, *kore o omou ni* . . . *on-oto ni narikeru to nan katari-tsutaetaru to ya*. The source of *Konjaku* evidently ended in the same way as *Uji shūi*. Further examples of such *Konjaku* additions, with final comments following the *katarishi nari* phrases which occur in *Uji shūi*, are found in 19/36 (*US* 108) and 27/42 (*US* 163). In one case, 20/38 (*US* [illegible]), *Konjaku* omits the *katarishi* phrase altogether.

It seems clear that in the above instances the *Uji shūi* form at least closely resembles that on which *Konjaku* was based. The situation within *Uji shūi* itself, however, that is, apart from parallels with *Konjaku*, is not without complication. In one case, for instance, the ending . . . *to hito no katarishi* is followed by a comment containing *-keri* past forms, *kore katarikeru hito no* [illegible] (82). Although Watanabe and Nishio (192, note 6) point to this phrase as evidence of direct recording from an oral source, the change from *katarishi* to *katarikeru* is puzzling, and could, it seems to me, suggest that this is a comment added to an existing story. A similar case is 110, though there the *-keri* ending can be taken to be of more general application than that in 82. One interesting difference is that whereas 82 begins with a *-keri* past, 110, like the preceding 109, begins with *-ki* (. . . *ariki* . . . [illegible]).

Another problematical case of a *-ki* past ending in a final phrase occurs in *US* 180, a story which I have already suggested (see note 2 on p. 168) may represent an early text. The phrase in question . . . *to hito no katarishi nari*, seems to be not simply a general statement, 'that is how the story has been handed down', but rather a specific reference to some telling of the story (literally, 'that is the story as someone told it'). But the use of the phrase here is problematical, since *Uji shūi* follows the first jewel story with another, as part of the same item, and the *katarishi* phrase comes right at the end, after the second story. It may therefore possibly refer only to the latter. This too could be an early story, of course, but it gives no clue to its date, and since it does not appear in *Konjaku*, it may be a later addition in *Uji shūi*. Still, the phrase in question shows clearly that at least the second story has an oral source. Some other tales in *Uji shūi* have similar endings, e.g., 90, 109 (the latter has . . . *to zo katarishi*), but these give no indication of the date of their recording.

We may take as a typical example of the present attitude to *Uji shūi* the following observation by Watanabe and Nishio[1] concerning the preface: '. . . One fact, at least, is certain, that the writer of this preface regarded *Uji shūi* as a revised and augmented version of Takakuni's original *Uji dainagon monogatari*.' But is this statement justified by the preface itself? Augmented it certainly was, but not necessarily revised. In Japanese, the relevant passage reads:

Sono shohon tsutawarite jijū Toshisada to iishi hito no moto ni zo arikeru. Ika ni nariniken ni ka. Nochi ni, sakashiki hitobito kaki-iretaru aida, monogatari ōku nareri. Dainagon yori nochi no koto kaki-iretaru mo aru ni koso. Saru hodo ni, mata monogatari kaki-iretaru idekitareri. Dainagon no monogatari ni moretaru o hiroi-atsume, mata sono nochi no koto nado, kaki-atsumetaru narubeshi.

For two reasons, the sentence (beginning *saru hodo ni*) relating to the appearance of *Uji shūi* seems to me to indicate not that it was a new compilation but that it was merely another text of *Uji dainagon monogatari*. The first reason is the use of the word *kaki-iretaru*, which occurs twice also in the immediately preceding section, clearly meaning 'interpolated (in an existing text)'. Is it not therefore better to take it in the same meaning in this sentence also? Secondly, the use of the attributive form *kaki-iretaru* as a substantive, with no following noun, seems to suggest a link with the preceding section. Literally translated, the sentence might read '. . . one into which further stories have been written has appeared'. This second argument has perhaps less force in itself than the first, since the alternative literal translation '. . . something into which . . . has appeared' is possible, but taken together, the two points seem conclusive. Thus I feel that, whatever other grounds there may be for the accepted view of *Uji shūi*, Watanabe and Nishio's statement attributes to the preface a meaning which it does not have. It is true that the value of this preface has been called into question, but surely much of the suspicion of it has stemmed from the early gratuitous identification of *Uji dainagon monogatari* with *Konjaku*. The above passage from Watanabe and Nishio is preceded by the comment '. . . the statements in this preface, which seems to have been composed over a hundred years after Takakuni's death in 1077, cannot necessarily be considered to have a high degree of reliability . . .' but we have already seen that they themselves say elsewhere[2] that they believe it to have some real basis in fact.

What, however, is the evidence for this belief that *Uji shūi* 'revises' earlier stories? Comparison with *Konjaku* does not help in this respect, since, as we have seen, it is impossible to regard *Uji shūi* as directly based on that work. The evidence of *Kohon*, whatever the relationship between the two may be, can hardly be thought to support the idea that *Uji shūi* revises its sources. Therefore, is not the only basis for this idea the general view of the language of *Uji shūi* as 'typical of the Kamakura period?' Yet this linguistic evidence is highly unreliable.

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[1] 10–11.

[2] See note 4 on p. 84 of Chapter 5.

In the first place, the general style of the work is admitted to be old-fashioned. Nomura, it is true, says that it is not an archaic style, and cites[1] many 'words of the time' to show its colloquial flavour. (Watanabe and Nishio,[2] bearing in mind the undoubtedly strong 'popular tale' element, stress the forcefulness of the style, despite its occasional crudities.) But it is difficult to agree with Nomura that 'stylistically there is no alternative but to regard *Uji shūi* as following in the footsteps of *Konjaku*'.[3] In any case, it is important to recognize that, with the possibility of several strata in the structure of the work, 'late' expressions in individual stories cannot necessarily be taken as typical of the whole. Certainly, vague talk of 'words of the time' is not enough to date the work accurately.

It might seem that the specific linguistic comparisons made by Satō[4] between *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* have more force. He cites six examples of differences where, he says, the *Uji shūi* word or phrase is typical of a later period than that used in *Konjaku*. (His numbering of *Uji shūi* stories has here been changed to accord with the practice throughout this study.)

1. Where *KM* 23/21 has *ni-sanjō* and 23/22 has *sanjō*, *US* 91 has *ni-santan* and 177 has *roku-shichitan*. The *tan* as a measurement of length, says Satō, existed in the Engi period, that is, the early tenth century, but appears not to have been used until much later.

2. *US* 128 uses *watasu* in the intransitive sense of 'fording on horseback', where *KM* 25/9 has *wataru*.

3. *US* 92 uses *gyōkō naru* where *KM* 5/18 has *gyōkō shi-tamau*.

4. *US* 104 uses *bakasaru* of the priest's being tricked (the trickery is also called *bakasu*), whereas *KM* 20/13 uses *bakaruru*.

5. Where *KM* 28/20 has *ikarite*, *US* 25 has *hara o tatete*, a transitive use typical of a later period.

6. *Uji shūi* makes frequent use of *yaran* where *Konjaku* uses *ni ya aran* (e.g., *US* 104 and 106, corresponding to *KM* 20/13 and 20/10).

On careful examination, however, these assertions of Satō are by no means convincing. (1) It may well be true, though Satō gives only his personal opinion here, that a measure known to exist in earlier times was not widely used until the Kamakura period. But it should not be forgotten that in other places than the one cited by Satō, *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* both use the measurement *jō* (e.g., *US* 39, p. 128/11, *US* 91, p. 213/1). (2) It is open to doubt whether *watasu* in the context referred to (*US* 128, p. 312/13) could not be regarded as transitive rather than intransitive, since it is preceded in the same sentence by two cases of *wataru*. On (3) I have no comment to make, but on (4) it is worth pointing out that though in the *Konjaku* story preceding that mentioned by Satō, one very similar in plot, the same word *bakasaru* is used, in the *Uji shūi* parallel to this (169) the word used is one of impeccable antiquity, *azamukaru*. On point (5) there is considerable doubt as to the correctness of Satō's reading of the *Uji shūi* phrase. The editions of Nakajima, Nomura, and Watanabe and Nishio all have *haradachite*, and not *hara o tatete*. The *Kokushi taikei* text has no accusative particle, only the kana for *te* directly following the character for *haradatsu*, which suggests that the reading is *haradachite*. But even if we accept Satō's reading, it can still be said that *Uji shūi* does not always use the transitive phrase; indeed, in the turtle story, quoted in Chapter 3, we find a form of the intransitive *haradatsu* in both *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* (*US* 164, *KM* 9/13). On point (6), I again offer no comment. My main criticism of Satō's argument, even if one grants that it may have some force, is that it is surely dangerous to generalize about a work such as *Uji shūi*, where late expressions in one story do not necessarily form a basis for the judgment of other stories.

It is unfortunate that the only extensive study of the language of *Uji shūi*, by Koyama Tomomaru,[1] is of limited value. It is useful as a collection of classified examples,[2] though it is not, in fact, quite complete and exhaustive. But he does not discuss his categories or examples except in generalizations about, for instance, the frequency of *-zura* for *-n to sura* in Kamakura war-tales, or of *sa ma* in Heian literature. We need not here examine the whole of Koyama's work, but a few points call for some comment.

To begin with, *Uji shūi* occasionally uses distinctly old-fashioned verbs or verb-forms:

1. Inflections according to the four-step conjugation of verbs which later belonged to the two-step conjugation.[3] Thus *uzumu*, 'to bury',

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[1] *Uji shūi* (Asahi), 1, 38–40.

[2] *Uji shūi* (Asahi), 1, 40.

[3] 20.

[4] '*Uji shūi monogatari kō*', 77–8.

[1] '*Uji shūi monogatari no gohō ni tsuite*'. This is in three parts, in *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, 20/7, 20/8 and 20/9 (1943).

[2] Unfortunately, Koyama gives no references at all to the origin of his examples, not even story-numbers, let alone page or line references. Thanks to the fact that the examples are quoted in full sentences, it has been possible, after much labour, to identify almost all of those most relevant to the present discussion.

[3] '*Uji shūi no gohō*', Pt. 1, 75.

occurs in 184 (a story not found in *Konjaku*) in the form *uzumite*. *Osoru*, 'to fear', appears in three stories in the form *osori*, as a verbal noun in 183, combined with *-tamaikeri* in 195 and by itself as a verb in 197. All these three stories have parallels in *Konjaku*, but in each case *Konjaku* uses some form of the two-step conjugation.

2. The two-step conjugation humble auxiliary verb *tamau* (e.g., *amai-tamaete*),[1] which is used much like the modern *-masu* form. One story in which it occurs (57) has no parallels. All of the eight other stories in which it appears (29, 96, 108, 119, 132, 148, 176, 189) have parallels in *Konjaku*, but this verb is found in only three of the *Konjaku* versions (corresponding to *US* 29, 132 and 176).

On the other hand, *Uji shūi* also uses some expressions commonly regarded as typical of Kamakura-period Japanese:

3. The exclamatory *ku wa*, quoted by Nomura as an expression typical 'of the time', equivalent to *ko* (i.e., *kore*) *wa*. Koyama's examples[2] show it occurring in only three stories (8, 15, 16), for the first two of which no parallels are known, while the third has only an extremely remote parallel in *Konjaku* (and *Jizō bosatsu reigenki*).

4. The expletive *sha* (e.g., *sha kubidama o kitte*), described by Koyama as common in war-tales. Nomura[3] says of this that examples are found as early as *Konjaku* but that it became a more forceful expression of contempt later. Koyama quotes[4] examples from three stories (8, 27, 119). But those in 27 and 119 can tell us nothing, since *Konjaku* uses the same expression in the same places. Koyama's other example occurs in a story with no known Japanese parallel (though Watanabe and Nishio[5] interpret the text at this point differently, taking *sha* as part of another word). I have found one other example, in the story of Kūsuke (109), which again has no parallel.

5. *Wa*, expressing affection or contempt, for example, *wa-sō* (addressing a priest), *wanushi*, *wa-onna*, etc.... This prefix Nomura mentions only as an example of extreme colloquialism, but Koyama says[6] that it is common in war-tales. It appears in ten *Uji shūi* stories. Five are without parallels (15, 30, 37–8, 123). Of the three *Konjaku* parallels, two use *nanji* (*nanji kitsune* for *wagitsune* in *US* 18, *nanji* for *wa-onore* in *US* 119), but the parallel to *US* 93 uses the same word as *Uji shūi*, *wa-onna*. *Wasō* appears in *US* 88 and its *Kohon* counterpart. The tenth example, in *US* 170, is also of *wasō*, but the *Uchigiki* counterpart has at this point *k(w)ashō* or *oshō*.

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[1] *Ibid.* Pt 2, 89–90.
[2] *Uji shūi* (*Asahi*), 1, 59–60.
[3] *Ibid.* Pt 1, 81–2.
[4] '*Uji shūi no gohō*', Pt 1, 80–2.
[5] 65, note 24.
[6] '*Uji shūi no gohō*', Pt 1, 72.

6. *Torazannaru* (*US* 22), an example given by Nomura[1] of the gemination of the consonant *n* through the assimilation of a preceding *ru* (which he describes as a common feature of the language of Kamakura war-tales) is not found among Koyama's examples, though he quotes other cases,[2] for example, *tōkawaredo* (96). But it is interesting to note that for one somewhat similar example which he gives, *o-yomi-tamawazanaru*,[3] from a story (147) with a close parallel in *Kohon*, the corresponding word in the supposedly much earlier *Kohon* is *o-yomi-tamawazannaru*.

7. One example of the war-tale-style *-tengeri* (*hiki-iretengeri*) is found in 15, a story without parallel.

8. The contraction *-nzu* from *-n to su*, also said by Nomura and Koyama to be a typical feature of war-tales, is found, according to Koyama's examples,[4] in thirty-seven stories (2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 12, 18**, 25*, 27**, 31*, 37, 74, 77, 87*, 96**, 99, 102*, 108*, 109, 110, 118*, 119**, 123, 126**, 128*, 129, 130, 131*, 132**, 133, 136*, 143**, 164**, 169**, 188, 190, 192*). There are here nineteen stories with *Konjaku* parallels. In nine of these cases, indicated above by a double asterisk, the *-nzu* form is found both in *Konjaku* and in *Uji shūi*. The remainder of the *Konjaku* parallels, in most of which the *Konjaku* form is *-n to su*, are indicated by a single asterisk.

This survey of the linguistic evidence adduced by Japanese scholars will, I hope, have shown that it is not very extensive and by no means all points to the language of *Uji shūi* as 'late'. Before leaving the subject, however, let me examine one further aspect of the language of *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku*.

Just as the occurrence of *haberi* in narrative passages was found to be possibly of significance for the study of the structure of *Uji shūi*, so too the degree of its use in dialogue, particularly in comparison with *sōrō*, may be equally suggestive. It is a commonplace that *haberi*, after being in frequent use in the Heian period, gradually gave place to *sōrō*. Though it can be shown from, say, *Tsurezuregusa* that *haberi* was not entirely superseded, and could be used even in the fourteenth century alongside *sōrō*, it is true to say that *haberi* is typical of the heyday of the Court and *sōrō* of the feudal period. Sakurai, in the article referred to earlier on the use of *sōrō* and *haberi* in *Konjaku*,[5] points out that *Konjaku*, as a work of the transitional period, uses both. But so too does *Uji shūi*, though it is assigned to the early Kamakura period and thus, if it belongs to a transitional period at all, comes at the very end of it. It is quite clear that *Uji shūi* uses *sōrō* much more than *haberi*, for the latter is found in only forty-two stories, as opposed to seventy-eight,[1] but this fact certainly cannot be taken as evidence for a later date than that of *Konjaku*, since, according to Sakurai,[2] it is only in the non-Japanese *Konjaku* stories that *haberi* occurs more often than *sōrō*, the ratio being about six-to-one (fifty-seven occurrences to nine). In the Japanese stories, *sōrō* is over twice as frequent as *haberi* (573 occurrences to 273), and in the non-Buddhist section taken separately, almost three times as frequent (455 occurrences to 176). In general, the uses of the two verbs in *Uji shūi* seem to follow much the same pattern as that noted by Sakurai in *Konjaku*.[3]

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[1] *Uji shūi* (*Asahi*), 1, 99.
[2] *Ibid.* 100.
[3] '*Uji shūi no gohō*', Pt 2, 98–9.
[4] *Ibid.* Pt 1, 82 ff.
[5] '*Konjaku no sōrō to haberi*', 82.

It is clearly not possible to make very satisfactory comparisons of stories within *Uji shūi*, partly because the amount of dialogue varies, some stories having none at all, but also because the use of such words as *haberi* and *sōrō* is dictated by the relative social levels of the characters, so that even in stories with extensive passages of dialogue, these words may not occur. But a useful comparison can be made between *Uji shūi* stories and parallels in *Konjaku*.

I list below, Table A, the *Uji shūi* stories in which *haberi* occurs in dialogue. (It will be noticed that it occurs in a few but not all of the stories which use the same verb in narrative.) In each case I have indicated the formula, if any, with which the story begins (I = *ima wa mukashi*, Ki = *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, M = *mukashi*). The numbers of stories with parallels in *Konjaku* are marked with asterisks, and I have indicated with the letters A, B, C, etc., the degree of closeness of the parallel (it will be remembered that C denotes stories which form only part of the corresponding *Konjaku* item). Only in the cases where there is a double asterisk, however, will *haberi* be found in *Konjaku* as well as *Uji shūi*. In the remaining parallels, the counterpart in *Konjaku* of an *Uji shūi haberi* is usually *sōrō*, though not always, some stories, for example the parallels to *US* 102, 145 and 167, having neither *sōrō* nor *haberi*.

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[1] I cannot, unfortunately, report on the relative frequency of the two verbs with the same amount of statistical detail that Sakurai gives for *Konjaku*.

[2] *Ibid.* 85. Sakurai omits all cases in which the two verbs have their original meanings of 'serve, attend' (I have done the same with *Uji shūi*), and a few cases in which the exact meaning is doubtful.

[3] *Ibid.* 90–1. Briefly, it can be said that the two verbs differ in the degree of respect which they show. In general, *sōrō* is the more respectful of the two. That in the foreign stories *haberi* seems to indicate more respect than *sōrō* may be due to the more literary character of these stories (*haberi* having been used exclusively in older texts), and to the fact that they were more remote from real life than some other parts of *Konjaku*. Examples in *Konjaku* show that where in continuous dialogue *sōrō* is used by one character and *haberi* by the other, it is the user of *haberi* who is higher ranking. *Haberi* is reminiscent of the modern deferential forms. It probably fell into disuse because it ceased to indicate any great feeling of respect.

Table A

US No.	Category	Formula	*US* No.	Category	Formula
5	—	Ki	118**	B	I
7	—	—	119**	D	I
8	—	—	136**	B	Ki
18**	B	I	137*	C	M
23**	B	I	140**	C	—
26	—	M	141*	C	M
27**	B	M	142	—	M
30*	B	M	145*	D	M
33	—	M	146	—	I
53	—	M	148*	B	I
54*	B	—	155		I
57		—	161*	B	I
58**	B	—	165		M
59**	C	—	167*	B	I
74	—	—	170*	C	M
90*	B	I	173*	B	I
91**	B	M	174*	B	I
92*	B	I	176*	B	I
96**	D	I	185**	B	Ki
102*	B	Ki	191*	B	Ki
105*	C	M	193*	B	I
108*	B	—	194	—	Ki
114		I			

While it is impossible to see any pattern here, two things at least are clear, first, that the number of stories in which the occurrence of *haberi* is not matched in *Konjaku* is surprisingly large, and second, that though some of these discrepancies between *Uji shūi* and *Konjaku* probably arise as a result of a wider difference in wording, many do not, and thus they reveal the same lack of uniformity in *Uji shūi* which we have seen in other respects, and which is surely remarkable in stories with an otherwise comparable degree of parallelism to *Konjaku*. This lack of uniformity is emphasized by the fact that the *Konjaku* version of some stories uses *haberi* whereas the *Uji shūi* version does not (e.g., *US* 31, 104, 106, 126, 128, 138, 143, 192). There is also one exceptional case (*US* 185) where both have *haberi* but the number of occurrences is greater in *Konjaku* than in *Uji shūi*. It would be rash, on the basis of such data alone, to attempt an assessment of the priority of one version of any given story over the other. But the usage of *haberi* and *sōrō* in *Uji shūi* as a whole certainly does not suggest that the work is of later date than *Konjaku*.

Summing up the foregoing discussion, we can say that there is good reason to suppose that *Uji shūi* is a hotch-potch of stories that were not written all at one time and by one author. The evidence of language reinforces the impression of the inconsistency of the whole, and does not point unequivocally to the Kamakura period, so that there is no real reason to regard the wording of the tales as a deliberate revision of earlier versions. Thus the evidence of *Uji shūi* itself in no way conflicts with the implication of the preface that it is an augmented version of a text of Takakuni's *Uji dainagon monogatari*. Indeed, it is just such an assortment of tales as might be expected to result from a process of interpolations like that described in the preface.

The features of *Uji shūi* that I have been describing must be considered to cast doubt on the usual view of the work. In particular, my conception of its compilation could well explain a number of anomalies, such as the wide variation in the degree of similarity with stories in other works. Of course, the idea that *Uji shūi* might not merely be based on but actually incorporate some text of *Uji dainagon monogatari* is not one that can very easily be proved. Depending as it does on a re-interpretation of a preface whose reliability is not certain, it is put forward only as a very tentative suggestion.

It is clear that if *Uji shūi* incorporates some text of *Uji dainagon monogatari*, it is necessary to explain why the present *Uji shūi* contains only two of the stories quoted in medieval works as from *Uji dainagon monogatari*. (It is possible, though in my opinion hardly likely, that these could all have been in the five books which Katayose supposes must have been lost from the *Uji shūi* in twenty books noted in *Honchō shojaku mokuroku*.) The text in question could, of course, have been only a partial manuscript. On the other hand, the fact is that no extant collection does contain all these stories. It seems very likely, therefore, that there existed more than one version, perhaps even a number of versions of *Uji dainagon monogatari*.[1] This could account for the complicated relationships between the versions of certain stories in *Konjaku*, *Kohon*, *Uji shūi* and later works such as *Shingonden* and *Ihon Shimeishō*. For a detailed discussion of these, the reader is referred to two recent articles by Noguchi Hiroyuki.[1] He shows that *Kohon* and *Uji shūi* must derive from a form of *Uji dainagon monogatari* closely similar to but in some respects a little less detailed than that from which *Konjaku* and ultimately *Shingonden* derive. I do not agree with his conclusion that this is a later form, and that *Konjaku* preserves Takakuni's form of stories better than *Uji shūi*. On the contrary, I should have thought that the simpler the form, the more likelihood there is that it is the earlier. What does seem beyond dispute, however, is that no discussion of literary borrowing among these tale collections can any longer proceed on the assumption that there is only one lost *Uji dainagon monogatari*.

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[1] A word is required on the identity of the *Uji dainagon monogatari* mentioned, along with *Uji shūi* and *Uji (no) ashi (no) monogatari*, in *Kammon gyoki* and *Sanetaka-kō-ki*. The *Uji dainagon monogatari* compiled by Takakuni is thought to have been lost long before the date of these diaries, and in any case *Uji shūi* was in the Tokugawa period sometimes referred to as *Uji dainagon monogatari*. Katayose therefore thinks (see above, note 5 on p. 95 of Chapter 6), that all three titles in the diaries must refer to the same work, i.e., *Uji shūi*. Yet it seems curious that the diaries should needlessly ring the changes on the titles in this way. Is it not better to think of them as different works? What *Uji (no) ashi (no) monogatari* might then refer to is obscure. But surely the *Uji dainagon monogatari* in question could be the work also known as *Yotsugi monogatari*, since a version of it called *Koyotsugi* is included in two *Uji shūi* manuscripts as if it formed part of that work. It would in some sense be complementary to *Uji shūi*, which is thought to have been the source (*US* 47) of only one of its stories and which has only two other stories (50 and 146) in common with it. (Of the thirteen *Kohon* tales found in this *Uji dainagon monogatari*, only one is in *Uji shūi*, i.e., 146.)

[1] '*Uji shūi monogatari* no seiritsu ni tsuite; sanshitsu *Uji dainagon monogatari*, *Konjaku monogatarishū* to no kankei', in *Kokubungaku: gengo to bungei* xxvii (January 1963), and '*Kohon setsuwashū* no seiritsu to *Uji shūi monogatari*', in *ibid.* (July 1963).

THE TRANSLATION

The text used for this translation is that in the edition of Watanabe and Nishio, in the *Nihon koten bungaku taikei* series.

In rendering titles, names of offices, etc., I have in general followed R. K. Reischauer's *Early Japanese History* (Princeton, 1937).

In rendering personal names, my practice has been to omit the particle *no* between the family and given names, except in cases (such as single-syllable family names or those of certain particularly famous individuals) where even today it is not customary to omit it (thus: Takashina Shumpei, but Ki no Tsurayuki and Ono no Komachi).

For temples, I have retained the Japanese names and have not attempted the almost impossible task of finding satisfactory equivalents for such suffixes as *-in*, *-bō*, etc. The commonest suffixes to temple names, *-ji* and *-dera* (as in e.g., Tōdai-ji and Mii-dera), are I think sufficiently well-known in any case. With other suffixes (e.g., *-in*, which can also mean 'Palace'), I have occasionally thought it desirable (even if tautological) to make the reference quite clear by adding the word 'temple', for example, the Hōrin'in Temple.

It has not always been possible in the footnotes to give the date of birth of historical figures as well as the date of death, though usually the age at death has been given. However, being based on Japanese sources, this is according to Japanese count, and it should be noted that with the traditional Japanese system of reckoning age, the actual age may be one or two years less.

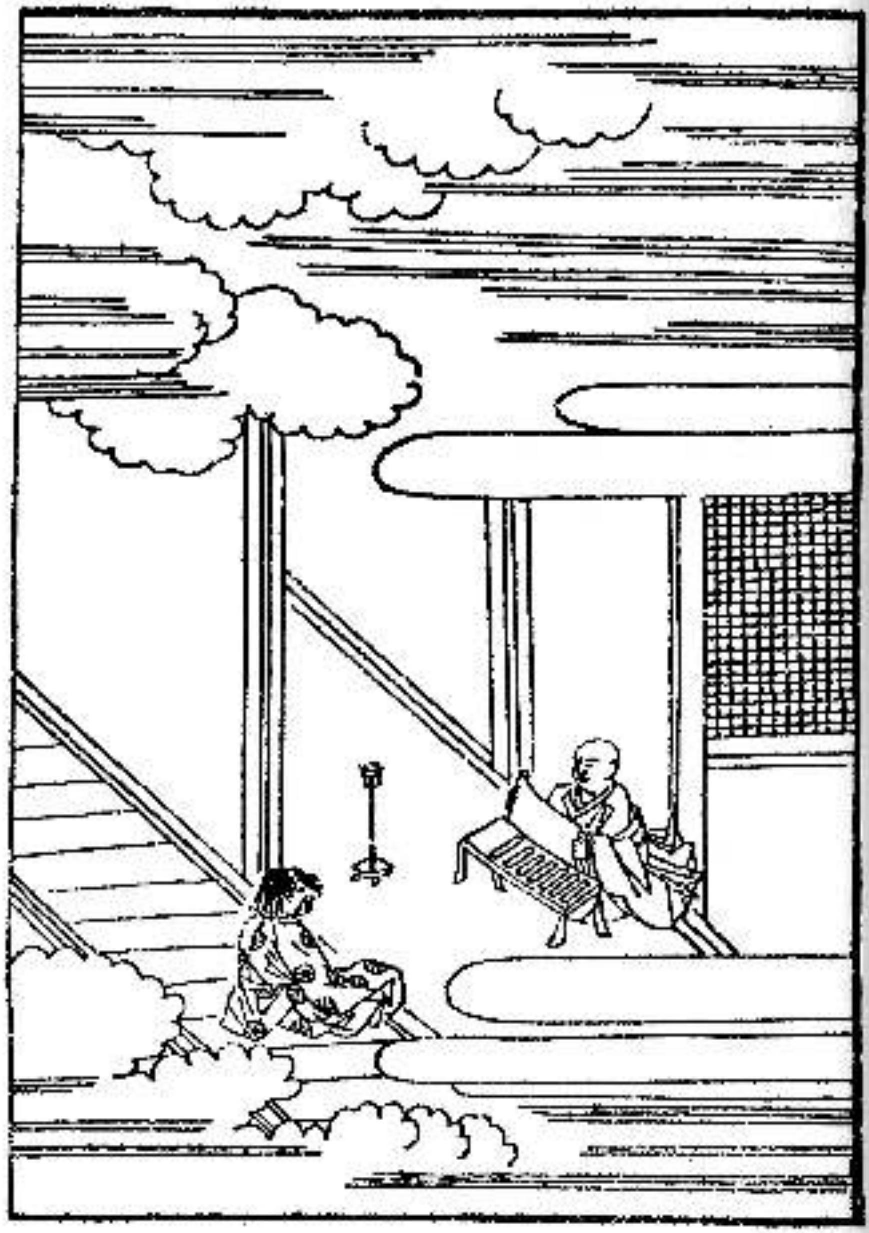

Fig. 1. The roadside deity seizing his rare opportunity to hear Dōmyō read the Lotus Sūtra (Story 1)

1. (1/1) *How the Holy Teacher Dōmyō*[1] *recited the Sūtra*[2] *at the home of Izumi Shikibu*[3] *and the Roadside Deity*[4] *from Fifth Avenue came to listen*

Long ago[5] there was a priest called the Holy Teacher Dōmyō, the son of the tutor of the Crown Prince and a man much given to amorous pursuits. He had an affair with Izumi Shikibu. Now his reading of the Sūtra was most beautiful, and once when he had gone to spend the night with Izumi Shikibu he woke up and devoutly began to recite it. By the time he had read all eight books, it was nearly daybreak, and he was on the point of dropping off to sleep again when he sensed someone nearby and called out to ask who it was. 'I am an old man who lives at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nishinotōin Lane',[6] came the reply. 'What do you want?' asked Dōmyō. 'I have been listening tonight to your reading of the Sūtra and I shall never, never forget it', said the old man. 'But I often read the Lotus Sūtra', said Dōmyō. 'Why have you chosen tonight to tell me this?' 'When you have purified yourself before reading the Sūtra', replied the Deity from Fifth Avenue, 'Brahmā and Indra[1] and other divine beings come to listen to you and the likes of me cannot get near enough to hear. But tonight you read it without having cleansed yourself first, and so Brahmā and Indra were not there to listen. This gave me a chance to come and hear it myself, an experience I shall never forget.'

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[1] ? —— 1020. A priest of the Tendai sect, eldest son of Fujiwara Michitsuna and grandson of the authoress of *Kagerō Nikki*. The title here rendered 'Holy Teacher' is in Japanese *ajari* (or *azari*), from Sanskrit *ācārya*, 'model, paragon'; it is translated by Waley in his *Genji* as 'Teacher'.

[2] The Lotus Sūtra, Saddharmapundarika, in Japanese *Hokkekyō*.

[3] Famous as a poetess and for her love affairs.

[4] *Dōsojin* or *sae-no-kami* (later in this story, simply *sae*). Originally these were 'blocking' deities set up to prevent the irruption of evil spirits. Later, however, they were regarded as guardian gods of roads and travellers.

[5] The phrase *Ima wa mukashi* used to be generally accepted as meaning roughly *Ima wa mukashi no koto to naru ga*, i.e., 'In times now gone by'. Mabuchi Kazuo, however, has recently proposed a new interpretation. Basing his argument on the use of a phrase such as 'this year' ('this' being written with the character for *ima*) in texts referring to the past, e.g., 'This year was the third year of Daidō', he maintains that in using *Ima wa mukashi* a narrator is telling his audience to imagine themselves in the past; an English rendering might then be 'Here we are in the past'. On the whole, scholars have greeted this idea very favourably, even if not perhaps completely convinced. But it is strongly rejected, along with the earlier interpretation, in a full article on this subject by Kasuga Kazuo ('"*Ima wa mukashi*" kō', in *Kokugo kokubun*, xxxv/7, No. 383 (July 1966)). Kasuga argues at some length, though not in my view very convincingly, in an attempt to prove that *Ima wa mukashi* implies *Mukashi kara ima made tsutaete kita hanashi ni*. . . (*to iu kikitsutaete iru mono*), or *Kore wa mukashi o ima ni tsutaeta hanashi da ga*, i.e., 'This story is one that has come down from the past. . .'

On the whole, I favour the earlier interpretation of the phrase. In translating it into English, my main concern has been to avoid the excessively fairy-tale-like 'Once upon a time'. As to the variants found in place of the phrase, *Kore mo ima wa mukashi* might, if one followed Mabuchi, be translated 'Here we are in the past again' or 'Here's another story of the past', but I have tried not to give it too much weight, and rendered it simply 'Again, long ago'. In the same way, I have tried to avoid giving *Mukashi* alone too much weight (as if it were the older fairy-tale-like *Mukashi-mukashi*), and have usually translated it simply as 'once'. *Kore mo mukashi* I have rendered 'Again. . . once'.

[6] This lane ran north-south, a little to the east of the Imperial Palace.

Thus you should never recite the Sūtra when unclean, however informal the occasion. As His Reverence Eshin,[2] indeed, warns us: 'When meditating upon the Buddha or reading Scripture, never break the four rules of decorum.'[3]

2. (1/2) *How mushrooms grew at Shinomura[4] in the province of Tamba*

Again, long ago there was a place in Tamba province called Shinomura, where for years there had been such a crop of mushrooms that no one knew quite what to do with them all. The people of the district used to give away some of what they picked, as well as eating some themselves. Things went on like this for years, and then one of the more important men in the village had a dream in which some twenty or thirty priests, with heads that had not been shaved for so long that there was a short growth of hair on them, came to him and said they had something to tell him. When he asked who they were, they replied, 'We have served well these many years, but now our connection with this village has come to an end and we are going away. We're telling you this partly because we are sad at leaving, but in any case we felt that we couldn't leave without explaining why.' At this point the man woke up, and wondering whatever the dream could mean, he told people about it—his wife, and his family and so on. Meanwhile a number of other persons in the village told of having had the very same dream, and the mystery was still unsolved when the year drew to a close.

Now when the ninth and tenth months of the next year came round and people went into the mountains to look for the mushrooms that usually came up about this time, there was not a single one to be seen. For a while, no one in the locality could make out what had happened. But at that time there lived a very eminent preacher, the late Assistant High Priest Chūin,[1] and when he heard about the matter, he commented, 'Well, after all, they do say that preachers who lead impure lives are reborn as mushrooms…'

So you see, it is certainly true what they say, that you won't lose much by not eating mushrooms.

3. (1/3) *How someone had a wen removed by demons*

Again, there was once an old man who had a big wen on his right cheek, the size of an orange.[2] On account of this he avoided mixing with people and made his living gathering firewood. When in the mountains one day, he was caught in such a violent storm that he was unable to get home and had no choice but to stay where he was, out there in the wilds. Having no other woodcutter with him, he was scared out of his wits, so he got inside a nearby hollow tree and squatted down, though he made no attempt to sleep. Suddenly he heard in the distance a noisy crowd of people approaching. It put new life into him to find some signs of humanity when he was all alone in the wilds, and he looked out—only to find a swarm of some hundred creatures of all sorts and descriptions, red ones dressed in blue, black ones wearing red loincloths, some with only one eye and some with no mouth—the whole lot hideous beyond words. In a noisy, jostling throng, carrying torches that blazed as brightly as the sun, they seated themselves in a circle before the hollow tree where he was sheltering. He was almost beside himself with terror.

One demon who appeared to be the leader sat at the head, and in two rows on his right and left were countless other demons, every single one of them indescribably horrible to look at. They were offering each other wine and enjoying themselves just like ordinary people. The wine jar went round many times, and the chief demon seemed particularly drunk. A young demon at the end of a row got up and walked slowly out in front of the chief, holding up a tray and evidently

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[1] In Japanese, Bonten and Taishaku (ten), Indian gods who act as guardians of Buddhism.

[2] Better known as Genshin, 942–1017, author of *Ōjō yōshū*, 'The Essentials of Salvation'. No commentator has been able to find in any of Genshin's works a phrase corresponding exactly with that found here, though various very similar phrases have been adduced.

[3] Four respect-inspiring forms of demeanour in walking, standing, sitting and lying.

[4] The modern town of Kameoka.

[1] *C.* 1150? Little is known about his life. He appears also in *US* 60 and *US* 192. 'Assistant High Priest' is in Japanese *sōzu*, the second of the three main ranks in the Buddhist hierarchy, the other two being *sōjō* (High Priest) and *risshi* (Master of Asceticism).

[2] The text at this point appears in most manuscripts to be corrupt, with one whole line left out, thus: *Ōkōji no hodo nari. Hito ni majiru ni oyobaneba, takigi o torite yo o sugusu hodo ni yama e yukinu.* I have followed Watanabe and Nishio, who restore this line.

chattering away in a low voice[1]—though what it all was that he was saying, the old man could not make out. The chief demon looked just like any ordinary person as he sat with a cup in his left hand and his face wreathed in smiles. The young demon performed a dance and sat down, then, beginning from the ends of the rows, the other demons danced in turn, some of them well, some badly. Watching in amazement, the old man heard the chief say, 'Tonight's entertainment has been even better than usual. But what I should like to see is some dance that's really special.' At these words—perhaps some spirit took possession of him, or some god or Buddha put the thought into his mind—the old man suddenly felt an urge to rush out and do a dance. At first he thought better of it, but then the rhythm that the demons were chanting sounded so attractive that he said to himself, 'I don't care what happens, I'll rush out and dance. If I die, I die.' And with his hat down over his nose and his woodchopper's axe stuck in his belt, he left his hollow tree and danced out in front of the chief. The demons leapt to their feet with loud shouts of surprise. The old man danced with all his might, jumping in the air and bending low, twisting this way and that, and marking the time with loud yells, until he had danced right round the clearing. The chief and the whole company of demons watched in delighted astonishment.

'We've been having these parties for many years now,' the chief said, 'but we've never had anything like this before. Old man, from now on you must always attend our parties.' 'You don't need to tell me, sir,' replied the old man, 'I shall be there. This time I was unprepared and forgot the last steps.[2] But if it pleases you so much, sir, I'll do it again in less of a hurry.' 'Well said,' declared the chief, 'You must come again, without fail.' 'The old man may promise this now,' said a demon three places away from the chief, 'but I am afraid he may not come. Shouldn't we get some pledge from him?' 'Yes, we certainly should', the chief agreed, and they all began to discuss what they should take. 'What about taking the wen off his face?' said the chief, 'A wen is a lucky thing, so I doubt if he'd want to lose that.' At this, the old man begged, 'Take an eye or my nose, but please allow me to keep this wen, sir. It would be very hard on me to be robbed for no reason at all of something I've had for so many years.' 'If he's that unwilling to part with it, take it from him', said the chief, whereupon a demon went up to the old man and with a 'Here goes!'

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[1] The Japanese is again obscure here. *Kasaeru* might be related to a dialect word for the twittering of birds, *kazuru*. However, the meaning appears to be 'talking incomprehensibly'.

[2] I.e., the most difficult part.

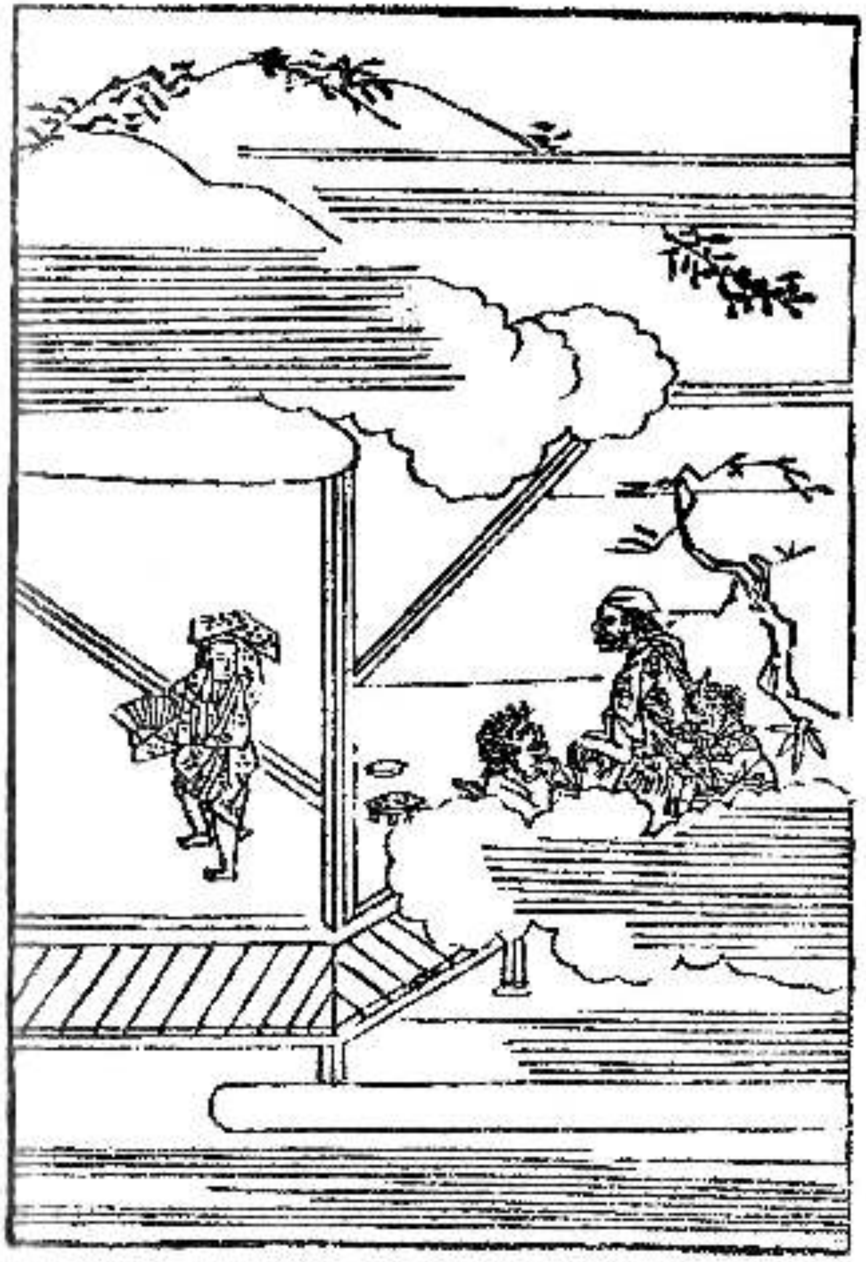

Fig. 2. The old man with the wen dancing in front of the demons (Story 3)

twisted the wen and pulled. The old man felt no pain at all. 'Now then, see to it that you attend our next party', he was told. By this time it was nearly dawn, and as the cocks were crowing, the demons went away. When he felt his face, the old man could find no trace of the wen he had had for so long. It had disappeared completely, as if it had been just wiped away. All thought of going to cut wood went out of his mind, and he returned to his home. When his aged wife questioned him about what had happened, he told her the story of the demons. 'Who would have thought such a thing possible?' she exclaimed.

Now the old man who lived next door to them had a large wen on his left cheek, and when he found that his neighbour no longer had one, he asked him how he had got rid of it. 'Where did you find a doctor to take it away? I wish you would tell me, then I could have mine taken away too.' 'It wasn't taken away by a doctor', replied the old man, and he explained what had happened and how the demons had removed it. 'I'll get rid of mine in the same way', said the other, and he persuaded his neighbour to tell him all the details of what had happened.

The second old man, following his instructions, got into the hollow tree and waited; then, just as he had been told, the demons appeared and sat round in a circle, enjoying themselves drinking. 'Where is he? Is the old man here?' called the chief, and the second old man tottered out, trembling with fright. 'Here he is', shouted the demons, and the chief ordered him to be quick and dance. Compared with the first old man's dance, this was a very poor and clumsy effort, and the chief demon said, 'This time his dance was bad, very bad indeed. Give him back that wen we took from him as a pledge.' A demon came out from the end of a row and shouting, 'The chief's giving you back the wen we took as a pledge', threw the wen at the old man's other cheek, so that he now had one on each side of his face.

Never be envious of others, they say.

4. (1/4) *About the Ban Major Counsellor*

Again, long ago the Ban Major Counsellor Yoshio[1] was a retainer of a district governor in Sado. While he was living there, he had a dream in which he found himself straddling the Saidai-ji and Tōdai-ji,[2] and

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[1] Ban (or: Tomo no) Yoshio, 809–68. Variously said to be the son of a nobleman and the son of a peasant in Sado.

[2] Both temples are in Nara.

he told his wife about it. Her interpretation of the dream was 'You're going to split in two from the crotch up, I should think'—which alarmed Yoshio very much, and he went off to his master's house, very worried at having been so unwise as to reveal his dream. Now the district governor happened to be an expert physiognomist, and when Yoshio arrived, he received him with quite unaccustomed ceremony, having a special mat put out for him to sit on and going out personally to invite him in. Yoshio was mystified by all this and was afraid that the governor might be luring him in in order to split him up from the crotch, as his wife had said. Then the district governor told him, 'You have had a dream which portends high distinction. But you revealed it to an unworthy person. You will most certainly attain high rank. But there will be an incident for which you will be punished.' In time, Yoshio had reason to go up to the capital and reached the rank of Major Counsellor. But he was punished for a crime,[1] just as the district governor had said.

5. (1/5) *How a priest put the magic incantation of the Bodhisattva Zuigu[2] into his forehead*

Again, long ago a very dignified-looking mountain priest[3] came into a certain man's house and stood outside the retainers' duty-room, in a small courtyard enclosed by a screen. He had an air of great consequence, with an axe slung on his back and a conch-shell trumpet at his belt and in his hand a staff tipped with rings. When the retainers asked who he was, he replied, 'I spent some time on Hakusan,[4] then I went to the Sacred Peak[5] and I intended to perform devotions there for another two thousand days, but my food gave out and so I have come to beg alms. Please inform your master.' As he stood there, they observed that in the middle of his forehead he had a scar about two inches long extending up towards his hair, still newly healed and reddish. When one of the retainers wanted to know how he came to have this scar on his forehead, he assumed a tone of great dignity and said, 'That is where I put in the magic incantation of the Bodhisattva Zuigu.' 'What a wonderful thing', said the retainers to each other. 'You see many people who have cut off a finger or a toe, say, but who would have expected to come across someone who has broken open his forehead and put in the incantation of Zuigu?' Just then a young retainer of about sixteen or seventeen came running out, and taking one look at the priest, he burst out, 'Don't make me laugh! A fine one you'd be to put the Zuigu incantation into your forehead! You used to go and sneak into that house belonging to the metal-founder, directly to the east of young Gō's[1] place in the Seventh Ward, and go to bed with the wife—till last summer the metal-founder came home and discovered you in bed with her. You didn't stop for anything, just bolted off up the street heading west. In front of my place you were cornered and had your head split open with a hoe. I saw it myself!' His words quite shocked the retainers, but the priest's face showed no sign of concern whatever. With an air of great solemnity and innocence, he said, "That's when I seized the opportunity to put it in.' The whole crowd was convulsed with laughter, and the priest took advantage of this to slip away.

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[1] In 866 he was banished for having set fire to the Ōten Gate (see *US* 114).

[2] *Zuigu* means 'according to prayer'. This Bodhisattva is a metamorphosis of Kannon who sees that all prayers are answered. This magic incantation is a dhāraṇī from the *Zuigu Darani Kyō*.

[3] Men who lived in wild places, such as in the mountains, practising religious rites, particularly of a magical or occult kind.

[4] Or Shirayama, a mountain in Kaga province (modern Gifu and Ishikawa Prefectures). It has a Shinto shrine on its summit.

[5] Mt Kimbu, in the area of Yoshino (in modern Nara Prefecture).

6. (1/6) *How the Middle Counsellor Morotoki[2] investigated a priest's penis*

Again, long ago, there was a certain Middle Counsellor named Morotoki. One day an itinerant holy man came and stood inside the gate of his house, wearing a short jet-black robe and a Fudō scarf,[3] and telling his rosary of soap-berries. 'Who are you?' asked the Middle Counsellor, and the priest, affecting a most mournful tone, replied, 'How hard it is to bear the transitory life of this world! The eternal round of birth and death ever since the beginning of time comes, when you think of it, from being ensnared by earthly ties and thus remaining unable to escape from this world of sadness. I decided that it was useless to go on in this way, so I have cut off my earthly ties and have but one resolve, to leave the bounds of this mortal world.' 'What do you mean by "Cut off your earthly ties"?' asked the Middle Counsellor.

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[1] Gō is an alternative form of the name Ōe. Who is referred to is not clear. One commentator suggests that the speaker may in fact be 'Young Gō', so that this phrase would have to be translated as 'my place'.

[2] A Minamoto. Died 1136, at the age of sixty.

[3] A scarf or stole worn by mountain priests. So called, according to one commentator, because the wild appearance of these priests resembles that of the god Fudō (see note 3 on p. 154 below), but according to another because it was held firm (*fudō* means 'unmoving') by the priest's sash.

'Here, sir—look at this', replied the priest, and opened[1] the front of his robe to show him. Indeed, the proper thing was missing, there was nothing there but hair. 'That's very strange', thought the Middle Counsellor, then, as he looked, he thought he noticed something unusual about the scrotum hanging down and called for his attendants. Two or three appeared, and he ordered them to lay the priest out flat. The holy man looked very solemn and called on the name of Amida Buddha, then he said, 'Hurry up, then, do whatever you like', and with a mournful look on his face, he lay there with eyes half-closed and legs apart. 'Open his legs wide', ordered Morotoki, and two or three men went up and did as he had said. He now sent for a young page of eleven or twelve and ordered him to rub the flat of his hand up and down just above the priest's crotch. The page did as he was told, and when he had been rubbing up and down with his chubby hand for a while the holy man looked very solemn and said, 'That will do now.' But Morotoki said, 'It's coming on fine. Don't stop rubbing, go on.' 'This is very improper,' protested the holy man, 'please leave off now.' But they continued to hold the unlucky man down and the rubbing went on, until suddenly a large object like a mushroom came wobbling up from amongst the hair and went flop against his belly. The whole crowd of onlookers burst out laughing, the Middle Counsellor along with the rest. The holy man joined in the laughter, clapping his hands and rolling over on the floor. What he had done was to twist the proper thing [i.e., his penis] down into his scrotum and fix the hair over it with paste, then he had set off with an air of innocence to trick people into giving him alms. What a crazy[2] fellow to be a priest!

7. (1/7) *How the Holy Man of Ryōmon tried to take the place of a stag*

At a place called Ryōmon[3] in the province of Yamato there lived a holy man. He was known, from the name of the place where he lived, as the Holy Man of Ryōmon. Now he had a very close friend who spent all his time killing stags, and one very dark night during the torch-light hunting season, this man went out to hunt. After he had been searching around for stags for a while, he caught sight of a pair of eyes. 'Aha, here's one!' he thought, and as he waved his torch, he could make out the eyes quite clearly. Still waving the torch, he went within range of them, then, putting his torch into a holder, he fitted an arrow to his bow and was just taking aim when he noticed that the stag's eyes were much closer together than usual, and that they were not the normal colour. Puzzled, he slackened the bow, and the more carefully he looked, the stranger it seemed, so he removed the arrow and held up the torch. Now he could see that it was not a stag at all, and he went up close to it, brandishing his torch and not caring whether the creature started up or not. But now he realized that the body was most certainly[1] covered with hide, and once again he prepared to shoot, thinking that it was a stag after all. And yet still the eyes were wrong, and as he went nearer and nearer, he made out the head of a priest. This seemed very curious, and dismounting,[2] he ran over, blew up the fire, pulled out an oak brand—and discovered the holy man lying on the ground with a stag's skin pulled over his head and his eyes blinking in the light.

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[1] Or perhaps: 'lifted', according to whether the text is read *kaki-agete* instead of *kaki-akete*.

[2] It is thought that the first character of the word translated as 'crazy' could be an error, though no texts show any variant. Two suggested emendations of the text would give the meanings 'tricky' or 'irreligious'.

[3] In the vicinity of Yoshino.

'What are you doing here like this, Your Reverence?' asked the hunter. Tears streamed from the priest's eyes as he replied, 'When I urged you to stop killing stags, you never paid any attention and only killed all the more. I thought that if I were to take the place of a stag and get killed, you might at least give it up for a while. That's why I tried to get shot—unfortunately, you didn't shoot me.' At these words, the hunter, with tears in his eyes, prostrated himself before the priest and offered a humble apology for having persisted in doing something about which the priest felt so deeply. There and then he drew his sword and chopped up his bow, and he broke his quiver and all the arrows in it. Then he cut off his queue and immediately went home with the holy man, where he entered religion himself and served the holy man as long as he was alive. Even after his master's death, it is said, he continued to live there practising religious devotions.

8. (1/8) *How gold was found by divination*[3]

A traveller looking for a place to stay came across a large dilapidated house, and going up to it, he called out, 'Will you be so kind as to

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[1] Most commentaries interpret *ichiryō* here as meaning 'a suit' (of fur), but Watanabe and Nishio read *ichijō* here, so that the meaning is 'certainly'.

[2] Another possible interpretation of *ori-* (here translated 'dismounting') is 'bending over double' (i.e., in the effort to run fast).

[3] *Eki* (or *sangi*), the art of divination by diagrams and sticks.

let me stay the night here?' 'Certainly. You are welcome to stay', replied a woman's voice, and so the whole party dismounted and settled down. It was a big house, but there was no sign of anyone there besides this one woman.

Now the next morning, having eaten their breakfast, the party were about to leave when the woman of the house came out and said, 'Stop, sir. You cannot leave.' 'What do you mean?' asked the traveller, and she answered, 'You owe me a thousand taels of gold, and you cannot leave until you have returned it.' 'A likely story! Wicked lies, for sure!' exclaimed the traveller's retainers,[1] roaring with laughter. But the traveller told them to wait a while, and dismounting, he went inside the house and sat down. Sending for his baggage, he had a canvas screen set up around him, and shortly afterwards sent someone to fetch the woman.

'Did your father ever practise divination?' he asked. 'I'm not sure, sir, he may have done. He did do the same sort of thing you are doing now', she told him. 'Just as I thought', said the traveller. 'But what makes you say that I owe you a thousand taels of gold and ought to return them to you?' 'When my father died,' said the woman, 'he left me enough to live on and told me that in a certain month ten years from that time a traveller would come and stay here who owed him a thousand taels of gold. "Ask him for it", he said to me, "and when you are in difficulties you will be able to get over them by selling it." Up till now I have been selling off bit by bit the property my father left me, but this year I had nothing left to sell, and I have been waiting eagerly for the day that my father mentioned. As you came and stayed here on that very day, I decided that it must be you who owed my father the gold, and so I asked you for it.' 'It is true about there being some gold,' said the man, 'so you are probably right', and drawing the woman into a corner, he made her tap the corner-post—without letting anyone else see what they were doing. Part of the post sounded hollow. 'Here you are,' he told her, 'the gold you spoke of is inside this. Open this post and take it out a little at a time for your expenses'. Then he took his departure.

This woman's father had been an expert diviner, and he had foreseen that in ten years' time she would be impoverished, and that on a certain date a practitioner of divination would stay in the house. If he were to tell her of the existence of this gold, she would take it out too soon and spend it all, so that when poverty threatened, she would have nothing at all to cover her expenses, and would be in dire straits. Therefore he had given her these instructions, and after his death she had not sold the house, but waited for this day and demanded the gold from this man. Being a diviner himself, he had at once understood, and after divining the location of the gold, had told her about it before going on his way.

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[1] Watanabe and Nishio do not emend their text to include the *to* found in some texts between the words *tabibito* (traveller) and *zusadomo* (retainers), but it seems best to interpret the phrase as if it were there.

So we see that by divination the future can be revealed as plainly as if we were looking at the palm of our own hand.

9. (1/9) *How Lord Uji*[1] *fell from his horse and the High Priest from the Jissōbō*[2] *was summoned to exorcize him*

Again, long ago, when the Kaya Palace[3] was being built, Lord Uji was on his way there on horseback when suddenly he tumbled off and was taken ill. He said that he wanted to have the High Priest Shin'yo exorcize[4] him and sent someone to fetch him. However, before the High Priest arrived, a spirit took possession of one of the ladies-in-waiting and announced, 'The reason for His Lordship's illness is simply that I stared him in the eyes. But before the High Priest arrived, a Guardian Spirit[5] came on ahead of him and drove me out, so that I was forced to flee.' The Lord then immediately recovered.

What a marvellous man the High Priest Shin'yo was!

10. (1/10) *How Hata Kanehisa*[6] *called on Michitoshi*[7] *and criticized him*

Long ago, when Lord Michitoshi, the Minister of Civil Administration, was compiling the *Later Collection of Gleanings*,[8] Hata Kanehisa paid him a visit to inquire if by any chance one of his poems would be

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[1] Fujiwara Yorimichi, 992–1074, son of the great Michinaga.

[2] Part of the Onjō-ji or Mii-dera. The priest referred to here, Shin'yo, a Fujiwara, lived 957–1035 (though some sources say he died at the age of fifty-nine).

[3] Just to the east of the Imperial Palace compound. Originally the residence of Prince Kaya, son of the Emperor Kammu, later the residence of Yorimichi.

[4] The cause of illness was thought to be possession by evil spirits, which had to be exorcized by religious magic.

[5] A *gohō*, in the form of a young boy.

[6] The poem said in this story to be by Kanehisa appears in the *Kin'yōshū* (Book 9), attributed to Kanehisa's father, Kanekata.

[7] A Fujiwara, 1047–99.

[8] The fourth of the Imperial anthologies, *Go-Shūishū*, completed in 1086.

included. The Minister came out and sat chatting with him. When he asked what sort of poems Kanehisa had composed, the other replied, 'Oh, nothing of any distinction. Still, here is one I composed when I visited the Enshū-ji[1] after the death of His Majesty the Retired Emperor Go-Sanjō and found that the cherries were blooming as beautifully as ever:

Bright were the blossoms
That I saw last year; and now
Still brightly do they bloom.
O cherry, clearly now I see
You are a flower without a heart!

'An excellent poem,' observed Lord Michitoshi, 'though I don't much like those two "nows".[2] Still, let's leave that aside. The fact is, your "O cherry" sounds as though you were calling some girl by name.'[3] Finding his poem given such scant praise, Kanehisa took himself off without making much comment. But when he went into the retainers' quarters, he complained, 'There's no doubt about it, His Lordship knows very little about poetry. It is preposterous that such a person should be entrusted with compiling an Imperial anthology. Take that poem by the Major Counsellor from the Fourth Ward:[4]

Now spring's begun
The callers come to see
The mountain village.
O cherry, now it really seems
That you are master of the house.

Everybody says that's a fine poem, but he has a couple of "now's", too, and the same "O cherry" as I have in mine. So why is his good and mine bad? It really is preposterous that this kind of person should be entrusted with compiling an Imperial anthology.' With that, he went home.

One of Michitoshi's retainers went in to see him and reported what Kanehisa had said before leaving. Michitoshi nodded and said, 'He's in the right, he's in the right. I don't want you to say anything about this.'

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[1] In the western part of Kyoto. Built by the Emperor Go-Sanjō in 1070.

[2] It is impossible to reproduce in English the effect of the two '*keri*' verb endings which Michitoshi criticizes. I have attempted to give a similar effect by repeating the word 'now'.

[3] In the Japanese phrase, *hana koso*, the particle adds emphasis ('indeed'). However, the same particle was used after names when calling to people.

[4] Fujiwara Kintō, 966–1041. The poem appears in the *Shūishū* (Book 16).

11. (1/11) *How the Minamoto Major Counsellor had the bell of lifelong chastity rung*

Again, long ago there was a man known as Masatoshi the Minamoto Major Counsellor from Kyōgoku.[1] Once when he had sponsored a Buddhist service, engaging priests to ring bells before the Buddha and choosing men of lifelong chastity to preach on the Sūtra, a priest went up on to the rostrum and with a strange expression on his face seized the bell-stick and brandished it, but failed to strike the bell. After a while the Major Counsellor began to wonder what was wrong. For some time the priest remained silent and everybody began to feel uneasy, then suddenly he quavered, 'Does masturbation[2] count?' The whole congregation exploded with laughter, and a retainer called out, 'How many times have you done it?' Inclining his head doubtfully, the priest replied, 'I did it only last night.' At this, the place rang with laughter, and the priest took advantage of the confusion to make a hurried exit.

12. (1/12) *How a young lad pretended to be asleep when they were preparing a feast of rice-balls*

Again, long ago there was a young lad serving in the monastery on Mt Hiei.[3] One evening the priests were feeling so bored that one of them said, 'Come on, let's make some rice-balls.' The lad was all agog, but thought that it would not look well if he stayed up to wait for them to begin, so he went into a corner and pretended to be asleep, waiting all the while for the rice-balls to be ready.

As he lay waiting, sure that they would wake him, he was delighted to hear one of the priests calling, 'Wake up, young gentleman.' Still, he felt that if he answered the first time it would be obvious that he had been waiting, and so he restrained himself, lying there with the idea of answering the second time he was called. But now he heard someone say, 'There, don't wake him up! The little fellow has gone off to sleep.'

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[1] ? – 1122. (He died at an age said variously to be fifty-seven and fifty-nine). Kyōgoku is the name for the street furthest west and also for that furthest east in Kyoto.

[2] The Japanese word used here, *kawatsurumi*, could mean 'sodomy'.

[3] The mountain immediately to the north-east of Kyoto. The site of the Enryakuji, headquarters of the Tendai sect. The lads (*chigo*) serving in monasteries were by no means mere menials, as is shown clearly by the politeness of the language used in addressing them. One of their functions, of course, was as catamites (see also *US* 78).

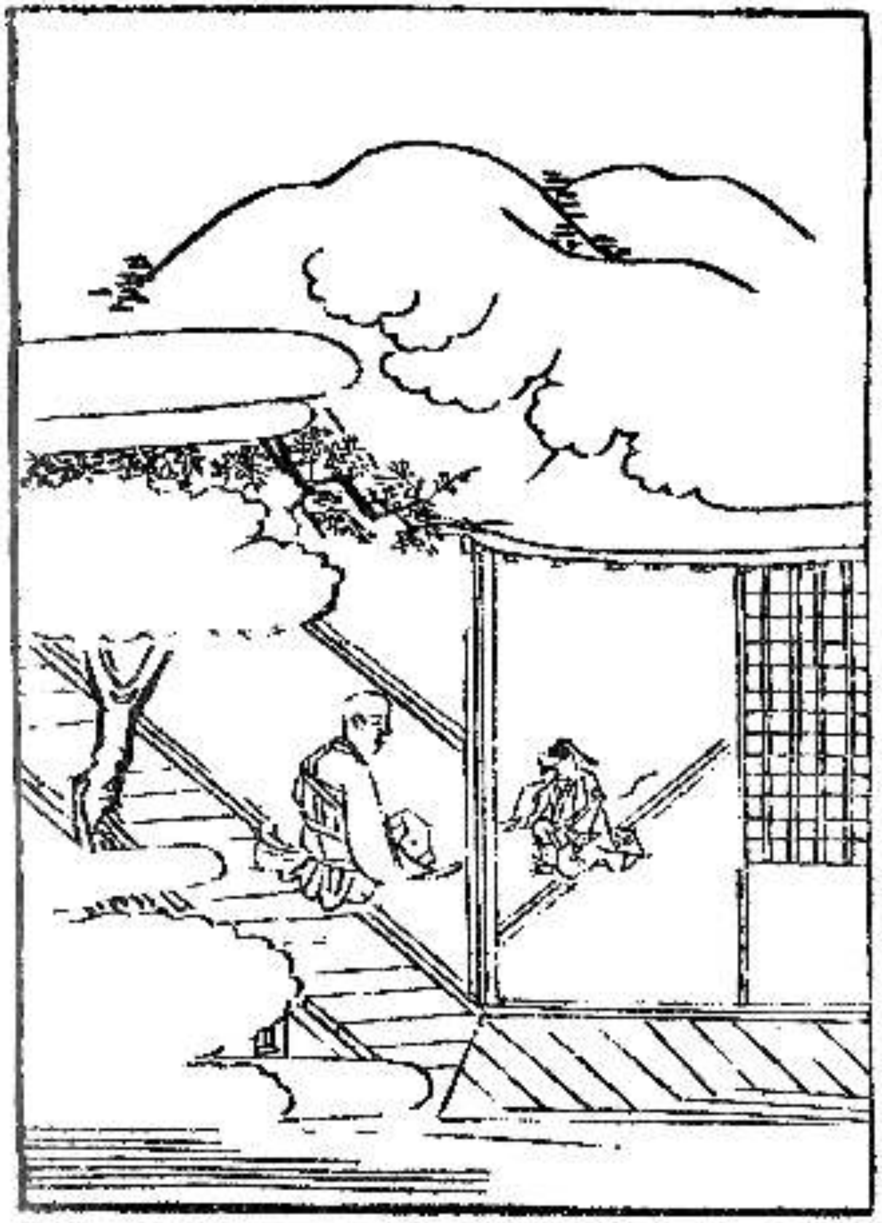

Fig. 9. The temple lad weeping at the sight of falling cherry-blossom (Story 13)

'Oh dear!' he thought, 'I wish they'd call me again', and he lay there feigning sleep and listening. He could now hear the noise of them all busily munching away and after some time he was driven to calling out, 'Right'. The priests all found this extremely funny.

13. (1/13) *How a young lad from the country wept on seeing the cherry-blossom falling*

Again, long ago a young lad from the country who had entered the monastery on Mt Hiei noticed one day when the cherry-blossoms were at their most beautiful that there was a strong wind blowing, and he began to cry bitterly. A priest happened to see him and went gently up to him to ask, 'What are you crying for, my boy? Are you sad because the cherry-blossoms are falling? They don't last more than a short time, and soon fall, as you see. But there's no more to it than that.' 'There's nothing anyone can do to prevent the cherry-blossoms falling. That's not what grieves me', said the lad. 'The reason I am sad is that I am thinking how the flowers will be knocked off my father's barley and the grain will not set.' And he set up a great sobbing and wailing. Really, this was taking things a little far!

14. (1/14) *How Kotōda was startled by his son-in-law*

Again, long ago the Minamoto Major Counsellor Sadafusa[1] had a retainer named Kotōda, who lived in, along with his wife. Their daughter also served in Lord Sadafusa's household. Being in charge of Lord Sadafusa's household business, Kotōda had built up quite a little empire and was very conscious of his own importance. His daughter was married to a well-born young fellow.[2] One night, this young man paid a stealthy visit to his wife's room, but in the early morning it began to rain, and so he remained in her bed, unable to go home.

His wife went off to her duties in Lord Sadafusa's apartments. Meanwhile her husband lay in bed surrounded by screens, unable to leave because of the spring rain which had suddenly come on. His father-in-law, Kotōda, thinking he must be bored, went into him

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[1] Died 1188, aged fifty-nine.

[2] *Nama-gōbashi*. Nomura's interpretation of this phrase is 'a young under-steward from (another) nobleman's house'.

with a tray of food in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He was afraid that he would be spotted if he went in from the verandah and so, trying to look as unconcerned as he could, he entered from the inner room. His son-in-law was lying on his back with the bedclothes pulled up to his head, feeling bored and impatient for his wife to come back. When the door was opened from the inner room, he was sure it was his wife back from her duties, and pulling the bedclothes right up over his face, he took out his what-you-may-call-it[1] and arched his back to make it stand up erect. Kotōda was so flustered that he fell over backwards, the food went flying, the wine all slopped over and he came down flat on his back, with his beard waving in the air. He hit his head such a crack that he lay there quite stunned, so they say.

15. (1/15) *How a big apprentice-lad[2] stole some salmon*

Again, long ago a man came up from Echigo with twenty pack-horses loaded with salmon and entered the capital through Awataguchi. Just as they were passing the smith's at Awataguchi, a bald-pated apprentice, a bleary-eyed, shabby, unprepossessing lad in his mid-teens, ran out into the middle of the pack-train. The road being so narrow, the horses were startled and plunged about; meanwhile the apprentice ran alongside them, pulled out a couple of salmon and, stuffing them into the front of his coat, ran off ahead of the horses, trying to look as if he had not done anything. But the man with the pack-train had seen him, and racing up, he caught the lad by the scruff of the neck and dragged him to a stop, shouting 'What do you mean by stealing those salmon?' 'I haven't stolen any', replied the lad. 'What proof have you got for saying that? You're the one who's stolen them and you're putting the blame on me.' While they were wrangling, a number of the people who were going in and out of the capital stopped to watch and clustered round. 'You took them and put them in the front of your coat, there's no doubt about it', shouted the man in charge of the pack-train. But the lad insisted, 'You're the one who stole them.' 'Right then,' said the man, 'we'll both have a look inside our coats.' 'There's no need for that', said the lad, but the man took off his skirt, and pulling his coat open, said, 'There, take a look.' And he thrust himself right under the other's nose.

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[1] In Japanese, *ano mono*, 'that thing'.

[2] The term used here, literally 'big lad', is one of a group that normally refers to lads in the service of a temple (see US 25). Commentators suggest, however, that in this case the lad is perhaps the blacksmith's apprentice.

The man now grabbed the lad and ordered him to hurry up and take off his things. 'There's no need for that,' argued the lad, 'it's indecent.' But the man insisted that he undo his clothes and pulled them open in front. There, pushed down inside his skirt against his stomach, were two salmon. 'There, you see!' the man exclaimed, pulling them out. The lad glanced at them and cried, 'Oh, you dirty devil! If you were to go stripping them and fishing around like this, you'd find even Imperial concubines and Empresses have got fissures[1] a foot or two long down below the waist.' The crowd of people who had collected to watch all burst out laughing, they say.

16. (1/16) *How a nun saw Jizō*[2]

Long ago there was an old nun who lived in the province of Tango. She had heard rumours that the Bodhisattva Jizō walked every day at dawn, and so every day at that time she used to wander all over the district in the hope that she might see him. One day a confidence trickster who was loafing around spotted the nun and asked what she was doing out in the cold. 'I'm going around like this because they say the Bodhisattva Jizō walks at dawn every morning and I'm hoping I'll meet him', she said. 'You come with me, old lady', said the trickster, 'I know the path Jizō takes. I'll see that you meet him.' 'Oh, thank you very much', said the nun. 'Please take me to the place where Jizō walks.' 'First you must pay me for my services', said the man. 'Then I'll take you right away.' 'I'll give you this robe I'm wearing', said the nun, whereupon the man told her to follow him and led the way to a place nearby, the delighted nun hurrying along behind him.

The man went to a house where there was a lad named Jizō, whose parents he knew. 'Where is Jizō?' he asked. 'He has gone out to play,' replied the lad's mother, 'but he'll be back soon.' 'There! This is the place where you'll find Jizō', said the man, and the nun joyfully took off her robe of pongee and handed it over. The trickster grabbed it and made off.

The nun sat down to wait for Jizō, much to the amazement of the lad's parents, who could not understand why she wanted to see him. Then in came a lad of about ten. 'This is Jizō', they told her, and the

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[1] The word in the Japanese for 'salmon', *sake* (modern *shake*), also means 'split' or 'crack'. I have used 'fissure' in order to reproduce something of this pun. The word for 'two' here is also a pun, being a numeral classifier for (among other things) fish.

[2] The Bodhisattva Kṣitigarbha.

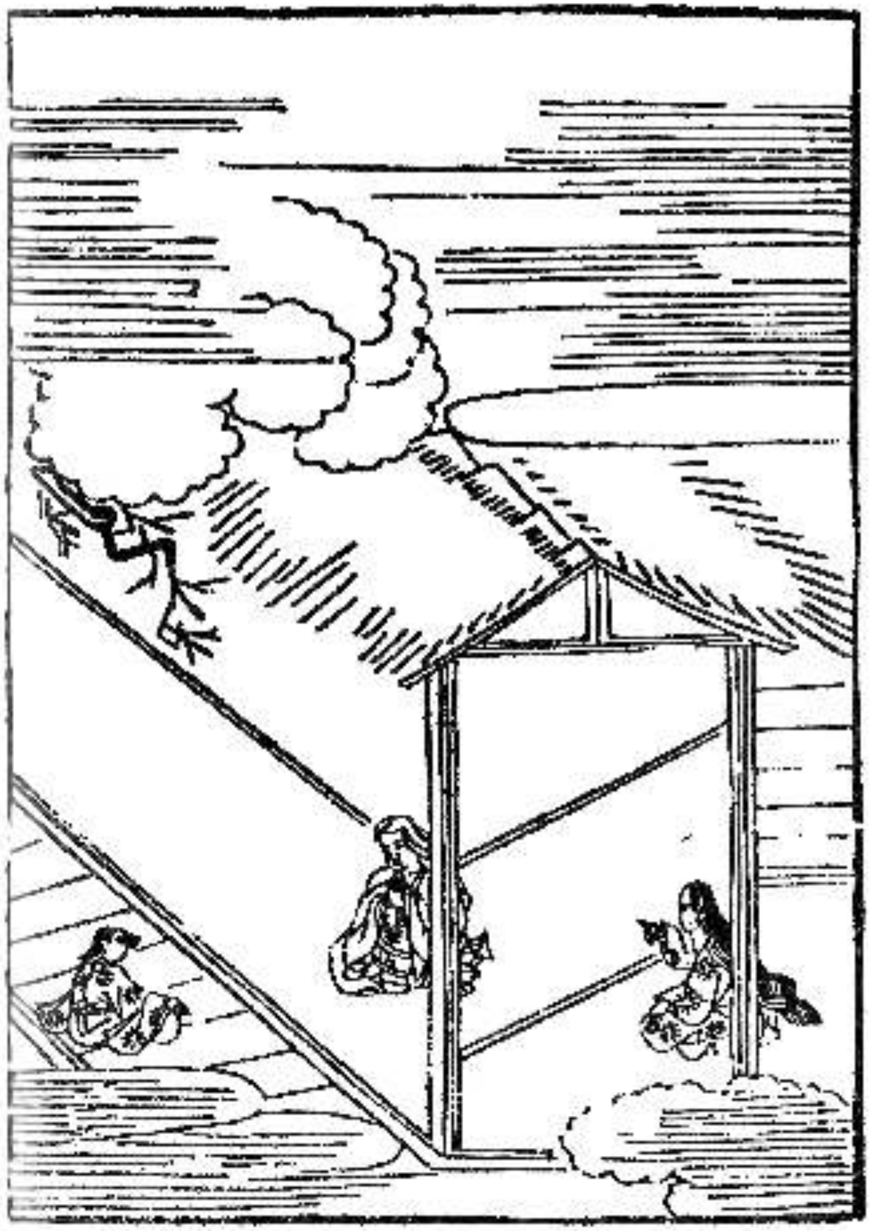

Fig. 4. The nun's meeting with 'Jizō' (Story 16)

moment she saw him, the nun was completely overcome and prostrated herself, lying there with face to the ground worshipping him. The lad had come in playing with a stick, and as he idly scratched his forehead with it, the forehead split open right down to the upper part of his face. Through the split could be seen the ineffably beautiful countenance of Jizō. The nun lay there in adoration, and when she looked up to see him standing before her, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and even as she worshipped she went to Paradise.

Trust then that if only you pray with a heart that is truly sincere, even the Buddha will reveal himself to you.

17. (1/17) *How an itinerant priest encountered a nocturnal procession of demons*

Long ago a certain itinerant priest was travelling in the province of Settsu. One evening towards dusk he came to a large, deserted old temple called the Ryūsen-ji.[1] Though no one lived there, there was nowhere else nearby where he could spend the night, and having no choice, he unshouldered his pack[2] and went in.

It must have been close on midnight when, as he sat there reciting the magic incantation of Fudō,[3] he heard the sound of many voices approaching, and while he watched, a crowd some hundred strong came surging into the temple, every one of them with a torch in his hand. When they got close, he saw that they were fantastically weird creatures, not men at all; there were all sorts of them, some with only one eye, some with horns, while their heads were more terrible than words can describe. He was frightened out of his wits, but he had no alternative but to remain where he was. The demons seated themselves, all save one who could not sit down because there was no room for him. Waving his torch about and glaring hard at the priest, he complained, 'There is a new Fudō in my place. Please go somewhere else just for tonight.' Then he lifted the priest with his free hand and deposited him under the verandah round the temple. In due course, there was word of dawn approaching and the raucous mob of demons went away.

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[1] There seems to be no record of any such temple in Settsu, though there is record of one in Kawachi.

[2] His oi, a box with legs used by itinerant priests for carrying all kinds of things, including scriptures and other religious paraphernalia.

[3] One of the Five Great Guardian Kings, and a figure of particular importance in Shingon Buddhism. Acala, a deity of fierce aspect who overawes all evil spirits and protects Buddhism.

'This really is a terrifying uncanny place', thought the priest, longing for the day to come, so that he could get away. At last dawn broke, but when he looked around he could see no sign of the temple he had been in the night before. Nor could he see which way he had come across the plain, which stretched away into the distance. There was no sign of any path and he had no idea which way to go. While he was sitting there disconsolately, some people happened to come by on horseback with a large retinue of servants. Greatly relieved, the priest asked them what the name of the place was. 'Why do you ask? It's Hizen,[1] of course', they told him, much to his astonishment. He now recounted all that had happened. 'That's very peculiar,' they said, 'because this is the most westerly part of Hizen province. We are on our way to the Governor's mansion.' The priest was delighted. 'I'll go with you, then, until we come to a road,' he said, 'for I do not know the way.' And he joined their party. They told him the way to the capital, and he found a ship and went up to Kyoto.

On his arrival there, he told people what a ghastly thing had happened to him. 'I was spending the night in the Ryūsen-ji in Settsu when a crowd of demons came in and one of them said there was no room for him and would the new Fudō mind just going out under the eaves for a while, then he picked me up and dumped me down under the eaves—or so I thought, but I was really right at the other side of Hizen province. That's a shocking experience to have had, I can tell you.'

18. (1/18) *About Toshihito*[2] *and the yam gruel*

Long ago, when General Toshihito was a young man and was serving in the household of the then Chancellor,[3] a Ministerial Banquet[4] was held in the first month of the year. In those days, when a banquet was over no beggars were admitted to the grounds to eat up the leavings, but these were eaten by the retainers who had been doing the serving. Now among the retainers in the house was a Goi (Fifth-ranker) who was rather self-satisfied because of his long record of service, and when the retainers were eating up the leavings, he smacked his lips loudly as he sipped yam gruel, and was overheard by Toshihito to sigh,

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[1] In Kyushu.

[2] A Fujiwara who became General of the Pacifying-Ezo Headquarters in 915. Details of his birth and death are obscure.

[3] *Ichi no hito*, 'the number one person', i.e., the *Kampaku* or Chancellor.

[4] Commentators assume this to have been a banquet provided by a new appointee as Prime Minister.

'Ah, if only I could have as much yam gruel to eat as I wanted!' 'Haven't you had enough, then?' asked Toshihito. 'No, I haven't', replied the Goi. 'I'd be happy to give you a good feed of it', said Toshihito. 'That would be splendid', said the Goi, and there the matter was left.

About four or five days later, the Goi was off duty when Toshihito came in and suggested that they should go together to take a bath. 'Thank you very much,' said the Goi, 'I am feeling rather itchy this evening. I haven't a mount, though.' 'I have a couple of hacks here', said Toshihito. 'Fine', replied the Goi. He was wearing a couple of thin cotton coats, a pair of bluish-grey trousers that were rather ragged at the bottom, and a hunting coat of the same colour which had rather lost its shape at the shoulders. He had nothing on under his trousers. His nose had a good high bridge, but at the tip it was reddish, and it looked wet about the nostrils, as though he had not wiped it properly. The back of his hunting coat was twisted out of place by his sash but he had left it as it was and not pulled it straight. Altogether he looked very slovenly, a most peculiar sight. Nevertheless, Toshihito let him go ahead, and the two of them set off for the Kamo River.[1] The Goi had no attendants, not even a humble page, whereas Toshihito, on the other hand, had a man to carry his weapons, a groom and a personal manservant. 'Where are we going?' said the Goi as they passed the river and approached Awataguchi, but Toshihito only answered, 'We're almost there; we're almost there.' They passed Yamashina. 'What do you mean, saying "We're almost there"? We've passed Yamashina', said the Goi. 'It's just over there', said Toshihito, and they went to the house of a priest he knew at the Mii-dera. 'Perhaps this is where we're going to have our bath', thought the Goi. Even this seemed to be a crazy long way to come for such a purpose. But there was no sign of a bath here, either. 'Where are we going to have our bath?' asked the Goi, and Toshihito answered, 'The fact is, I'm taking you to Tsuruga.'[2] 'What a crazy thing to do!' said the Goi. 'If only you'd told me that in the capital, I'd have brought some men with me.' But Toshihito merely smiled and said, 'So long as I am here, you can feel as if you had a thousand men.' They had a meal and then hurried on their way. At this point Toshihito began to carry his quiver himself.

Just as they reached Mitsu no Hama,[3] a fox suddenly ran across their path, and as soon as he saw it, Toshihito exclaimed, 'Now we've

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[1] I.e., eastwards from Kyoto.

[2] A port on the Japan Sea coast.

[3] Near Sakamoto, on the western shore of Lake Biwa.

got a good messenger', and chased it. It ran off as hard as it could go, but it was cornered and could not get away. Toshihito now leaned down from his horse and picked up the fox by the hind legs. His mount had not seemed to be very special, but it was in fact a remarkably fine horse and the fox was caught in no time. When the Goi galloped up, Toshihito held the fox up and said to it, 'You are to go to Tsuruga tonight and tell them that I am coming down from the capital with an unexpected guest. You are to say that my men must come to meet me at Takashima[1] at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and bring two horses ready saddled. If you don't. . . Now, let's see what you can do, fox. Foxes have supernatural powers, so go and deliver my message before the day is out.' With this he let the fox go. 'Well, that's not a very trustworthy messenger', said the Goi. 'Oh, you just watch. He'll go all right', said Toshihito. The fox was already running on ahead of them, looking back from time to time. They had barely remarked how quickly it seemed to be travelling when it vanished from sight, far off ahead of them.

That night they stopped at a place on their route, setting off early next morning. And sure enough, at about ten o'clock they met a group of some thirty horsemen coming towards them. As they looked to see who the men were, Toshihito exclaimed, 'Those are my men come to meet us.' 'Well, would you believe it!' said the Goi. Meanwhile the horsemen came nearer and nearer, and swarmed around as they dismounted. 'Look, His Lordship really did come!' someone shouted. Smiling, Toshihito asked what they meant. A senior retainer came forward and said, 'Well, sir, a queer thing happened.' Toshihito first asked whether they had the horses, and the man replied, 'Yes sir, two.' Since they had come prepared with food, everybody settled down to a meal, and as they were eating, the senior retainer said, 'You see, sir, a queer thing happened last night. About ten o'clock, Her Ladyship was taken with severe pains in the chest. Nobody could make out what had happened, then suddenly she asked us in great distress to send for a priest. Then, in her own voice, we heard her say, 'Why are you in such distress, madam? I am a fox. All that's happened is simply that today, the fifth of the month, I met His Lordship at Mitsu no Hama on his way down from the capital. I tried to escape but was unable to and was caught; then he told me to go to his house before the day was out and say that he was bringing a guest from the capital; I was to say that his men were to meet him at Takashima Creek and bring two horses ready saddled. If I didn't arrive before the day was out, he would make me suffer for it. You retainers must set off quickly. If you're late, I shall be punished." As she spoke, Her Ladyship was very frightened and upset, but after she had sent for her retainers and given them instructions, she became completely herself again. And then at cock-crow this morning we set out.' After this story, Toshihito grinned and exchanged glances with the Goi, who looked stunned. When they had finished their meal, the party hurried on, arriving just before nightfall. 'Look, the fox was telling the truth!' exclaimed the people of the household in amazement.

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[1] Likewise on the western shore of Lake Biwa.

Dismounting, the Goi found the mansion a place of quite extraordinary opulence. Although he had been given Toshihito's night-uniform coat to put on over the two that he had been wearing at the start, he felt very chilly, being hungry. So they got a good fire going in a long fireplace, thick matting was put out for him and he was given some fruit and other food, with the result that eventually a feeling of great contentment came over him. But then they were so anxious lest he should be feeling cold after his journey that they brought him three thickly padded light-yellow robes to use as bedclothes. By this time contentment was hardly the word to describe his feelings. After dinner was over and everybody settled down, Toshihito's father-in-law Arihito[1] came in to say, 'How is it you've come to visit us like this? And there's another queer thing—why you should have used such a ridiculous kind of messenger and your wife should have been so suddenly taken ill.' Toshihito burst out laughing, and replied, 'I did it just to see what it could do, but just fancy, it really did come and deliver the message.' His father-in-law joined in his amusement at the fantastic thing that had happened. 'Is this the gentleman you were supposed to be bringing along?' he asked. 'Yes', said Toshihito. 'He told me he had never eaten his fill of yam gruel, so I brought him here to give him the opportunity.' 'Fancy never having eaten your fill of a simple thing like that!' said Arihito jokingly, and the Goi replied, 'Never mind what Lord Toshihito is saying now—he tricked me into coming by telling me he'd arranged for a bath in Higashiyama'.[2] The bantering went on until quite late, then Toshihito's father-in-law retired to his own room.

When the Goi went into the place set aside for him as a bedroom, he found a quilted coat some four or five inches thick. His own thin coats were uncomfortable and must have had fleas or something of the sort in them because in places they made him feel itchy, so he

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[1] Nothing is known about this person.

[2] The hills on the eastern outskirts of Kyoto.

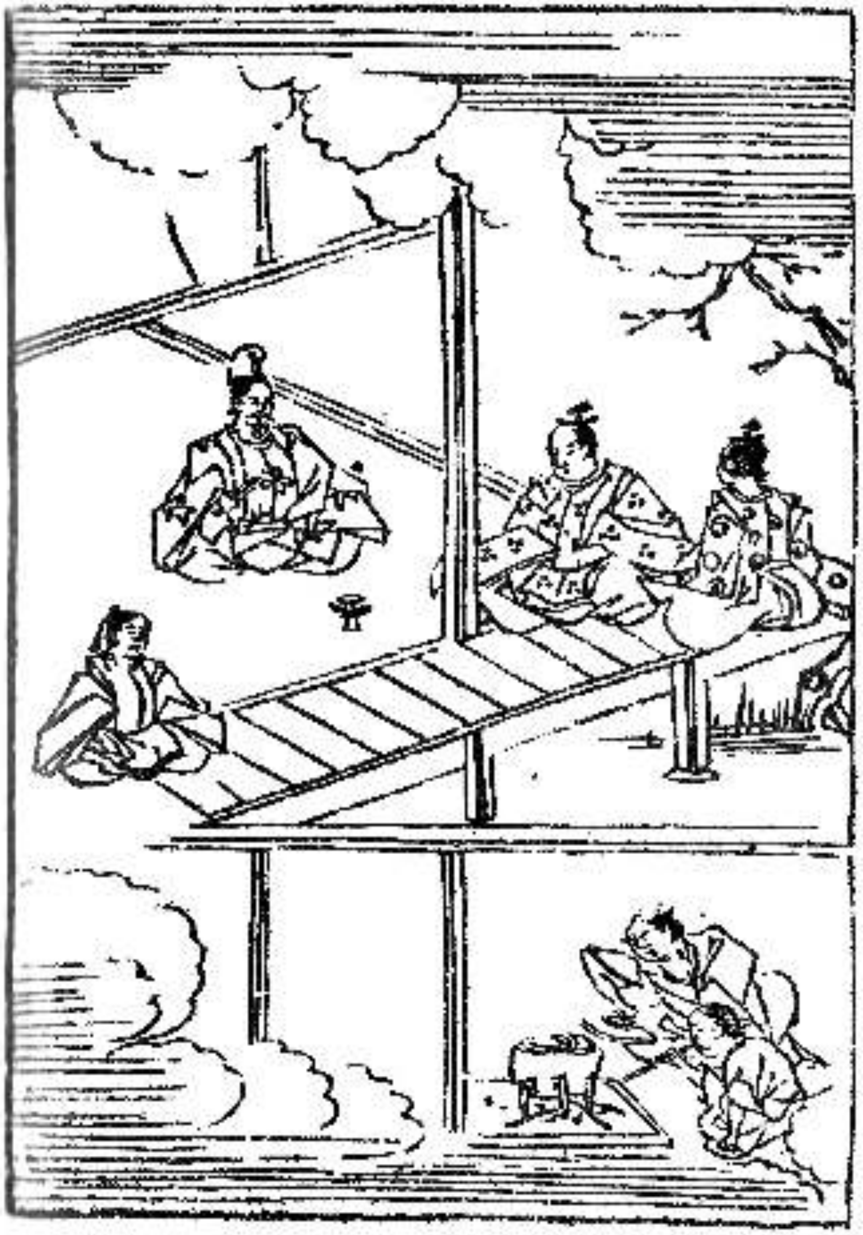

Fig. 5. The Goi being offered a feast of yam gruel (Story 18)

discarded them, and putting on this night-robe over the three yellow coats, he lay down to sleep, his mind in a complete whirl from all this unaccustomed luxury. As he lay sweating profusely, he felt someone moving beside him and called out, 'Who's there?' 'I was told to come and rub your feet, sir, that's why I'm here', came the reply. It was quite a pretty woman, and he took her into his bed, cuddling her and snuggling up to her so that she kept the draught off him.

Suddenly he heard loud shouts outside. Listening intently, he heard a man bellowing to all the peasants in the vicinity to pay attention to his orders. 'At six o'clock tomorrow morning, each one of you must bring along a yam five feet long and three inches thick.' 'That's a pretty tall order', thought the Goi as he lay listening. Eventually he fell asleep.

Waking just before dawn, he heard people laying out mats in the garden, and listened carefully to try to make out what was happening. He could hear the watchmen and others getting up, then the shutters were opened and he saw four or five long mats laid out, though he could not guess what they were for. Next some peasants came along, each carrying on his shoulder what seemed to be a lump of wood, which he put down and then went away. Watching them as they came streaming up one after another, he saw that the things they came up to dump were indeed three inches thick. Though they brought only one each, by ten o'clock the pile had grown as high as the building in which he sat watching. Now he realized that the shouting he had heard the night before had been an announcement to every peasant in the neighbourhood and had been made from a mound called Summoning Hill. 'If there are enough peasants within earshot to bring this vast quantity of yams, however many must there be living further away?' thought the Goi, watching incredulously. Five or six twenty-five-bushel cauldrons were brought and set up in the garden on stakes driven into the ground. As he was wondering what they were for, up came some young girls, looking very pretty in dresses of white silk with sashes, who took some new white buckets and splashed water into the cauldrons. 'What, are they going to heat bath-water?' wondered the Goi—and then he saw that the liquid was a kind of syrup. About ten young men with bared arms came up with long thin knives and began peeling the yams and cutting them into thin slices. Now it dawned on the Goi that they were going to make yam gruel, and he lost all his appetite for it—in fact, the idea of yam gruel suddenly became quite revolting to him.

The mixture was boiled up and someone announced that the yam gruel was ready. 'Have some, sir', they said, and they handed him an enormous earthenware basin into which they poured gruel from a silver jug—not one jugful as you would expect, but three or four. By the time they came to offer him some more, he had so completely lost his taste for it that he was unable to manage even one basinful. 'I'm full up', he said. At this, they roared with laughter and clustered round telling each other that thanks to this gentleman visiting them they would have a good feed of yam gruel. In the midst of all this, Toshihito spotted the fox peering down from the eaves of the one-storey building opposite and shouted, 'Look over there, our friend the fox has come to see you.' He instructed them to put out some food for it, which the fox soon gobbled up.

So you see, in every way Toshihito was wealthy beyond description. About a month later, when they returned to the capital, the Goi was presented with several suits of everyday and formal clothes, along with boxes full of material such as Hachijō silk, cotton padding and other silk stuffs. Of course he kept the padded night-robe he had been given the first night. He was even presented with a horse complete with saddle.

Even in subordinate positions you sometimes come across people who have been serving for such a long time that they have achieved some kind of recognition and status.[1]

19. (2/1) *About the supernatural powers of the holy man Seitoku*[2]

Long ago there was a holy man named Seitoku who, after his mother's death, put her body into a coffin and carried it by himself to Mt Atago.[3] There he set the coffin down on four stones, one at each corner, and began to perform the rite of circumambulation about it; for three years he did this, all the while reciting the magic incantation to the thousand-armed Kannon[1] and never pausing a moment for rest or sleep, for food or drink.

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[1] There is considerable doubt about the meaning of this last sentence. If the real focus of attention in this story is the Goi, the word *kyōshō* must be taken as referring to him (meaning either, according to the character used for *kyō*, 'one in materially poor circumstances' or 'one in a menial position'), and *tokoro ni tsukete toshigoro ni narite yurusaretaru* must mean 'is accepted because he has held his position for a long time'. This is the interpretation preferred by Nomura, since it is backed up by the corresponding passage in the *Konjaku* version of the story, and this is the one I have adopted. Watanabe and Nishio, however, consider that the real focus of interest in the story is Toshihito and the remarkable wealth and local influence of his father-in-law. They therefore suggest that the reference in the last sentence may be to Toshihito and Arihito. This interpretation requires taking *kyōshō* (in a way which they themselves admit is somewhat dubious and daring) as 'the holder of a fief' and *tokoro ni tsukete*, etc., as 'who has been settled in a place for such a long time that he has great influence'. Curiously, Nakajima seems to combine the latter with the interpretation of *kyōshō* as 'menial' or 'subordinate', and takes the sentence as referring to Toshihito.

[2] Nothing is known about this priest. However, the date of the story can be deduced by the appearance in it of Fujiwara Morozane (see note 2 on p. 162).

[3] To the north-west of Kyoto.

In the spring of the third year, he faintly—as if in a dream—heard his mother saying to him, 'Because you recited this spell day and night, I have long since been born in the Heavenly Realm as a man. But I have not told you before because I wished if possible to attain to Buddhahood before speaking. Now having become a Buddha, I am revealing this to you.' 'I thought so', said Seitoku to himself, 'She has become a Buddha.' And removing her body from the coffin, he cremated it on that same spot, after which he collected and buried her bones, and erected a stūpa over them. Having thus carried out the customary rites, he returned to the capital, and on the way he came to a field in the western part of the city in which a large crop of onions were growing.

Being very tired and hungry, the holy man picked and ate some as he went along. Just then the owner of the land came up and was greatly surprised to see this most venerable-looking holy man making so free with his onions, pulling them up and eating them. 'What are you eating those for?' he asked. 'Because I am famished', said Seitoku. 'Well, if you can manage them, please help yourself to a few more, as many as you want', said the owner. Thus invited, Seitoku pulled up about thirty plants and scoffed them down. The area planted with onions was over seven acres, and the owner was so astonished at the holy man's appetite that he wanted to see how many he would eat, and invited him to eat as many as he could. 'That's very kind of you', said Seitoku, and he went crawling along on his knees pulling up the onions, until he had eaten all seven acres of them. Astounded at the holy man's fantastic capacity, the owner invited Seitoku to stay a while and have a meal. Some five bushels of rice were brought out and cooked for the holy man, who devoured the lot, saying, 'I've had nothing to eat for years, you see, and I'm hungry.' Then he went on his way.

The incredulous owner of the onion-fields told people what had happened, and the story spread until it eventually reached the ears of the Minister of the Right from Bōjō Lane,[2] who was so puzzled to know how such a thing was possible that he decided to see for himself by inviting the holy man to a meal, saying in his invitation that he

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[1] A magic incantation lauding the thousand-armed (senju) Kannon and thereby warding off evil and assuring salvation.

[2] Fujiwara Morosuke, 908–60.

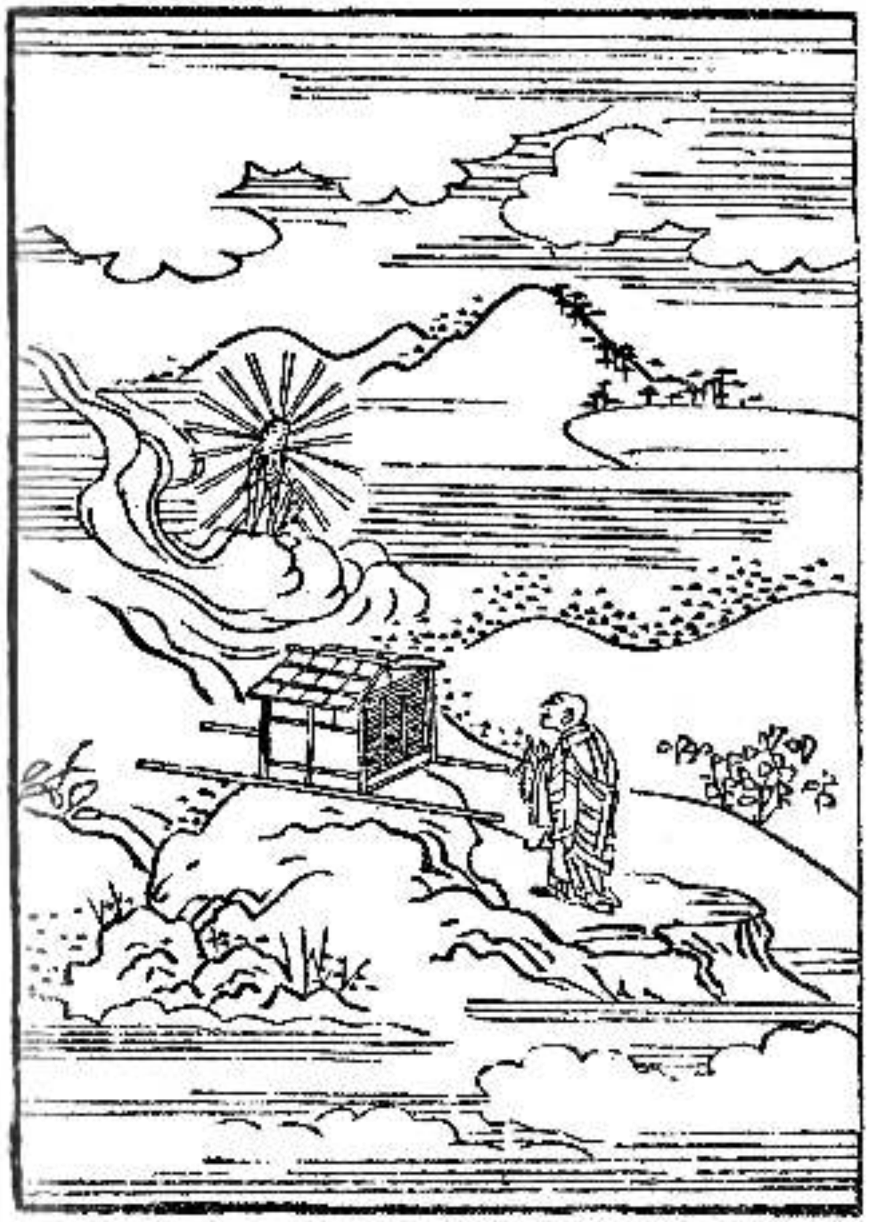

Fig. 6. Seitoku's mother revealing that she has achieved Buddhahood (Story 19)

hoped he might benefit from this link with the Way of the Buddha. The holy man arrived on foot, a most impressive figure. At his heels, in a long line, came thousands upon thousands of birds and animals and creatures of every conceivable kind—hungry demons,[1] creatures from the Realm of Beasts,[2] tigers, wolves, dogs, horses and others. They were invisible to other people, who could see only the holy man. The Minister of the Right, however, could see them, and marvelled as he watched, for he realized that Seitoku was indeed a holy man of great distinction. He provided a lavish feast, with fifty bushels of rice set out on trays, in tubs, and in boxes on new straw-mats. When Seitoku offered the food to the creatures behind him, they crowded round and gobbled it all up, scooping it up with their paws. He then left, having eaten nothing himself, but highly delighted. 'I see I was right', thought the Minister. 'He is no ordinary person. He must be the incarnation of some Buddha, or something like that.' Everyone else, however, had had the impression that Seitoku was eating all the food himself, and they could scarcely believe their eyes.

On leaving the Minister's house, Seitoku emptied his bowels in a lane on the north side of Fourth Avenue. The creatures in his train did likewise, and the whole area was so spattered with their inky-black dung that even the very coolies were disgusted, and called the lane 'Dung Lane'. Word of this reached the Emperor's ears, and he asked, 'What do they call the lane south of Fourth Avenue?' When he heard that it was called 'Damask Lane', he said, 'Very well, call this one "Brocade Lane". The name it has is too unpleasant.' That is how this lane came to be called 'Brocade Lane'.[3]

20. (2/2) *How the High Priest Jōkan*[4] *succeeded in making rain by magic*

Long ago, during the reign of the Engi Emperor,[5] there occurred a great drought. The Emperor summoned sixty distinguished priests to recite the Mahā-prajñā Sūtra, but though they sent up clouds of black smoke from their sacred fires, the weather only became finer and the sunshine hotter than ever. There was not a person in the whole country who did not grieve over this calamity—the common people and the members of the 'hundred families',[1] the court nobles and the Ministers of State, even the Emperor himself. His Majesty summoned one of his two Chief Archivists[2] and issued the following command to the High Priest Jōkan: 'I have a special plan in mind. These prayers that are being said everywhere are having little effect. I want you to leave your seat and go to say some prayers standing by yourself under the wall. I have a particular idea in mind in giving you this special order.' Now the High Priest Jōkan was at that time only a Master of Asceticism and he was outranked by a number of High Priests, Assistant High Priests and other priests of long service. However, it was such a great honour that he went down the steps of the Ceremonial Palace[3] to stand by the wall, facing north,[4] took a firm grip on his censer, raised it to his forehead and began to pray. The suspense was agonizing, even for the onlookers.

The sun was so hot that to be out in it at all was unbearable, but Jōkan persisted with his prayers, while tears streamed from his eyes and black smoke rose from his censer. The rising smoke formed a black cloud no bigger than a fan. The high Court nobles sat in rows in the Ceremonial Palace, while the Courtiers in Attendance[5] stood looking on from the Archery Ground Pavilion, at the north-east corner of the Hall of Archives;[6] the high-ranking courtiers' outriders peered in through the Bifuku Gate.[7]

And now the cloud grew until it covered the whole sky, the thunder rolled, lightning lit up the thousand million worlds[8] and torrential rain

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[1] Sinners who have been reborn as hungry ghosts or demons.

[2] Sinners who have been reborn in the chikushōdō.

[3] Nishikinokōji. The original name of the lane appears to have been Kusoku ('wholeness' or 'completeness', a Buddhist term), of which Kuso ('dung') is presumably a corruption. The story would therefore seem to be a folk etymology.

[4] Bishop: Abbot of the Enryaku-ji and thus head of the Tendai sect. Died 927, aged eighty-five.

[5] Daigo, who reigned 897–930. The Engi period was in fact only a part of this reign (901–23).

[1] The lesser gentry, including provincial governors.

[2] The two chief officials (under the *bettō* or Director, who was always a Minister, either of the Right or the Left) of the Sovereign's Private Office. One of them was chosen from the ranks of the Controllers (*Ben*) and one from the Guards.

[3] The *Shishinden* (also called *Nanden* or *Naden*, 'Southern Palace'), the main building of the Imperial Palace.

[4] Because that is the region controlled by the dragon-god (i.e. the rain-god).

[5] The most important courtiers, i.e., those who were allowed into the Imperial audience chamber, consisted of two groups: the high Court nobles (*kugyō*, or *kandachime*)—those of Third Rank or above, or Imperial Advisers (*sangi*) of the Fourth Rank; and the Courtiers in Attendance (*tenjōbito*)—those of Fourth or Fifth Rank, and Archivists of the Sixth Rank.

[6] To the right of the Ceremonial Palace, looking south.

[7] The gate opposite the Ceremonial Palace.

[8] The so called 'great chiliocosm'. 'Mt. Sumeru and its seven surrounding continents, eight seas and ring of iron mountains form one small world; 1,000 of these form a small chiliocosm; 1,000 of these small chiliocosms form a medium chiliocosm; 1,000 of these form a great chiliocosm, which consists of 1,000,000,000 small worlds.' W. E. Soothill, *A dictionary of Chinese Buddhist terms, with Sanskrit and English equivalents, a Chinese index and a Sanskrit-Pali index* (rev. ed., Taipei 1962), p. 16.

poured down, so that at once the earth grew moist, the crops flourished and all the trees bore fruit. Not a person saw or heard about this miracle but became a devoted follower of Jōkan. Emperor, Ministers and nobles alike joyfully put their faith in him and he was made an Assistant High Priest.

I have recorded this story because it is a miraculous incident rare in these degenerate times.

21. (2/3) *How this same High Priest by his prayers destroyed a rock on the Great Peak*[1]

Long ago the High Priest Jōkan was living in the Western Precinct[2] of the Hiei monastery, in the Senju-in. This place faced south and commanded a clear view of the Great Peak. On the north-western flank of the Peak was a huge rock that looked like a dragon with jaws agape. The priests who lived in sight of this rock had a feeble hold on life and many died. For some time no one could understand why they died, but then the story spread that the presence of this rock was causing the deaths, and it was given the name 'Poisonous Snake Rock'. All this meant that the Western Monastery went more and more to rack and ruin. At the Senju-in, too, a number of priests died, and life there became very unpleasant. The appearance of the rock certainly did remind one of a dragon with its jaws agape, and the High Priest began to feel that the rumours might be justified. He therefore sat facing towards the rock reciting prayers for seven days and seven nights, until at midnight on the seventh day, the sky clouded over and the earth was shaken by violent tremors. The Great Peak was lost to view among dark clouds. After a time the sky cleared, and when dawn broke, it was seen that the 'Poisonous Snake Rock' had shattered and crumbled away. From that time on, no one suffered any evil effects whatever from living in the Western Monastery.

The priests of this monastery are traditionally said to have greatly revered this abbot, right down to the present day.

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[1] The summit of Mt Hiei.

[2] One of the three groups of temples that constitute the Enryaku-ji.

22. (2/4) *About Mt Kimbu*[1] *and the gold-beater*

Long ago a gold-beater who lived in Seventh Avenue made a pilgrimage to the Sacred Peak.[2] While walking there in the area called Kanakuzure (Gold-slide) he found some rock that appeared to be real gold, and in great excitement he collected some and took it home stuffed into his sleeve. When he crushed and assayed it, he found it to be genuine gold, with a beautiful lustre. 'That's very peculiar', thought the delighted gold-beater. 'There's supposed to be a curse on this gold, so that when people have tried to take some, there have been thunderclaps and earthquakes and rainstorms, and no one has managed to take any away. But this time nothing of the sort has happened, so I'll go again some time and get enough of this gold to live on.' On weighing his gold, he found he had eighteen taels of it, which when beaten out made seven or eight thousand sheets of gold leaf. These he rolled up and carried about for a while in the hope of finding someone who would buy his whole stock at once. Before long, he heard of a police official who wished to buy a large quantity of gold leaf as he was going to have a statue of the Buddha made for the Tōji.[3] Very pleased, he thrust the gold leaf into his coat and went to see the official. 'You require some gold leaf, I believe, sir', he said. 'How much have you got?' 'About seven or eight thousand sheets, sir.' 'Have you brought it with you?' 'Yes, sir', said the gold-beater, and he produced the paper-wrapped package from his coat. The sheets were large and untorn, and had a most beautiful colour, and the police official was just opening them out to count them when he suddenly noticed that every single one had written on it in tiny letters 'The Sacred Golden Peak'.[4] 'What is this written on here for?' asked the official, in some puzzlement. 'There's no writing on it, sir. How could there be?' said the gold-beater. 'But there really is! Look here', said the official, showing it to him. The gold-beater now saw that there was indeed some writing on the sheets, and he was so taken aback that he could think of nothing to say. 'There's more in this than meets the eye', said the police official. 'It all looks highly suspicious.' And asking some friends to accompany him, he took the gold-beater off to see the Police Commissioner, with a constable carrying the gold. When the circumstances were explained, the Commissioner was shocked and ordered the man to be taken at once to the river-bed[1] for questioning. At the river-bed, the police sank a post into the ground and binding him to it so tightly that he could not move, they flogged him. After some seventy strokes, his back was so drenched with blood that it looked as if someone had put a sodden crimson silk coat on him. On top of the flogging, he was put in prison, where it was only a matter of ten days before he died. The gold leaf, so the story goes, was taken back to Mt Kimbu and replaced where it had come from.

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[1] Kinbusen, literally 'Gold Peak Mountain'. See note 5 on p. 141. Here there is a Shinto shrine to the deity of the place, Kanayama-hiko-no-mikoto, thought to be a protective deity for gold.

[2] Mt Kimbu.

[3] On Ninth Avenue, in the southern part of Kyoto.

[4] *Kin no mitake*. Watanabe and Nishio's text has the word *mitake* in *kana* followed by a symbol indicating repetition (strictly speaking of only two *kana*, but here presumably of the whole phrase); this suggests that only this name appeared on each sheet. Nomura and Nakajima, however, have the word *sumu* in place of the repetition symbol, indicating that the inscription on each sheet began with 'The Sacred Golden Peak' but comprised more than just the name.

Since that time no one has had the nerve to attempt to take any of this gold. It is enough to make your flesh creep!

23. (2/5) *About Mochitsune and the parcel of fish*

Long ago there was a certain nobleman, long of high rank at Court, who was Master of the Office of the Left Division of the Capital. An old and very old-fashioned man, he never went out, but remained secluded in his house in the southern part of the city. One of his under-officials was a certain Ki no Mochitsune,[2] who lived in Nagaoka. Being a Clerk[3] in this old gentleman's department, he used to come to his chief's house in an attempt to curry favour.

One day he happened to be in the pantry at the Chancellor's mansion[4] when a number of sea-bream wrapped in straw, a gift from the Governor of Awaji, Yorichika,[5] were brought in. Begging a couple from Yoshizumi, the man in charge of the pantry, Mochitsune put them up on a shelf and asked Yoshizumi to hand them over when he sent someone to fetch them. What he had in mind in putting them aside was to curry favour with his chief by making him a present of them; he now called on the old man, whom he found with several guests in the reception room. Wishing to entertain them to a meal, the old nobleman had had a fire lit, but when it came to food, there was no good fish in the house. He was obviously in need of some sea-bream, or fowl, or something of the sort.

At this point Mochitsune said, 'At home, I have a parcel of bream. A servant of mine in Settsu Province brought me three. I tasted one and it was too delicious for words, but the other two have not been touched yet. Being in a hurry when I came here, I didn't have a servant with me, so I didn't bring them. Shall I send for them now, sir?' He said this very loudly, with a smug look on his face, and he kept straightening his sleeves, wiping the sides of his mouth and peering around in a very self-satisfied way. 'That will be excellent, seeing that we've nothing suitable here', said his chief. 'Hurry up and send for them, then.' The guests too said what a rare treat a good bream would be, since there really didn't seem to be anything else suitable—at this time of year, the ninth month, fowl had rather lost its flavour, and it was too early for carp.

Calling the boy who was looking after his horse, Mochitsune sent him off with instructions to tether the horse by the side of the gate and then rush off to the Chancellor's mansion. 'Whisper to the man in charge of the pantry that you want the fish that were left there. Bring them here right away. Be as quick as you can, and don't call in anywhere else.' In a loud voice, he called for a chopping-board, then, announcing that today he would act as chef himself, he cut the chopsticks, pulled the kitchen knife from its sheath and laid it out ready. Meanwhile he was getting very impatient, and kept making comments 'What a long time he's taking!' 'Where's he got to?' 'Has he arrived yet?' 'Whatever's holding him up?' and so on. Eventually the boy he had sent arrived with two parcels of fish tied to a stick. 'Well done, lad, you've been there and back in no time!' said Mochitsune, and taking the fish, he put it on the board, then with a great show, as if he were going to dress a big carp, he pulled up both his sleeves and tied them back with cord, knelt on one knee, and striking a very professional pose, cut the string round the parcels and slit open the straw wrapping. Out tumbled a number of objects—clogs, old sandals, old straw shoes, and old boots—but nothing else! In disgust, Mochitsune flung away the knife and the chopsticks and rushed out of the house, without even stopping to put on his shoes.

The Master of the Office of the Left Division of the Capital and his guests were left with eyes and mouths agape in astonishment. The retainers in attendance, too, were dumbfounded, and the whole line of them sat looking at each other with consternation written over their faces. The pleasant atmosphere of the meal had now been completely spoiled, and in ones and twos the guests got up and left. 'I knew that fellow was a complete idiot,' said the old nobleman, 'but even though I disapproved of his coming here to make a fuss of me because I'm his chief, I could hardly turn him away, and so I felt I ought to let him come if he wanted. But it's too bad when he plays tricks of this sort on me. I'm one of those unlucky people who are always having things like this happen to them, even in the most trivial matters. I can just imagine what a good laugh people will have at my expense when this story gets around.' And he threw his head back in disgust, bemoaning his luck.

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[1] The bed of the Kamo River, where interrogations and punishments were carried out on the banks.

[2] No such person appears in the genealogies of the Ki family.

[3] *Sakan*, a fourth-grade official.

[4] The word I have translated as 'the Chancellor's mansion' is in fact simply *ōdono*, 'the Great Hall'. It does not make sense to take it as referring to the nobleman's residence, and the corresponding story in *Konjaku* makes it quite clear that the mansion referred to is that of Yorimichi, the 'Lord Uji' of *US* 9.

[5] Son of Tada Mitsunaka, who figures in *US* 9.

Mochitsune had meanwhile dashed off on horseback to the mansion where he had been given the fish, and railed on and on at Yoshizumi, the pantryman, almost crying with rage. 'If you regretted giving me those fish, you could just have taken them back without any fuss—instead of that, now look what you've done!' 'What are you talking about?' said Yoshizumi. 'After I'd given you those fish, I went home for a bit. I told my man when I left that if anyone came for the fish from your chief's house, he was to get them down and hand them over. I've just got back, and when I found the fish weren't there and asked what had happened to them, he said that someone had come to fetch them and he had followed my instructions. When he told me that, I thought to myself, "That's all right, then." That's all I know about it.' 'In that case, would you send for the man you told to look after them and question him?—though it will do precious little good.' The man was sent for, but it turned out that he had left. One of the cooks said, 'While I was in my room, I heard some of the young gentlemen of the house say, "There are some fish up on that shelf. Who put them there? What are they for?" Someone—I don't know who—said they belonged to that Clerk gentleman from the Office of the Left Division of the Capital, and the youngsters said, "That's all right, then. We know what to do with them." They took the parcels down, all joined in cutting the bream up and eating them, then they wrapped up old sandals and clogs and things in their place and put the parcels back on the shelf.' At this information, Mochitsune cursed and swore so violently that everybody within earshot, far from sympathizing with him, merely laughed derisively. In the end, he could stand it no longer and went off to Nagaoka, where he shut himself away, determined not to go out so long as people laughed and mocked at him like this.

From then on, I believe, he never ventured to visit his chief's house again.

24. (2/6) *How Atsuyuki let a corpse be taken out through his house*

There was once a certain Lieutenant of the Inner Palace Guards of the Right named Shimotsuke Atsuyuki,[1] who was an expert rider in horse races. He was quite remarkably well thought of by everyone, including the Emperor himself. From the time of the Emperor Suzaku[2] into the reign of Murakami[3] he did extremely well in the minor ranks of the Guards,[4] and was very popular. In his old age, he lived in the western part of the capital.

One day his neighbour died suddenly, and Atsuyuki called to see the son and offer condolences on the occasion of his father's death. The son told him, 'The direction which our gate faces is inauspicious[5] for taking my father's body out of the house. Nevertheless we must do something with it. We shall just have to take him out through the gate.' When he heard this, Atsuyuki said, 'It will never do to take him out in an unlucky direction, and what's more, it would be particularly unlucky for all his family. Let us make a hole in the fence between my house and yours and have the body taken out that way. After all, while he was alive, your father never showed anything but kindness to me. If I fail to repay that kindness at a time like this, how shall I ever repay it?' 'It wouldn't be right to have the body taken out through someone else's house when it has not been defiled by death', replied the neighbour's son. 'No, we'll take him out through our own gate, even though the direction is unlucky.' But Atsuyuki said, 'Do not do anything so ill-advised. I insist that he be taken out through my gate', and with that he returned home.

He told his children what he had said. 'I was sorry to hear about the death of our neighbour and so I called to express my sympathy. When his son told me that since they had only one gate they would have to take him out through that, even though it is in an inauspicious direction, I felt so sorry for them that I offered to have a hole made in the fence between our houses so that they could take him out through our gate.' 'What a crazy thing to do, father,' the whole family protested, 'why, even the saintliest of holy men who refuse to eat grain[1] would hardly do this kind of thing. Who ever heard of anyone with so little care for his own safety that he let his neighbour's dead body be taken out through his gate? It's absolutely out of the question.' 'Don't talk nonsense', said Atsuyuki. 'Just leave it to me to go about this in my own way. People who observe taboos and stick to rigid superstitions don't live long and never get much good out of it. Only those who scorn taboos enjoy long life and leave flourishing families. People who are so rigid and practise such strict taboos are not worthy of the name of human beings. Only people who have a sense of gratitude and are prepared to disregard their own safety are worthy of that name. Those are the people that Heaven will bless. Stop worrying about things that don't matter.' Then he called his servants and had them ruthlessly chop a hole in the cypress-wood dividing fence, through which he allowed the body to be brought out.

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[1] Nothing is known of Atsuyuki from other sources except that he was a good horseman.

[2] Reigned 931–47.

[3] Reigned 947–67.

[4] As a *toneri*, or Imperial Attendant. Each division of the Inner Palace Guards had three hundred *toneri*, recruited from among the sons of men who held Court rank. It was from the ranks of the *toneri* that Lieutenants, Assistant Lieutenants and some other lower-ranking officers were chosen.

[5] The avoidance of directions pronounced by *on'yōji* (or *onmyōji*, Masters of Divination, or yin-yang practitioners) to be unlucky is one of the many facets of superstition in the Heian period. For a very full exposition of superstitions of this kind and the means adopted to avoid evil influences, see Bernard Frank, *Kata-Imi et Kata-Tagae* (Tokyo 1958).

News of this spread, and members of the nobility expressed their astonishment and admiration at Atsuyuki's action. He lived on till long afterwards, dying at the age of about ninety, while his children, too, all enjoyed long life, and the descendants of the Shimotsuke family made a name for themselves in the lower ranks of the Guards.

25. (2/7) *About the priest with the long nose*

Once there lived at Ikenoo[2] a Court priest named Zenchin.[3] He was a very saintly man, being thoroughly versed in the esoteric teachings of Buddhism and having practised its rites for many years, and thus he was in great demand to say all manner of prayers. As a result he was very prosperous, and there was never a sign of dilapidation in the temple buildings or in the priests' living quarters. The offerings to the Buddha and the votive lamp were never neglected. The periodic banquets to the priests and the temple sermons—all were held regularly. And so the priests' quarters in the temple were always fully occupied. Never a day passed without the bath being heated and a noisy crowd of priests bathing. In the neighbourhood, too, a number of small houses were built and a flourishing village grew up.

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[1] Note that this practice is really of Taoist origin. See note 1 on p. 50 in Chapter 3, and also *US* 145.

[2] In Uji, near Kyoto (to the south-east).

[3] The priest was a naigu(bu), one of what Reischauer terms the 'Ten Chosen Buddhist Priests'. His identity is obscure, though there is a theory that he was the great-grandson of Murasaki Shikibu's husband. This tale was of course the basis for Akutagawa Ryunosuke's *Hana*, 'The Nose'.

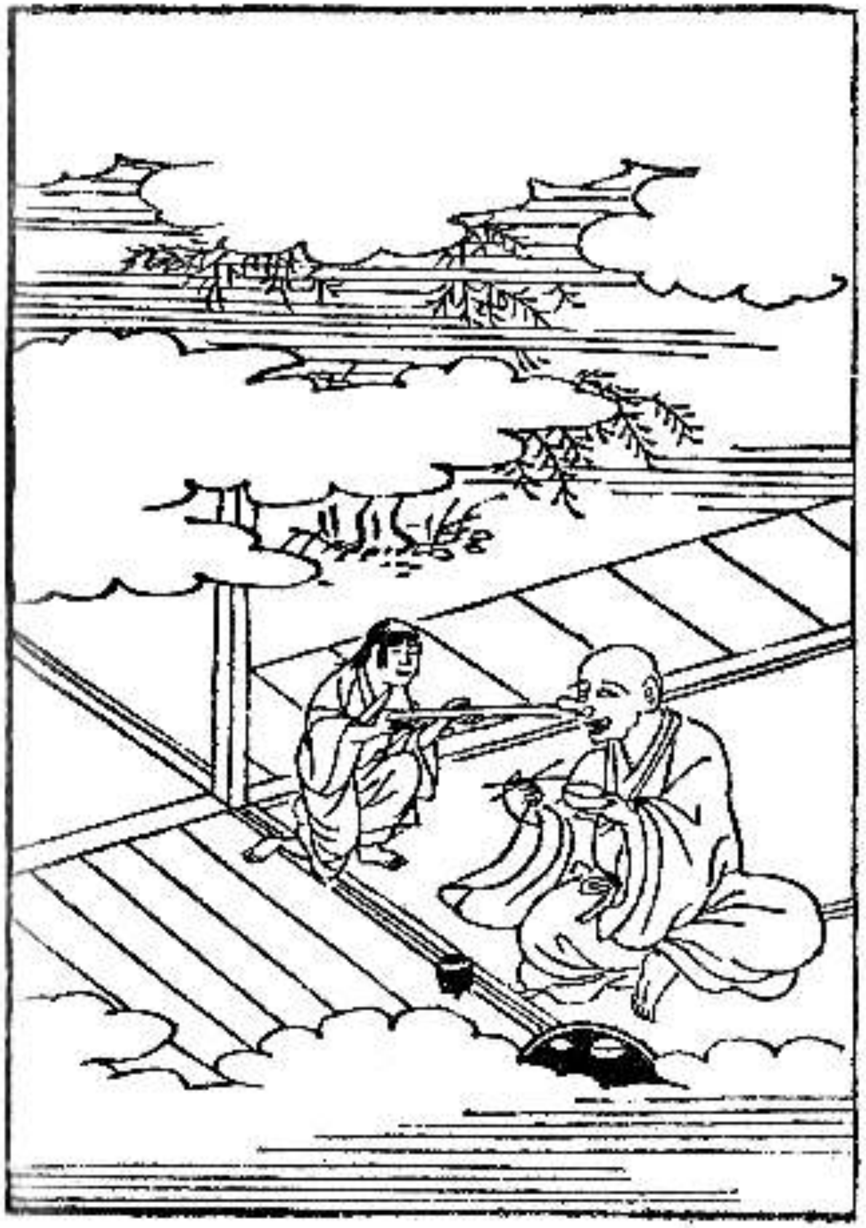

Fig. 7. The temple lad keeping Zenchin's nose out of his gruel (Story 25)

Now Zenchin had a long nose, five or six inches long, in fact, so that it seemed to hang down beyond his chin. It was purply-red in colour, swollen and pimply like the peel of an orange. It itched terribly, and he used to boil water in a kettle and put his nose into it, protecting his face from the fire by means of a tray in which he had cut a hole just large enough to allow the nose to pass through. He would give it a good boiling, and when he took it out it was a deep purple hue. Then he would lie down on his side, and putting something underneath the nose, he would get someone to tread on it, whereupon something like smoke oozed out from the hole in each of the pimples. As the treading grew heavier, white maggots emerged from each of the holes and were pulled out with a pair of hair-tweezers—a white maggot about half an inch long from each hole. You could even see the open holes they had come from. Then the nose was put back into the same water and boiled up again, which made it shrink until it was the size of an ordinary person's nose. But within two or three days it would swell up again to its former size.

This same process went on over and over again, so that there were a great many days when it was swollen. At mealtimes, therefore, Zenchin would get one of his acolytes to sit opposite him and hold a strip of wood about a foot long and an inch wide under his nose to keep it up, staying like that until the meal was over. When Zenchin got anyone else to hold his nose up, they were not gentle in the way they did it and he got so annoyed that he lost his appetite. Accordingly this one priest was given the job of holding his nose up at every meal. One day, however, he was feeling unwell, and when Zenchin sat down to his breakfast gruel there was no one to support his nose. While he was wondering what to do, a lad who was one of his servants volunteered to hold the nose up for him. 'I'm sure I shall do just as well as that priest', he said. He was overheard by one of the acolytes, who reported his offer to Zenchin, and the boy, a good-looking lad in his middle teens,[1] was summoned to come and sit in front of his master, where he took up the nose-supporter and, holding himself very formally and correctly, kept the nose at just the right height, not too high and not too low, so that Zenchin could drink his gruel. As he drank, Zenchin remarked how skilful the lad was, even better than the priest. But just then the boy turned aside to sneeze, and as he sneezed, his hand shook, the stick supporting the nose wobbled, and the nose slipped off and fell plop into the gruel, which splashed up all over their faces. Zenchin was furious, and as he wiped his head and face with paper, he ordered the boy out, bellowing, 'You confounded idiot! A stupid lout, that's what you are. Just you go and hold up some bigwig's nose, instead of mine, then I'll bet you wouldn't do this. You stupid great fool! Get out, get out!' 'Certainly, I'll go and hold his nose up', called the lad, as a parting shot, '—if there is anybody else with a nose like yours. You don't know what you're talking about, sir.' The acolytes all went where they could not be seen and had a good laugh.

26. (2/8) *How Seimei*[1] *used his magic powers to protect an Archivist Minor Captain*[2]

Seimei was once seated in his official place at the Palace, watching the high Court nobles arrive with their fine array of outriders, when he saw an elegant and very handsome young Archivist Minor Captain alight from his carriage and enter the Palace. Just at that moment, Seimei saw a crow fly over the officer's head and drop its dung on him. Seimei took a careful look at it and thought to himself, 'What a shame that such a handsome and very popular young man should have been attacked by an evil spirit! This crow is clearly some diviner's familiar.'[3] Evidently it was not the officer's destiny to die yet, for Seimei felt so sorry for him that he went over and asked him, 'Are you having an audience of His Majesty? Forgive me if I seem a little presumptuous, but why have you come to the Palace? I have seen signs that you will not live through the night. Fate willed that it should be revealed to me. Please come with me and let me see what I can do.' So saying, he got into the carriage together with the officer, who began shivering with terror and said, 'What a terrible thing to happen! Please help me, then.' The two of them rode together to the officer's home. This had all happened at about four o'clock in the afternoon and by the time they arrived, it was already dark. With the Minor Captain clasped tightly in his arms, Seimei cast spells to protect him, and all night long, without a moment's sleep, he never once stopped reciting incomprehensible incantations and prayers.

It was a long autumn night, but he concentrated all his efforts, and towards dawn there came a knocking at the door. At Seimei's suggestion, someone was sent out to see what it was, and it now turned out that the familiar had been brought down on the Minor Captain by his brother-in-law, who held the Archivist's Fifth Rank.[1] They lived in different parts of the same house and the Minor Captain's brother-in-law was jealous because their father-in-law had a poor opinion of him, while he was very pleased with the Minor Captain as a son-in-law and made a great fuss of him. The brother-in-law was so jealous, in fact, that he had engaged a diviner to bring this spirit familiar down on to his rival. The Minor Captain had thus been close to death when Seimei had observed him, and after Seimei's night-long praying, a messenger had come from the diviner who had brought down the evil spirit and announced in a loud voice, 'Foolishly, and without reason save that I had been commanded to do so, I brought down an evil spirit on you, but you had such strong protection that it has turned back on me and I have now been struck dead, as a result of the awful thing that I did.' 'Do you hear that, sir?' said Seimei, 'If I had not discovered this last night, that is what would have happened to you.' The messenger was sent back in the company of a servant, who on inquiry was told that the diviner's death had been instantaneous. The son-in-law who had engaged the diviner to bring down the evil spirit was immediately sent packing by his father-in-law, who was overcome with tears as he thanked Seimei, and was scarcely able to reward him handsomely enough to express his gratitude.

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[1] *Chū-daidōji*. Nomura suggests that this is a middle grade of 'big lad'. I prefer here to follow *Kunaichō*, which has the reading *chūdōji* (though it is possible that the meaning is 'a lad somewhere between a *chū-* and a *dai-dōji*').

[1] A member of the Abe family and perhaps the most famous of all Masters of Divination or yin-yang practitioners. His exact dates are not known, but he lived in the second half of the tenth century.

[2] A Minor Captain of the Inner Palace Guards who was also an Archivist (an official in the Sovereign's Private Office).

[3] *Shiki* or *shikigami*.

The identity of this Minor Captain is not known, but they say he eventually became a Major Counsellor.

27. (2/9) *How Suemichi nearly met disaster*

There was once a certain Tachibana Suemichi,[2] a former Governor of Suruga. On one occasion in his young days, when he was secretly having an affair with a lady-in-waiting at a nobleman's house, the retainers in the house got together to talk about him. 'It's shocking', they said, 'how this whipper-snapper of a Sixth-Ranker who doesn't

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[1] There were three posts as Archivists in the Sovereign's Private Office which carried the Fifth Court Rank, and their holders were known as *Goi no kurōdo*. The lower officials, who held the Sixth Rank, were allowed to stay in their positions for only six years, and if at the end of this time there happened to be no vacancy as a Fifth Rank Archivist, they lost the position of Archivist altogether. It is true that they were then promoted to the Fifth Rank, but it was known as the Archivists' Fifth Rank, and was very much a consolation prize, since they had no further opportunity for advancement and lost the privilege of being admitted to the Audience Chamber of the Palace (*tenjō no ma*).

[2] Died 1060.

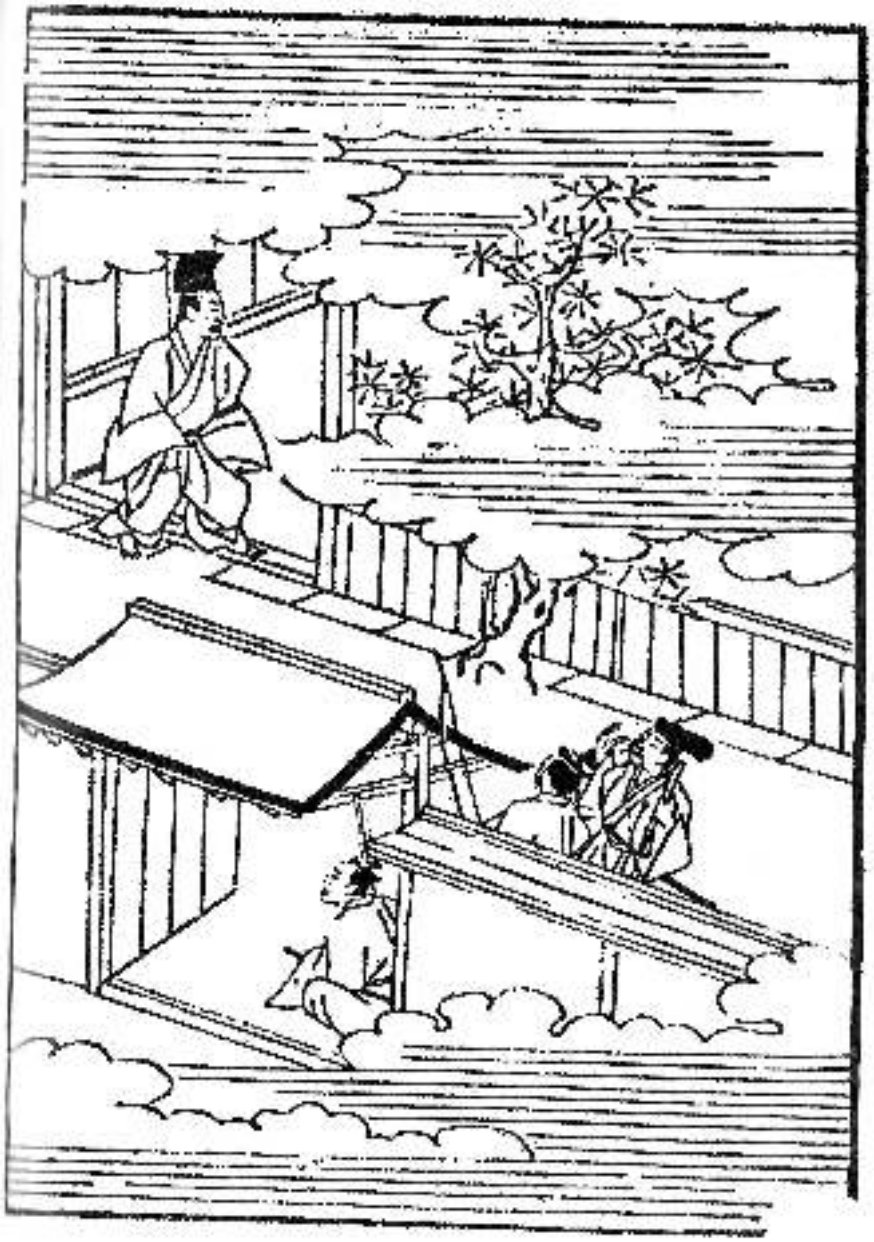

Fig. 6. Suemichi visiting his lady-love, much to the annoyance of certain retainers in the household (Story 27)

belong here comes and goes night and morning.' And they decided to trap him and teach him a lesson.

Completely unaware of what was afoot, Suemichi went into the lady's room with his page just as usual, then sent the boy home with instructions to come and meet him next morning. The fellows who were out to give Suemichi a beating were keeping watch, and spread the word that he had arrived and gone into the lady's room, then all the gates around the house were shut and locked, and the retainers, armed with staves which they trailed on the ground behind them, took up positions blocking any openings such as gaps in the garden-wall. All this was observed by the lady's little maid, who came and told her mistress about it and asked what it all meant. The news so alarmed the lady that she and Suemichi both got out of bed. He dressed and sat waiting, while she went to her master's quarters, where she learned that though the retainers had planned this among themselves, the master of the house was deliberately closing his eyes to it. There was nothing she could do, and returning to her room, she just sat crying.

'Here's a fine predicament!' thought Suemichi. 'This is going to be pretty humiliating.' But there was nothing he could do. The little maid was sent to see if there was the slightest loophole for escape, but she came back to say that at each of the possible places for escape there were four or five men standing guard, with their trouser legs tied up or their skirts tucked into their belts, wearing swords and carrying staves under their arms. Now the former Governor of Suruga was a man of immense strength, and he thought to himself, 'There's nothing for it but to stay in this room even after it gets light, and fight to the death with anyone who comes to drag me out. On the other hand, once it gets light and they can see who I am, they won't really be able to do much. I'll send someone to fetch my men and then get out.' Feeling worried that when his page came in the morning and unsuspectingly knocked at the gate, the unfortunate lad would be recognized as such and taken prisoner, he sent the maid to see if there was any sign of the boy. But the retainers shouted so roughly at her that she came back in tears and cowered down in the room.

By now dawn was approaching and they heard the lad come in—though how he had done it, they did not know. When the retainers suspiciously demanded to know who he was, Suemichi was afraid he would give himself away by his answer, but the lad announced, 'I'm the boy with the priest who comes to read the Sūtra', whereupon the retainers told him to hurry on in. 'That was a clever answer', thought Suemichi. 'But I wonder if he'll come here and call the maid, as he always does.' Instead of coming to the room, the page went right by. 'He knows what's going on. That's a really smart lad! If he's found out what's going on, then he may still be able to devise some means of escape', thought Suemichi hopefully, for he knew the way the lad's mind worked. Just then a girl was heard to scream out in the street, 'Help, thief! Help, murder!' At this, the retainers shouted, 'Catch him. Everything will be all right here', and they all came running up and dashed out through the gaps in the wall, being in too much of a hurry to open the gates. They rushed around in search of the thief, shouting, 'Which way did he go? Here! Over there!' 'The lad must be up to something', thought Suemichi, and dashing out of the house, he found that since the gates had been locked, the retainers had not worried about them, but several men had stayed by the gaps in the wall, where they were discussing the situation. Suemichi therefore ran to a gate, unlocked it and took to his heels as soon as he had opened it. As he was running along by the wall, the page came running towards him.

They went on together for three or four hundred yards, then slowed to a normal leisurely walking pace. 'What happened?' asked Suemichi. 'The gates were all shut, which was unusual, and on top of that there were men standing blocking the gaps in the wall', said the boy. 'So when they growled a question at me, I said I was the priest's boy and they let me in. I wanted to go away and see if I could do something to get you out, sir, but I felt it wouldn't do not to let you know I had come, so I made sure you had heard my voice before I left. I found the girl from next door squatting down relieving herself, so I grabbed her by the head and put her down on the ground, then I stole her dress. Seeing the men come out when she screamed, I guessed you would be able to get away and headed this way to meet you.'

You see what even a young lad can do if he is clever and cunning enough.

28. (2/10) *How Hakamadare[1] encountered Yasumasa[2]*

There was once a man named Hakamadare, the notorious leader of a gang of thieves. On one occasion, in about the tenth month, he needed some clothes and set out to get some, walking around to spy out the

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[1] Nothing is known with certainty about Hakamadare, and he may be a figure of legend only. The name is often associated in a phrase with another, 'Hakamadare Yasusuke', as though these were the same person, but this is probably not so, since Yasusuke is the name of a brother (who was a criminal, as we see from US 125) of the Yasumasa whom Hakamadare attempts in this story to rob.

[2] 958–1036. Famous as a warrior and a poet. One of the husbands of Izumi Shikibu, the woman mentioned in US 1.

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land in several likely places. At about midnight, when people had gone to bed, he saw in the faint light of the moon a man wearing a number of coats, with silk trousers tied at the bottom with drawstrings and a silken garment like a hunting-coat. All alone, this man was strolling casually along playing a flute. 'Aha!' thought Hakamadare, 'He might almost have come out on purpose to make me a present of a coat.' But then, as he was toying with the idea of rushing up and stripping the man of his coat, the whole situation seemed so peculiar that he felt thoroughly frightened. He tailed his man for two or three hundred yards, but the other seemed to have no inkling of the fact that he was being followed and just walked on, continuing to play the flute. 'I'd better see what he's made of', thought Hakamadare, and went pounding up to the man, who merely looked around at him without stopping his flute-playing. Something about the look of the man made Hakamadare anything but confident about attacking him, and he beat a hurried retreat.

Hakamadare made several similar attempts, trying first this way and then that, but the man seemed completely unperturbed. 'Here's a rum one!' thought Hakamadare, and he followed the man for some three quarters of a mile. But eventually he said to himself, 'This is ridiculous!' and drawing his sword, he rushed in to attack. Whereupon the other interrupted his flute-playing, turned round and asked him who he was. Hakamadare was frightened out of his wits, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he went down on one knee. 'What sort of fellow are you?' said the man, and knowing full well that he had no hope of escape, he replied, 'I steal people's clothes.' 'What's your name?' 'I'm usually known as Hakamadare.' 'I remember hearing of someone with that name. You're a tough customer—and a queer one, too! You come along with me!' ordered the man curtly, and he continued his stroll, still playing his flute.

Hakamadare could see that this man would not let him get away even if he were to try to escape, and so he followed meekly, feeling as if some demon had taken possession of his soul. Eventually they came to a house which he realized belonged to a former Governor of Settsu, Yasumasa. 'So that's who this man is', he thought. He was invited inside and presented with a thickly padded coat. 'When you need a coat, come and tell me', said Yasumasa. 'Don't go and get yourself in trouble by attacking someone you know nothing about'—advice which left Hakamadare quite bewildered and confused, even terrified. What a marvellous kind of man Yasumasa was! This story was told by Hakamadare after he was eventually captured.

29. (2/11) *How Akihira*[1] *nearly met disaster*

There was once a scholar-official[2] named Akihira who was Director of the Bureau of Education. On one occasion, in his young days, he had an affair with a lady-in-waiting at a nobleman's house, and since it was not convenient to sleep with her there, he rented a poor man's house nearby, explaining, 'I have made arrangements with a certain lady and we'd like to sleep here.' The woman of the house—her husband was not in—readily agreed, and gave up her own room, for there was nowhere else for them to sleep. So they sent for the mats from the lady's room and went to bed. Now the woman's husband had heard a rumour that his wife had a lover, and when someone told him that this lover was planning to be with her that evening, he decided to lie in wait for him and kill him when he came. He told his wife that he was going away and would probably not be back for four or five days, but he only made a show of going and in fact that evening he was on the look-out for the lovers.

As he stood outside listening, he thought he could hear a man and woman furtively whispering to each other. 'Aha!' he said to himself, 'her lover is here, then,' and stealthily going into the house and peering around, he found a man and woman lying where he usually slept. It was too dark for him to see what they looked like, but very softly he stepped up towards the place where the man's snores came from, and drawing his sword, he grasped it point downwards like a dagger, groped with his hand where he thought the man's belly should be and raised his arm to strike. As he prepared to plunge the blade into the man, however, he suddenly caught sight of the long trailing drawstrings of a pair of silk trousers, gleaming in the moonlight that filtered in between the planks of the roof. In a flash it occurred to him that his wife could not possibly have any visitor who wore silk trousers of this kind—and it would be disastrous if he were to be mistaken. He drew back his hand and felt the man's clothes. At that moment, the lady suddenly woke up and whispered, 'I can hear somebody—who is it?' It did not sound like his wife at all, and feeling reassured, he moved away. Just then the man in the bed woke up as well and called out, 'Who is that? Who is that?' The wife, asleep in the kitchen, heard him and thought to herself, 'I wonder if it could be that my husband has come back and mistaken that lady for me. He was behaving a bit suspiciously today[1], and with that she began shouting agitatedly, 'Who's that? A burglar?' These shouts the husband knew to come from his wife, which proved to him that the people in the bed were strangers, and running out of the room to his wife's bed, he seized her by the hair and threw her to the floor, demanding to know what was happening. Now the woman knew she had guessed right. 'You're making a terrible mistake', she cried. 'I agreed to that gentleman in there renting the room just for tonight, and that's why I'm sleeping here. You're out of your mind!' Roused by all this shouting, Akihira demanded to know what was going on, and the man went in to offer profuse apologies. He told him his name, and that he was a lackey employed by Lord Kai. 'I didn't realize that a member of His Lordship's family was here, sir, and I very nearly made a most shocking mistake. By some strange chance, I noticed the drawstrings of your trousers, then I put two and two together and managed to check my blow.'

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[1] A Fujiwara who died at the age of seventy-eight in 1065 (or possibly 1066). Known as the compiler of several works, the best-known being *Honchō monzui*. Others are *Unshū shōsoku* (or: *Meigō ōrai*) and *Shin sarugakuki*.

[2] A *hakase* in the Daigakuryō.

Lord Kai was the husband of Akihira's younger sister.[1] In a quite unexpected and miraculous way, the drawstrings of a pair of trousers saved someone's life—so you see that you should stay away from the homes of lower-class people, even for secret love-trysts.

30. (2/12) *How a stūpa*[2] *in China became smeared with blood*

There was once a big mountain in China which had a large stūpa on its summit. Once every day an old woman of about eighty who lived in a village at the foot of the mountain used to go to see the stūpa up on the peak. The mountain was a big one and it was a long walk to the top, up a very steep path. Every day, rain or shine, in gales or in thunderstorms, in freezing cold or in the cruel heat of summer, the woman never failed to climb up to look at the stūpa.

No one knew of these visits of hers until one hot day in summer a group of young men and boys had climbed the mountain and were cooling off near the stūpa when the old woman came up to it, dripping with sweat, bent double and leaning on a stick. Seeing her walk round

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[1] Evidently a reference to a Governor of Kai. *Kogisho* says definitely that he was Governor, and adds that in view of his relationship with Akihira, the lackey often took messages to him.

[2] A tumulus or mound for the bones or remains of the dead, or for other sacred relics. For an extended description of the forms of Indian stūpas, see A. L. Basham, *The Wonder that was India* (Grove Press, New York, no date), pp. 349–52 (the original edition of this book appeared in 1954). In Japan, the term eventually came to mean a commemorative wooden tablet, shaped at the top like a tower and bearing a holy text, set up by a grave.

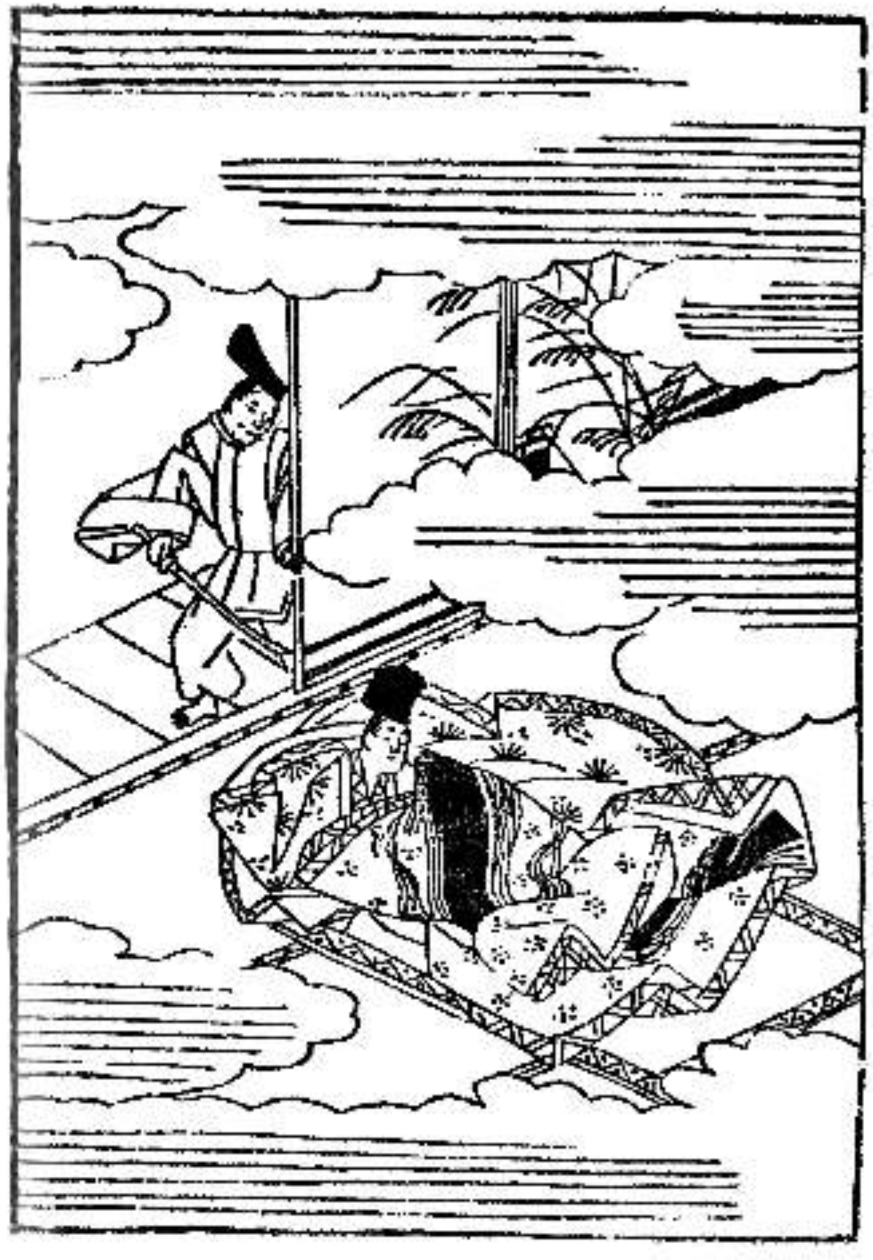

Fig. 9. Akihira on the point of being killed by a suspicious, though mistaken, husband (Story 29)

it, they thought at first that she was worshipping it, but when she had been right round it, she went back the way she had come. On several further occasions the young men were resting on the mountain top and saw the old woman do the same thing, and it made them wonder why ever she should endure such discomforts to do so. One day they decided to tackle her about it if she came. As usual, she made the laborious climb, and they said to her, 'We come up here to rest in the cool, but even for us it's a terrible effort dragging ourselves up this steep path in the heat. Yet you never stop to cool off or anything, you climb up here day after day simply to walk once round the stūpa before you go down again. Now that's a very peculiar thing to do. Would you please tell us why you do it?' 'Yes, I suppose it must seem peculiar to you young gentlemen', said the old woman. 'But coming here like this to see the stūpa isn't something I've just started doing. I've been coming up here to see it every day now for as long as I can remember, over seventy years.' 'But that's what's so strange. What do you do it for?' they asked. 'My father died at the age of a hundred and twenty, my grandfather at a hundred and thirty', she said. 'Their father and grandfather before them lived to more than two hundred. And my father's parting words to me were that his ancestors had passed on these instructions: "If ever there should be blood smeared on this stūpa, the mountain will collapse and turn into a deep sea." I live at the foot of the mountain, and I'm afraid that if it collapses I may be buried and killed. So I come here every day to look at the stūpa, in order to be able to get away if I find blood on it.' The young men mocked at the old woman when they heard her story. 'How terrible', they laughed. 'Please warn us when the mountain's going to collapse, won't you.' Unaware that they were mocking her, she replied, 'Of course I will. I shouldn't dream of getting away myself without warning other people.' Then she went back down the mountain.

The young men said to each other, 'She's not likely to come again today, but let's have a bit of fun frightening her and making her run when she comes up to see the stūpa tomorrow', and drawing off some blood, they smeared it on the stūpa, after which they went down the mountain and enjoyed themselves telling people of the village how the old woman went up to the peak every day to look at the stūpa, how this had seemed so strange that they had questioned her about it, and what she had said. 'We've smeared the stūpa with blood to give her a fright and make her run tomorrow. The mountain's sure to collapse—we don't think!' The word went round among the people of the village, who thought it a great joke and had a good laugh.

Next day, when the woman went up to look at the stūpa, she found it smeared with blood. The moment she saw this, she turned pale and fainted with fright, then she raced back down the mountain and went all over the village shouting a warning. 'Neighbours, you must run away quickly and save yourselves. The mountain is going to collapse any minute and turn into a deep sea.' Going to her own home, she left the village in a frantic hurry, carrying some of her household goods herself and giving the rest to her children and grandchildren to carry. Watching her go, the young men who had smeared the blood on the stūpa howled with laughter—but suddenly, without any warning, uproar and confusion broke out everywhere. No one could make out whether it was the wind blowing or thunder rumbling—and then the the sky darkened and to their utter horror the mountain began to heave. 'What's happening?' they shrieked, but the mountain was just completely collapsing. 'The old woman was right.', they shouted, and tried to get away, but there were very few who succeeded. Some had parents swept away without a trace, others lost their children, or their possessions, and the village was filled with shrieks and groans. No one escaped harm save the old woman, who had fled in time, along with her family, and with all her goods intact. So the whole mountain collapsed and turned into a deep sea, while all the people who had mocked at the old woman perished.

What an incredible story!

31. (2/13) *How Narimura*[1] *met a student of herculean strength*

There was once a wrestler named Narimura. On one occasion when wrestlers from a number of provinces had assembled in the capital in readiness for the Wrestlers' Festival,[2] a group of them gathered by the Suzaku Gate[3] to take the air, and as they wandered along, they came to the East Gate of the University.[4] When they made to continue down the road past it, towards the south, a number of students from the University who were having a breath of fresh air outside the gate decided to prevent the wrestlers going by. 'Stop that rowdiness!' 'You're making too much noise!' they called, and stood blocking the way so that the wrestlers could not pass. Given the social standing of these students,[1] the wrestlers could not very well force their way through. One of the students, a short fellow who was rather better dressed than the others, came right out in front and was particularly insistent that the wrestlers should stop. Narimura looked him up and down, then said, 'Come on, let's go back', and the wrestlers returned to the Suzaku Gate.

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[1] Thought to have lived in the mid-tenth century.

[2] A tournament held at Court every year towards the end of the seventh month.

[3] The main gate on the south side (i.e., the front) of the Palace compound.

[4] In this story, since it concerns students, I have translated as 'University' the term translated in *US* 29 as 'Bureau of Education'. The Bureau had certain functions, of course, other than educating students. It was situated just south of the Palace, on the east side of Suzaku Street.

There he addressed them as follows: 'These University students are a nasty lot. I can't imagine what makes them want to stop us getting by. I wondered whether we ought to force our way past—but never mind, let's give up the idea for today and go by tomorrow. I particularly dislike that short fellow who was the ringleader in telling us to shut up and blocking our path. He's sure to do the same tomorrow if we try to get by.' He turned to one of the wrestlers and said, 'I want you to kick his backside till you draw blood.' 'If I kick him,' said the man he had called on, 'he won't live to tell the tale. We'll force our way past all right.' This wrestler who had been deputed to kick the student's backside was famous for his outstanding strength and fleetness of foot, and that is why Narimura had chosen him. On that day, then, they all went home.

The next day, they called in a number of wrestlers who had not been present the day before and prepared to make their way past in force. The students appeared to have foreseen what would happen, and they too were present in greater numbers than the previous day, all yelling, 'Stop being so rowdy'. The wrestlers formed up and advanced on them. The student who had taken the lead the day before was again standing out in front, in the middle of the road, apparently determined to prevent them passing. With a glance, Narimura gave the signal to the wrestler who had been deputed to do the kicking, an unusually tall, well-built, confident young man, who advanced on the students with the bottoms of his trousers tucked well up out of the way. The other wrestlers followed him, to try to get past the students—who in their turn prepared to stop them. The kicker rushed up to his student and lifted his foot high to deliver a kick. But the student watched carefully, then twisted round and ducked out of the way, so that the kick missed. The wrestler's leg continued on its upward path, however, until he was bent right over backwards, whereupon the student took hold of his foot, and lifting him up just as if he were holding a thin stick, he rushed at the other wrestlers, who turned and ran when they saw what he had done. Running after them, he hurled the man away from him, so that he fell flat on the ground some twelve or fifteen

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[1] They were, of course, all sons of the nobility.

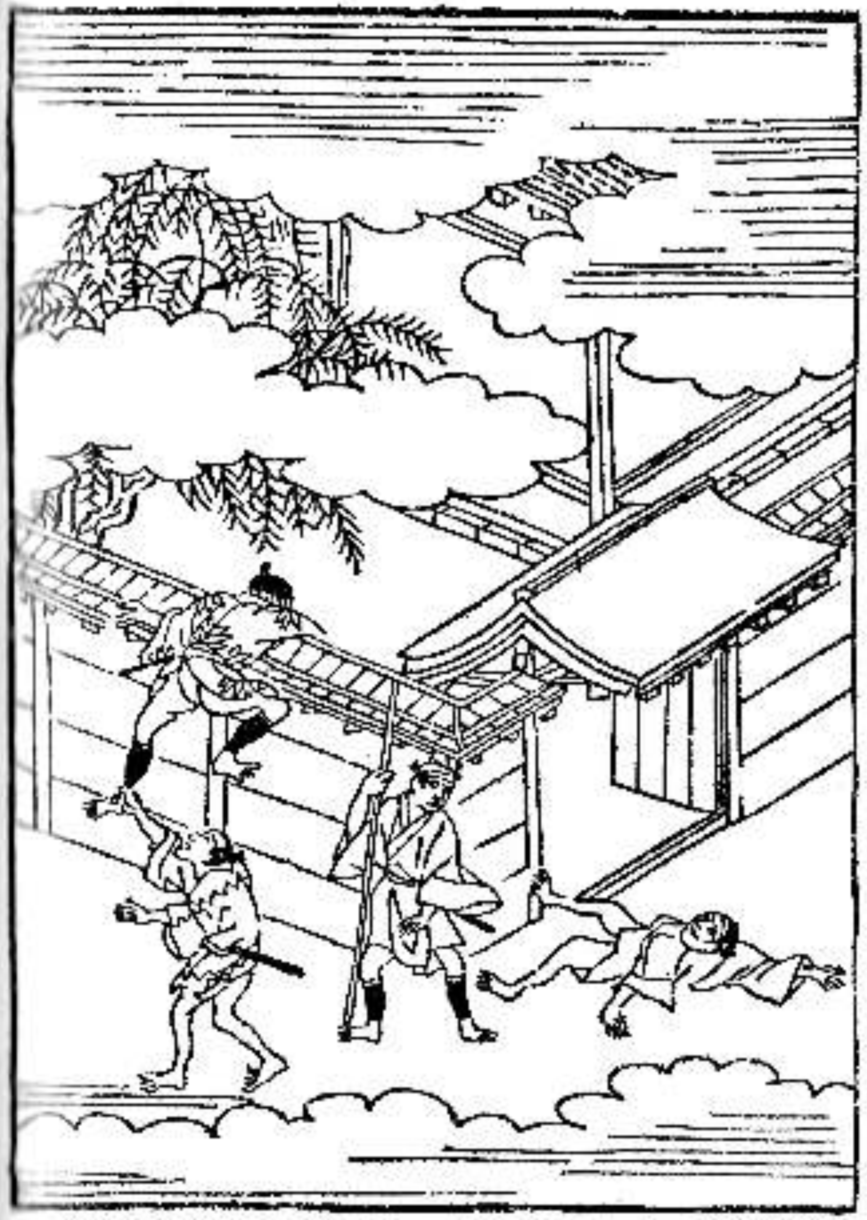

Fig. 10. Narimura escaping after the brawl with some University students (Story 31)

feet away, too badly hurt to be able to get up. The student took no more notice of him, but rushed straight at Narimura, who, seeing him coming, took to his heels. Without any hesitation the student set off in pursuit, and Narimura ran towards the Suzaku Gate and in through one of the side entrances. The student was after him at once and cornered him, but just when he thought he had his man, Narimura scrambled over the wall around the Ministry of Ceremonial.[1] As he did so, the student reached out to stop him, but he scrambled over so quickly that the young man could only manage to get hold of one of his heels as it dangled down. The student gripped Narimura's foot through the shoe he was wearing and tore off the heel of the shoe, along with the skin from Narimura's foot, as cleanly as if they had been cut off with a knife. Once inside the wall, Narimura examined his foot and found it streaming with blood. The heel of the shoe had been torn right off. His pursuer must have been incredibly strong to be able to throw the wrestler who had tried to kick him as easily as if he were handling a stick. It is an awesome thought that there are people like that in this great big world. The wrestler who had been flung to the ground was dead, and was carried away in a coffin.

Narimura reported the matter to the officer in charge of his team[2] and told him what a redoubtable wrestler he thought the student would make. 'Even I shouldn't relish a match with him', he said. The officer issued an order to the young man to present himself, stating that even a Third Secretary in the Ministry of Ceremonial would be recruited if he were good at wrestling, so that there could be no objection from a mere student of the University. But though thorough inquiries were made, the identity of the student was never discovered.

32. (2/14) *How a Buddha appeared on a persimmon tree*

There was once, in the time of the Engi Emperor,[3] an apparition of the Buddha on a large barren persimmon tree near the Tenjin Shrine[4] in the Fifth Ward. People from all over the capital flooded in in such masses to worship it that it was impossible to stop your carriage or horse in the streets, or even to stand still.

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[1] The Ministry which controlled the Bureau of Education.

[2] The officials in charge of the teams were Middle Captains of the Guards.

[3] See note 5 on p. 164.

[4] A shrine said to have been founded by Kōbō Daishi celebrating Onamuchi-no-kami and Sukuna-bikona-no-kami. Note that the corresponding story in *Kojidan* speaks of the 'Road-side Guardian Deity in Fifth Avenue'.

After this had been going on for four or five days, the Minister of the Right,[1] who was very puzzled by the apparition, since it seemed to him unlikely that any real Buddha would appear in such a degenerate age, resolved to go and put the Buddha to the test. Resplendent in formal Court dress, he went in an elegant palm carriage,[2] accompanied by numerous outriders, and having forced a way through the crowds, he had the carriage unhitched and the shafts set on their stand. Then for the next two hours he stared hard at the top of the tree, never once blinking or glancing away. For a while the Buddha went on showering down flowers and emitting a radiance. But the Minister's unrelenting gaze was altogether too much for it and in the end it had had enough —out of the tree came tumbling a great kestrel with broken wings, which lay fluttering on the ground till some boys went up and killed it. 'So I was right!' the Minister said to himself, and returned home.

Everyone at the time was full of praise for the Minister as a man of extraordinary perspicacity.

33. (3/1) *About the thief Daitarō*[3]

There was once a man named Daitarō, the notorious leader of a gang of thieves. He had come up to the capital and was walking around on the look-out for a house to burgle when he came across a very flimsy-looking building that leaned right over at an angle. Parts of it, such as the gates, were half broken down, and the grounds all around were overgrown with weeds. There was no sign of a man about the place, only women. Scattered all about were pieces of fulled cloth, while the occupants had evidently called in a number of dealers in Hachijō silk from whom they were making purchases, picking and choosing from among the large quantities of silk that the dealers had brought out. 'Here's a well-stocked house', said Daitarō to himself, and stopped to look in. Just at that moment the wind lifted the blind on the front side of the house, and inside he caught sight of a great pile of leather-covered boxes, though he could not see what was in them. In front of the pile, however, was one with the lid open and what looked like silk lying scattered around it. Very pleased with his observations, for it seemed as if Heaven were intending these things for him, he hurried off home. Borrowing a roll of Hachijō silk, he took it up to the house, pretending that he had come to sell it. He could not see anything but women, either inside or outside the house. He could also see that there were a great number of the boxes. What was in them, he could not see, but their lids were bulging, and there were large quantities of silk and other material lying about. Indeed it seemed to be the house of some pretty wealthy people. Quoting a high price for his silk, so that he made no sale, he took it away and returned it to its owner. Then he sent word to his gang, telling them about this house, and that night they all made their way there. When they attempted to enter the gate, however, they found it quite impossible, for they felt just as if someone were dashing boiling water into their faces. Bewildered, they next tried to go in all together, in a group, but there was something so frightening about the place that they said to each other, 'There's something very queer going on. We'd better give up the idea of getting in tonight', and went home.

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[1] According to *Kojidan*, this was Minamoto Hikaru, son of the Emperor Nimmyō. He died in 913, at the age of sixty-eight or sixty-nine.

[2] A carriage decoratively roofed with plaited leaves of the palmetto or *Livistonia Chinensis*.

[3] Thought to be probably a figure of legend only.

Next morning Daitarō brought some of his gang along with things for sale and went to see what it was they had encountered the night before. Now, however, they found nothing to bother them whatsoever. Goods there were in plenty, with women—no men!—pulling them out and putting them away; and the gang convinced themselves beyond all doubt that they had nothing to fear. That night they again made careful preparations and tried to break in, but they were unable to do so, for the place still gave them an uncanny feeling. They stood and stood, each telling the other to go first, and in the end no one got into the house that night either.

Next morning, everything once again looked the same, with no sign of anything unusual. They told themselves that it must have been their own cowardice that had made them feel as they did, and once again that evening they made ready and returned to the house. But as they stood outside, they felt more terrified than ever and withdrew completely bemused. 'It's only right that the first man to go in should be the one who first suggested burgling this place. I'll go in first', said Daitarō, and since the others all thought this a good plan, Daitarō made up his mind to do or die, and entered the gate. This time they did get inside, only to feel as terrified as ever. As they stealthily approached the house, they saw a light burning inside the dilapidated building. The blinds enclosing the main room had been let down, and a lamp lit outside them. The pile of boxes was there, all right, but there was something distinctly uncanny about what was on the other side of the blinds; on top of this they actually heard someone testing an arrow with his nail, and expected any minute to have an arrow come and bury

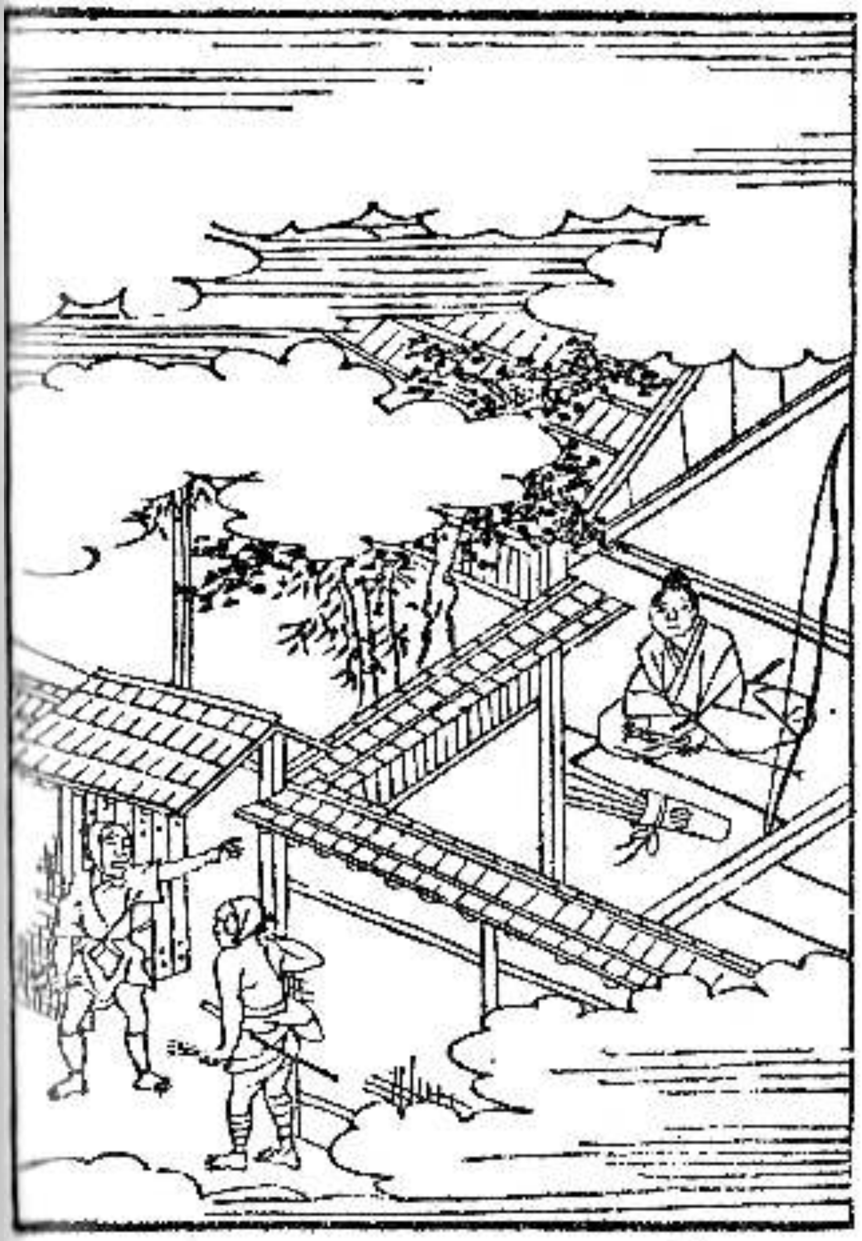

Fig. 11. Daitarō and his companions finding the house of a famous archer too uncanny to enter (Story 33)

itself in their bodies. In abject terror, they turned back and tried to get away—but all the while they had the sensation of being pulled backwards, and only with the greatest difficulty did they manage to make their escape. As they retreated, bathed in sweat, they said to each other, 'What on earth was that——that awful weird noise of someone's nail on an arrow?'

Next morning, Daitarō went to visit a friend who lived just by the house they had tried to burgle. As soon as he saw him, the friend made a great fuss of him and asked, 'When did you arrive in the capital? I've been missing you.' 'I've just got here,' said Daitarō, 'and I came right away to see you.' His friend invited him to have a drink, and warmed some sake, which he served in a large black earthenware cup. After giving some to Daitarō, he took a drink himself and again handed his guest the cup. 'Whose house is that to the north of yours?' asked Daitarō. His host looked surprised and replied, 'Don't you know? That belongs to Ōya no Suke Takenobu.[1] He's only recently come to live in the capital.' 'So that's it', thought Daitarō, 'If we'd got into that house, then, we should have been shot down, every man jack of us.' The very thought of it made him feel quite faint and he got up and ran from the room, spilling his sake all over his host's head and sending all the things on the table flying. 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' called his bewildered host. But Daitarō took to his heels, without so much as a backward glance.

It was after he was finally caught that Daitarō told this tale about the terrors of that warrior's house.

34. (3/2) *How the mistress of the Fujiwara Major Counsellor Tadaie[2] broke wind*

Long ago, before the Fujiwara Major Counsellor Tadaie had reached high rank at Court,[3] he had an affair with a very refined and beautiful lady-in-waiting. Late one night, when the moon was shining so brilliantly that everything was as bright as day, he felt so moved that he pushed up the blind and stepped up on the skirting-board between the room and the verandah. Then, with his fan, he drew the lady towards him. But she shook her head with a cry of 'No, please don't', twisted away from him—and as she did so, she broke wind with a loud report. Too ashamed to know what to say, the lady sprawled on the floor in dejection. The Major Counsellor ducked under the blind and tiptoed away, feeling that there was nothing left for him in the world but to become a priest. 'Yes, that's what I must do, become a priest', he said to himself—but he had only gone a few paces when he began to wonder why he should become a priest when it was the lady who had been at fault, and he took to his heels as hard as he could go. No one knows what happened to the lady, I believe.

35. (3/3) *How the Palace Attendant Koshikibu[1] admired Sadayori's[2] reading of the Sūtra*

Long ago, the Middle Counsellor Sadayori was over a long period a lover of the Palace Attendant Koshikibu. However, she was also being visited by the then Chancellor.[3] On one occasion, apparently not realizing that the latter was in bed with the lady in her room, the Middle Counsellor came and knocked at the door. He must have been warned, however, by the lady's maid, for he donned his shoes and went away. Nevertheless, he did not go far, and suddenly began to recite the Sūtra in a loud voice. At the second or third phrase, Koshikibu pricked up her ears, much to the astonishment of her bedfellow. The voice seemed to recede a little, then for four or five phrases Sadayori stood still and recited. With that, Koshikibu heaved a great sigh and turned over with her back to her bedfellow.

He is reported to have said afterwards, 'Never in my life have I been so dreadfully humiliated.'

36. (3/4) *How a mountain priest overturned a boat by magic*

Again, long ago there were a number of people gathered at the ferry of Kaburagi[4] in the province of Echizen, waiting to cross. Among them was a mountain priest named Keitōbō[5] who had been practically everywhere to perform his rites—to Kumano and the Sacred Peak of course, but also to Shirayama, Daisen in Hōki, Wanibuchi in Izumo, and so on.[1]

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[1] Presumably a famous archer of the time. *Ōya* means something like 'crackshot' (cf. Story 135).

[2] Entered religion in 1090, and died in the following year, aged fifty-nine.

[3] I.e., while he was still only a *tenjōbito* (see note 3 on p. 165).

[1] ?——1025. Daughter of Izumi Shikibu. Famous as a poetess.

[2] 995–1045. Son of the famous poet Fujiwara Kintō.

[3] Fujiwara Norimichi, 997–1075. Despite the reference to him as *tōji no kampaku*, 'the then Chancellor', he did not become *kampaku* until 1068. In the similar story in *Kojidan*, Sadayori's rival as the lady's lover is not Norimichi but Norimichi's elder brother Yorimichi, while the lady is only tentatively identified as Koshikibu. On the other hand, the association of Koshikibu and Norimichi as lovers is established elsewhere in *Uji shūi* itself by Story 81.

[4] In modern Fukui Prefecture. A small port a few miles north-west of Tsuruga.

[5] Not identifiable.

Now when he reached this ferry at Kaburagi and wanted to cross, there were swarms of other people trying to do the same. The boatman charged everyone a fee for taking them across. Keitōbō, however, merely demanded to be taken over, whereupon the ferryman ignored him and rowed away. 'What do you mean by treating people so rudely?' shouted the priest, but the ferryman still took no notice of him and went on rowing. Clenching his teeth with rage, Keitōbō began frantically rubbing his rosary, while the ferryman went for some three or four hundred yards, with a look of amused contempt on his face. Keitōbō shot a glance at him, then bracing his legs so hard that they sank into the sand up to the shins, he glared at the man with bloodshot eyes and rubbed his rosary till it was fit to break, shouting, 'Fetch him back, fetch him back!' Still the boat went on, and Keitōbō, gripping his priest's scarf and his rosary in one hand, advanced to the water's edge and made to throw the scarf into the sea, bellowing, 'O guardian spirits, fetch him back. If not, I shall cut myself off from the Three Treasures of Buddhism[2] for ever.' The crowd of bystanders stood pale with horror when they saw what he was doing.

And now, as Keitōbō shouted, the boat stopped moving forward, and without any wind blowing it along, began to come back to the shore. 'It's coming, I think, it's coming', shouted Keitōbō. 'Quick, bring it here, bring it here!' The watching crowd were white-faced with horror. Meanwhile the boat had come to within a hundred yards or so of the bank, and Keitōbō yelled, 'Right! Now capsize it. Capsize it!' As one, the crowd implored him, 'Don't say such wicked things. You are committing a horrible crime. Leave off now, leave off now!' But this only made Keitōbō look more determined, and he shouted, 'Hurry up and capsize the boat!' With that, all twenty or more people aboard were dumped into the water with an almighty splash. 'What a lot of fools!' said Keitōbō as he wiped the sweat from his brow. 'Haven't they learned yet?' And he walked away.

Even in this degenerate age,[3] the story tells us, the Three Treasures of Buddhism manifested themselves as still with us.

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[1] These are all places associated in legend with miracles. For the 'Sacred Peak', and for Shirayama, see notes 4 and 5 on p. 141. The 'three mountain temples' of Kumano, in the province of Kii (modern Wakayama and Mie Prefectures), are noted as centres of syncretic Buddhism and also the occult practices of *shugendō*. Daisen is an extinct volcano in Tottori Prefecture known as the Izumo Fuji, and was the site of a temple founded by Jikaku Daishi or Ennin, while Wanibuchi is the name of a temple on Mt Hanataka, near the town of Izumo.

[2] The Buddha, the Law and the Priesthood.

[3] A reference to the belief that from about A.D. 1000 Buddhism had entered the period of *mappō*, 'The Latter Days of the Law', in which it would gradually decline.

37. (3/5) *How the High Priest from Toba*[1] *and Kunitoshi*[2] *played tricks on one another*

Again, long ago there was a man known as the Senior High Priest[3] of the Hōrin'in Temple, Kakuyū. His nephew Kunitoshi, a former Governor of Mutsu, once went to visit him, and after being shown in and informed that the High Priest would see him in a moment, he sat waiting. Some four hours later, however, the High Priest had still not put in an appearance, and Kunitoshi felt so annoyed that he decided not to wait any longer. Calling his manservant, he ordered his shoes to be brought, and when he had put them on, he announced that he was ready to leave. 'But sir,' rejoined the servant, 'the High Priest told me that he had spoken to you and that you had given him full permission to use your carriage. He asked us to bring it round and then said he would be leaving by the small gate.[4] I supposed that there must be some reason for that and told the driver to mount, and then His Reverence instructed me to ask you to wait, and to say that he would be back in a couple of hours, after which he drove off. That must have been about two hours ago.' 'You careless fool', said Kunitoshi, 'you shouldn't have lent him the carriage without first telling me he wanted it. Oh, what a fool!' 'But it's not as though he was a stranger, sir', the man replied. 'And when he went ahead and put his shoes on and told me that he had quite definitely got your permission, there was nothing I could do about it.' The former Governor of Mutsu went back into the house pondering what to do. Then it occurred to him that the High Priest had a habit of keeping a bath-tub filled with finely-chopped straw covered by a straw mat; he would be walking around and then on a sudden impulse go to the bath-house, throw off his clothes, and with a 'Heave-ho, here we go. Now for a bit of rest', jump into the tub and lie sprawled on his back. Going to the bath-house, Kunitoshi lifted the mat; sure enough, he found the tub full of finely-chopped straw. He took down one of the curtains in the bath-house, removed the straw from the tub and wrapped it up in a bundle. Next he placed a bucket in the bottom of the tub and on top of that laid a *go* board upside down. Then he covered up the whole with the mat, went off with an air of innocence to hide the bundle of straw by the main gate, and resumed his wait. More than four hours had passed when he heard the High Priest drive in through the small gate. He chose that moment to go out to the main gate, and sending for his carriage now that it had returned, he loaded the bundle of straw in the back and handed the carriage over to the young lad who was driving it, with instructions to drive home quickly and feed the straw to the ox, since it would be very tired after all the travelling it had done.

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[1] 1053–1140. The son of Minamoto Takakuni, and according to some, a possible candidate for the authorship of *Konjaku*. He became Abbot of Tendai in 1138, and reached the rank mentioned in this story, Senior High Priest (*dai-sōjō*), but he is best known as Toba Sōjō, the artist who produced the humorous scroll paintings that depict animals acting like humans.

[2] ? —— 1099. Although *Uji shūi* describes him as Kakuyū's nephew, Kunitoshi appears in fact to have been, like Kakuyū himself, Takakuni's son.

[3] *Dai-sōjō*.

[4] Probably the back entrance.

As usual, the High Priest went into the bath-house, and without even stopping to undress, said his 'Heave-ho, here we go. Now for a bit of rest', and jumped into the tub, stretching out all unsuspecting on his back. But all he got was painful digs in the rump from the upturned legs of the *go* board. The poor old man lay there arching his back, half unconscious, and after a while the priests who served him, not hearing any sound, went to investigate and found him lying there in that state, his eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling. 'What is the matter, sir?' they cried, but there was no answer. They went to him and bathed his face, but it was some time before he could manage to mumble a single word to them.

It was really rather a cruel joke to play, perhaps.

38. (3/6) *How Yoshihide,*[1] *a painter of Buddhist pictures, took pleasure in seeing his house on fire*

Again, long ago there was a painter of Buddhist pictures named Yoshihide. His neighbour's house caught fire, and when the flames threatened to engulf Yoshihide's house too, he saved himself by running out into the street. Inside the house he had some pictures of Buddhist divinities that he had been commissioned to paint. Also inside were his wife and children, all caught there without even having time to dress. But Yoshihide did not give them a thought, he simply stood on the other side of the street congratulating himself on his own escape. As he watched, he could see that the fire now had a grip on his own house, and he continued to watch from the other side of the street until the house was a mass of billowing smoke and flame. Several people came up to him to express their sympathy at this awful disaster, but he was

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[1] Unidentifiable. This story supplied Akutagawa Ryūnosuke with the germ of the theme of his *Jigokuhen*, 'Hell Screen'.

completely unperturbed, and when asked why, all he did was to go on standing there on the other side of the street watching his house burn, nodding his head and every now and then breaking into a laugh. 'What a stroke of luck!' he said. 'This is something I've never been able to paint properly for all these years.' The people who had come to express their condolences asked him how he could just stand there like that. 'What a shocking way to behave! Has some demon got into you?' they asked. Yoshihide, however, only stood laughing scornfully, and replied, 'Of course not. For years now I've not been able to paint a good halo of fire in my pictures of the god Fudō.[1] Now that I've seen this, I've learned what a fire really looks like. That's a real stroke of luck. If you want to make a living at this branch of art, you can have any number of houses you like provided you're good at painting Buddhas and gods. It's only because you have no talent for art that you set such store by material things.'

It was perhaps from this time on that he began to paint pictures of his 'Curling Fudō',[2] which even nowadays people praise so highly.

59. (3/7) *How a tiger caught a shark*[3]

Again, long ago a man from Tsukushi[4] went over to Silla[5] to trade, and on the return journey, after he had finished his business, his ship was skirting the foot of a mountain on the coast and stopped to take on water at a spot where a stream flowed into the sea. Just then, one of the men was standing looking down over the side at the water, in which he could see the reflection of the mountain. Suddenly, reflected in the water, he saw a tiger that was crouching on top of the more than three or four hundred-foot-high peak and keeping its eye on them. He immediately warned the others, the men who were taking on the water were called back on board, and the whole crew bent to their oars to get away from the shore as soon as possible. As they did so, the tiger leaped down at the ship, but it was moving away swiftly, and the tiger's leap took time, so that it landed some ten feet short and plunged into the sea. As they rowed with all speed out to sea, they watched for the tiger, which presently appeared on the surface and swam off back to land, where it scrambled out of the water and up on to a flat rock on the shore. Then they saw that its left foreleg had been bitten off at the knee-joint and was dripping blood. They guessed that it must have been bitten off by a shark. As they watched, the tiger was crouching as if to spring, with the stump of its leg dangling in the water. They could not understand why it was doing this, but then they suddenly noticed a shark coming in toward the shore, straight for the tiger. Sinking the claws of its right forepaw into the shark's head, the tiger hurled it up on shore, about ten feet up the beach, where it lay floundering on its back. The tiger then sprang at the fish's throat, and seizing it in its teeth, shook it two or three times, till its struggles weakened, after which it swung the shark on to its back and on three legs made off to the top of a precipitous slope some fifty or sixty feet high, as easily as if it were running downhill. The men on the ship were half fainting with panic as they watched. 'If it had jumped on to the ship', they were thinking, 'the keenest blades in the world would have been useless—what can you do against an animal as strong and swift as that?' They were so overcome with terror, it is said, that as they rowed back to Tsukushi, they scarcely knew which way they were going.

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[1] Fudō is depicted with a halo of flames behind his head.

[2] 'Curling' refers, of course, to the flames.

[3] It is generally accepted that the word *wani* here means 'shark', and not, as it does in modern Japanese, 'crocodile'.

[4] The old name for Kyushu.

[5] Part of Korea.

40. (3/8) *How a woodcutter made up a poem*

Long ago, a woodcutter had his axe taken away from him by a forest-keeper in the mountains. Seeing him with his head in his hands, very glum and disconsolate, the keeper said, 'Make up a clever poem about this and I'll give you your axe back.' The woodcutter then composed the following poem:[1]

No evil I've done,
Yet in this unjust world
My goods are taken away.
Without an axe to cut,
What is there left for me?

The keeper would have liked to compose a poem in reply, but could get no further than mumbling, 'Er-er-. . .' Then he is said to have handed back the axe, to the woodcutter's great relief.

It is clear that people should always aim at being able to compose a poem.

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[1] This poem contains a number of untranslatable puns. The word I have rendered as 'goods' is *yoki*, which can mean both 'good' (as opposed to evil) and 'axe'. The *wari* of *warinashi* ('unjust' or 'harsh') suggests *wari* 'splitting' or *ware* 'split, crack', thus providing an association with 'axe'. Further, it is not accidental that the poem contains four words ending in the syllable *ki*; this is intended to provide an association of ideas with *ki* 'wood' or 'tree'.

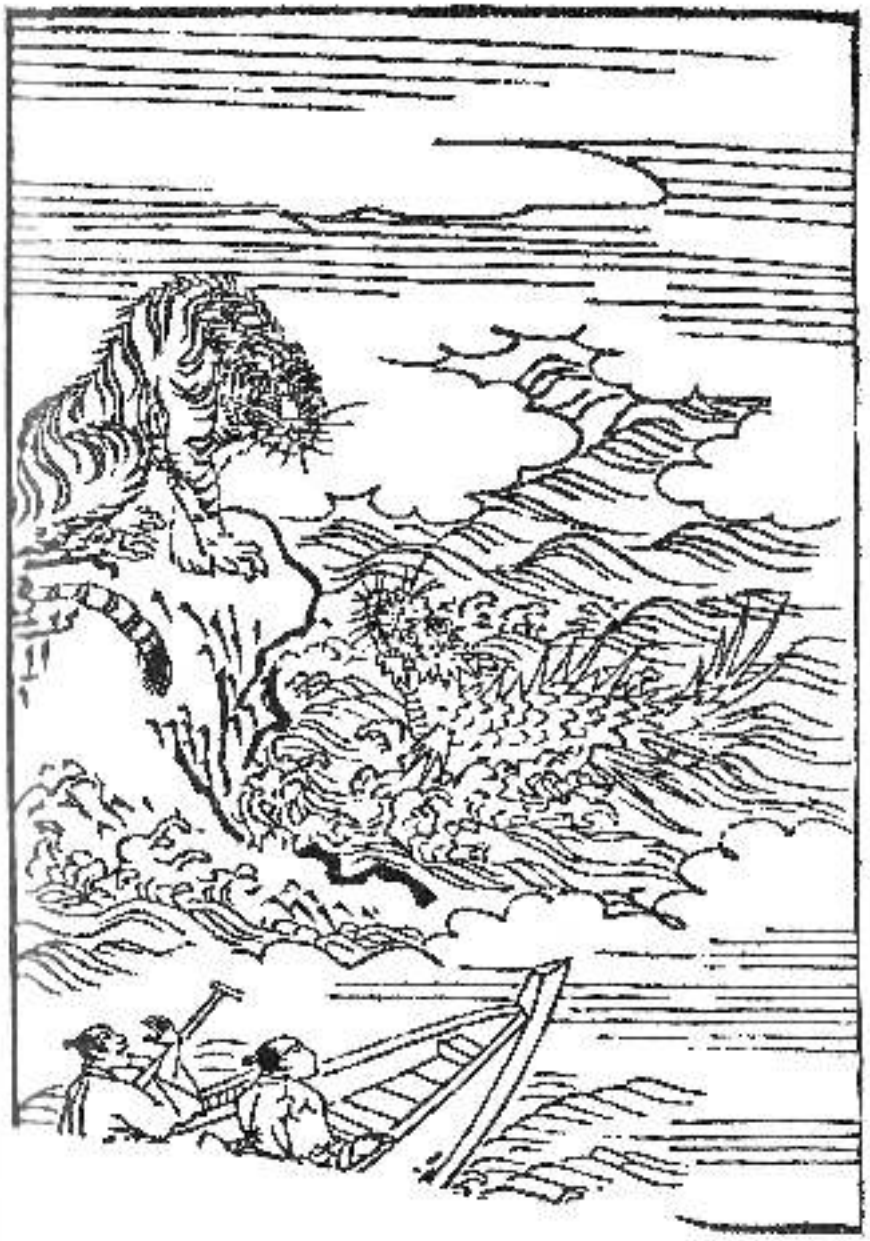

Fig. 12. The fight between the tiger and the shark (Story 39)

41. (3/9) *About the mother of the Head of the Department of Shinto*[1]

Long ago, while a certain person known as the Fifth Ranker from Take[2] was up in the capital from Hitachi to bring a law suit, he heard someone in the house of the Governor of Echizen, across the street from where he was living, reciting the Sūtra. This Governor was the father of the brilliant poetess known as 'the mother of the Head of the Department of Shinto';[3] his wife was Ise-no-Tayū,[4] and he seems to have had a number of daughters. Being rather bored, the Fifth Ranker from Take went over to listen, and suddenly a gust of wind lifted the blind, giving him a glimpse of an extraordinarily beautiful girl wearing two unlined crimson robes. The moment he saw her, he burned with impatience to make her his wife, and he got talking with a little lady's maid in the house, from whom he discovered that the lady in crimson was the eldest daughter. He tried to persuade the girl to arrange a meeting[5] with the lady, but she protested that this was more than she had bargained for and could not do it. 'Well then, introduce me to her nurse', he asked, and this she agreed to do. He skilfully set about persuading the nurse to help him, bribing her with a hundred taels of gold and pressing her continually to arrange a meeting, until eventually—perhaps it was the karma of some previous life that made it so—she gave in and did as he wanted.

Immediately afterwards he left the capital for Hitachi, taking the nurse along to look after the lady. The family the lady had left behind wept and wailed, but there was nothing they could do. Before long the nurse sent them a letter. Heartbroken though they were, they had no alternative but to be content with an occasional exchange of letters. The mother of the Head of the Department of Shinto wrote to Hitachi as follows:[6]

Could you smell them,
Those blossoms from the capital
Wafted to the East—
Whence blows the eastern breeze—
By the answering west wind?

In reply, her elder sister wrote:

The west wind blowing
In answer to eastern breezes
Strikes deep into my heart,
For it bears the news, I know,
Of the blossoms in the capital.

Some years later, when she left the capital to go down to Hitachi with her husband the Governor, she found her sister had passed away. However, she had had two daughters, and when they heard of their aunt's arrival, they paid her a visit. They were pretty girls, most refined and reserved, and not at all like country-people. Seeing the Governor's wife made them both burst into tears, for they found her so much like their late mother. They did not give themselves any airs during their uncle's four years of office, nor did they ask any favours of him.

When his term had expired and he was preparing to leave for the capital, the Governor said to his wife, 'What remarkable girls they are![1] Send someone to tell them that we are returning to the capital', and on receipt of her message, they promised to come and see her. Two days before the Governor and his wife were to set off, they arrived, both with a gift of ten magnificent horses that were each worth a fortune, and a hundred laden pack-horses. After presenting these to the Governor with an air of complete unconcern, as if their gifts had been mere trifles, they went home. 'During the whole of my four years here in Hitachi', the Governor is said to have observed, 'the property I have accumulated doesn't begin to compare with this. With all they have given us here, they will have a formidable list of good deeds standing to their credit. What wonderful girls they are, so warm-hearted and generous!'

A number of Ise-no-Tayū's descendants were blessed with great good fortune—yet how sad it was that her eldest daughter should have gone to live in the country like this!

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[1] *Haku no haha*, so called because she was the mother of Prince Yasusuke, who held the office of (*Jingi no*) *haku*. This lady was the daughter of Takashina Nariyori, who died in

[2] Taira Koremoto. Take is in Hitachi province.

[3] 'The Governor of Echizen' here is thought to be a mistake. Though the father of *Haku no haha* became Governor of Chikuzen, there is no record of his having been Governor of Echizen.

[4] A well-known poetess.

[5] Several commentators point out that *nusumu* (literally 'steal' or 'abduct') here means 'meet (or court) in secret'. Note that at this period marriages were customarily contracted in this way, the bridegroom visiting the girl in secret for three nights and then remaining in her bed after the third night for the formality of being 'discovered' by her parents.

[6] These poems are both elegant references to the exchange of letters and the news the letters bring from the capital. However, the attribution of the poems in *Uji shūi* is wrong; for a full discussion of this point, see above, Chapter 4, pp. 65–7.

[1] For not having taken advantage of their relationship with the Emperor's local representative, the Governor. In fact, this story is regarded as a good illustration of how rich (and thus powerful) many provincials were.

42. (3/10) *How the same person held a Buddhist service*

Long ago, the mother of the Head of the Department of Shinto held a service to dedicate a statue of the Buddha. The High Priest Yōen[1] was invited to preach the sermon, and among the various presents he received in payment was one wrapped in thin mauve-coloured paper. Inside he found a fragment of wood from the Nagara Bridge,[2] with this poem written on it:

Rotted and broken
The ancient bridge of Nagara,
But this scrap of wood
I have saved to give to you,[3]
To thank you for your preaching.

Early the next morning, the Holy Teacher Kakuen[4] from Wakasa, who was a poet, came to call on the High Priest. 'Aha!' thought the latter, 'He must have heard about what I was given.' The visitor took out a name-tag and presented it to the High Priest. 'I should very much appreciate it if you would give me that fragment of wood from the bridge', he said. 'Why should I do that, when it is such a rarity?' replied the High Priest. 'Indeed, why should you?' said the other. 'But it is a pity.' And with that he went away.

How impressive to see such devotion to artistic pursuits!

43. (3/11) *About Tōroku*[5]

Long ago, there was a poet named Tōroku. One day he watched for an opportunity and got into a poor man's house when no one was there. Just as he was helping himself to some stew that was cooking, the woman of the house, who had been out to fetch some water, came

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[1] Died 1073, aged seventy-eight. His name is read by Kawaguchi in the *Kohon* version as Eien.

[2] A bridge over the Nagara River, in the area of modern Osaka.

[3] The word here translated as 'give' is *watasu*, which means 'to build' (of bridges) and also 'to help across to the other shore (i.e., to salvation)' as well as 'to hand over'.

[4] Died 1082, aged seventy-two. On grounds of date, Watanabe and Nishio (and Kawaguchi) believe that the name here is incorrect, and is a misreading of the name found in *Kohon*, Ryōgen. The latter was a descendant of Fujiwara Saneyori, 900–70 (who appears elsewhere in *Uji shūi*, as Lord Ononomiya); his exact dates are obscure, but his father died in 1082.

[5] Fujiwara Sukenari, said to have lived 'in the mid Heian period'. According to *Sonpi bunmyaku* he was the third son of Hirotsune, but according to another source he was the sixth son. If so, this is presumably the reason for his nickname Tō (= Fuji) + roku (= six). However, according to Watanabe and Nishio, there is in a later period another figure (or perhaps more than one) called Tōroku.

through the front door and caught him taking spoonful after spoonful. 'What do you mean, sir, by coming in here when no one's at home and helping yourself to this food I'm cooking?' she shrieked. 'It's too bad!—Why, it's Lord Tōroku! All right, sir, you must make up a poem for me.' And here is what he composed:

For ages past, I know,
Has the Buddha Amida
By his gracious vow
Brought the gift of salvation
To those who burn in Hell.[1]

44. (3/12) *About the retainer of the Tada neophyte*

Again, long ago Tada Mitsunaka[2] had a wild and evil retainer who delighted in taking life. He would go out into the fields or into the mountains hunting stags or catching birds, and never once did he do a good deed. On one occasion, while out hunting, he was galloping in pursuit of a stag, keeping hard on its tail with bow and arrow ready to shoot, when he came to a temple, and as he rode by, he glanced across and caught sight of a statue of Jizō inside. With his bow in his left hand, he removed his sedge hat with the right and experienced a faint stirring of faith as he trotted past.

A few years later, he became ill, and after a few days of severe suffering, he died. When he entered the underworld,[3] he was summoned to the court of Yama,[4] where he found great numbers of sinners undergoing awful tortures and punishments, varied according to the gravity of their sins, and as he reflected on the evil karma of his own life, he wept and wept.

But at that point a priest came forward who said to him, 'I intend to save you. Go back at once to your home and make full confession of your sins.' 'Who are you, that you should speak to me like this?' asked the man. The priest replied, 'I am the Bodhisattva Jizō[5] that you saw in a temple one day when you happened to pass by while chasing a stag. Grave though your sins are, you did have a stirring of faith in me, and for that I am going to save you.' As he heard these words from Jizō, he was restored to life, and worshipped that Bodhisattva ever afterwards, nor did he ever again kill a living creature.

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[1] The poem contains two untranslatable puns. The word *chikai*, translated here as 'gracious vow', incorporates a word meaning 'spoon' or 'ladle' (*kai*), while *sukuu* can mean either 'save' or 'serve up'. Further 'those who burn' (in Hell) can also be taken to mean 'the things that are cooking'.

[2] Minamoto Mitsunaka, 912–97, who lived in the district of Tada, in Settsu province. In 986, he entered the priesthood and became known as *Tada no shinbochi*, the Tada neophyte.

[3] *Meido*, the road to Hell, or Hell itself, a world of darkness, in which the souls of the dead wander.

[4] Emma-ō, King Yama (Yamarāja), who judges the sins of the dead and determines their punishment.

[5] It is interesting that Jizō is sometimes identified with Yama (see *US* 83).

45. (3/13) *How an Abbot*[1] *in the province of Inaba*[2] *left a statue of Jizō half-completed*

Again, long ago there was in the village of Saka[3] in the Takakusa district of Inaba province a temple which had been built by a former Governor of the province, Chikana;[4] it was known as the Kokuryū-ji. An old priest who lived there told the following story:

'There was once an Abbot of this temple who had engaged image-makers to come to his house and make a statue of Jizō. Now it happened that the Abbot's wife was seduced by another man and ran away with him, no one knew where. The Abbot was in utter despair, and completely forgetting both the statue and the men making it, he sent out men to look for his wife in the neighbouring villages. A week went by, and the image-makers, deprived of their patron, were left high and dry, with nothing to do. This was noticed by one of the minor priests[5] of the temple, and on an impulse of charity he procured food for them and just managed to have the Jizō finished in wood, though he could not afford to have it painted or ornamented.

Later he fell ill and died, but his sorrowing family placed his body in a coffin and kept it for a while without disposing of it—then, on the sixth day after his death, at about two in the afternoon, they saw the coffin suddenly begin to move. Everyone fled in terror at this sight—except his wife, who tearfully opened the coffin and found her husband restored to life. She gave him some water to drink, and in time he began to tell about the underworld. 'Two great demons came and seized me and drove me on in front of them across a wide plain. Then a white-robed priest appeared and said, "Demons, release this priest at once. I am the Bodhisattva Jizō and this priest had a statue of me made at the Kokuryū-ji in Inaba Province. When the image-makers had had nothing to eat for days, this priest was moved by his faith to procure food for them and so have this statue of me completed. For that I shall always be grateful to him. You must let him go." The demons now released me and let me come home, politely pointing out the way. After this experience, I came back to life again.'

Later the priest's family had this statue of Jizō painted and dedicated, and they worshipped it all their lives. It is still in the temple today.

46. (3/14) *About Toshitsuna, the Master of the Bureau of Palace Repairs from Fushimi*[1]

Again, long ago the Master of the Bureau of Palace Repairs from Fushimi was a son of Lord Uji,[2] but since the latter had altogether too many sons, this one left the family and was adopted as a son by Tachibana Toshitō; he was made one of the Emperor's Archivists, and at the age of fifteen became Governor of Owari. But it happened that at the time when he went down to Owari and administered its affairs, the Deity of Atsuta[3] exercised great authority, and anyone who chanced to offend him by failing to remove his hat or turning his horse's head towards the shrine was punished on the spot. The chief priest of the shrine therefore had more influence than the Governor himself, and the people of the province went in terror of him.

Nevertheless, in the course of administering affairs down in his province, the Governor criticized the arrogant attitude of this chief priest. 'You may be chief priest of the shrine—but you are still a native of this province. Why have you not come to pay your respects to me?' he demanded. The priest sent a message to say that that had never been done before, and refused to go. This made the Governor very angry. 'Some governors may have allowed this, but how dare he say such a thing to me?' he shouted, and he was so annoyed that

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[1] The word here translated as 'Abbot' is *bettō*. The *bettō* of certain large and important temples and shrines such as Tōdai-ji, Kōfuku-ji or Iwashimizu Hachimangū was an official appointed by the government to superintend the business of those places. It is translated by Reischauer as 'Intendant', a term which I have in general preferred not to use. But in any case, that term would not be suitable in the present context, where the term *bettō* is used much more loosely.

[2] Modern Tottori Prefecture.

[3] In the corresponding story in *Konjaku* and the *Jizō bosatsu reigenki*, the name of this village is given as Nosaka, a readily identifiable place. *Uji shūi* thus appears to be in error. There is no Kokuryū-ji in existence today, however; it seems to have been destroyed in medieval wars.

[4] This name is obscure. According to *Konjaku*, the temple was built by the Former Vice-Governor (*suke*) Chikane, while *Jizō bosatsu reigenki* speaks of the Former Governor Sukechika.

[5] *Senji hōshi*. A category of non-celibate priests of low status whose duty was to supervise the humdrum details of the daily life of the temple.

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[1] A Tachibana who died in 1094, aged sixty-seven. Note that he was the son of Shio Michika (see 1/8 fn).

[2] Fujiwara Yorimichi (see note 1 on p. 140).

[3] The shrine (now within the city of Nagoya) dedicated to Yamato-takeru-no-mikoto. The Kusanagi Sword, one of the three Imperial Regalia, is kept there.

he ordered the confiscation of the chief priest's land. At this point, someone advised the priest, 'It is true that he is only a governor, but in view of the character of the man, you had better go and pay your respects.' Thus persuaded, the chief priest called on the Governor, in informal Court dress[1] and accompanied by some thirty retainers. The Governor came out to meet him and, calling his men, ordered them to arrest the fellow and administer due punishment to him. 'Shrine official or not,' he shouted, 'he is a native of this province and his insolence cannot be tolerated.' The priest was seized and bound, then put into jail and duly punished.

He now made repeated tearful entreaties to the Deity. 'Oh, what a wretched pass to come to! Great God of Atsuta, have you deserted me? The slightest disrespect from some low fellow you punish on the spot. How can you see your chief priest treated like this and do nothing to help him?' As he lay asleep, the Deity spoke to him in a dream. 'In this matter I am powerless,' he said, 'and here is the reason. There was once a certain Buddhist priest who proposed to recite the Lotus Sūtra more than a thousand times as an offering to me.[2] He had already completed a hundred recitations, and everyone in the province revered him and had great faith in him. But you hated him and drove him away. As a result he harboured evil designs and was reborn with the determination to become Governor of this province and revenge himself on you. Now he is Governor, and I am powerless to help you. That priest in his former life was called Sungō[3] and this Governor is called Toshitsuna.'

How silly it is to bear ill-will, they say.

47. (3/15) *How, at the funeral of the daughter of a former Governor of Nagato,[4] the body returned home*

Long ago, there were two girls, daughters of a former Governor of Nagato. The elder was married, the younger had at an early age seen service in a nobleman's house, but had later returned to live at home. She had no real husband, only lovers who visited her occasionally. The place where she lived was near the junction of Takatsuji Lane and

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[1] Worn by courtiers of the Fifth Rank and above when attending Court for less important occasions. It consisted of the ceremonial headdress, a formal over-robe and trousers (sashinuki), and in place of the ceremonial baton, a fan was carried. The text mentions that (in the Heian fashion) the hem of his under-robe was allowed to show beneath the outer robe.

[2] Note this evidence of the fusion between Shinto and Buddhism.

[3] The Chinese reading of the characters for 'Toshitsuna'.

[4] Not identifiable.

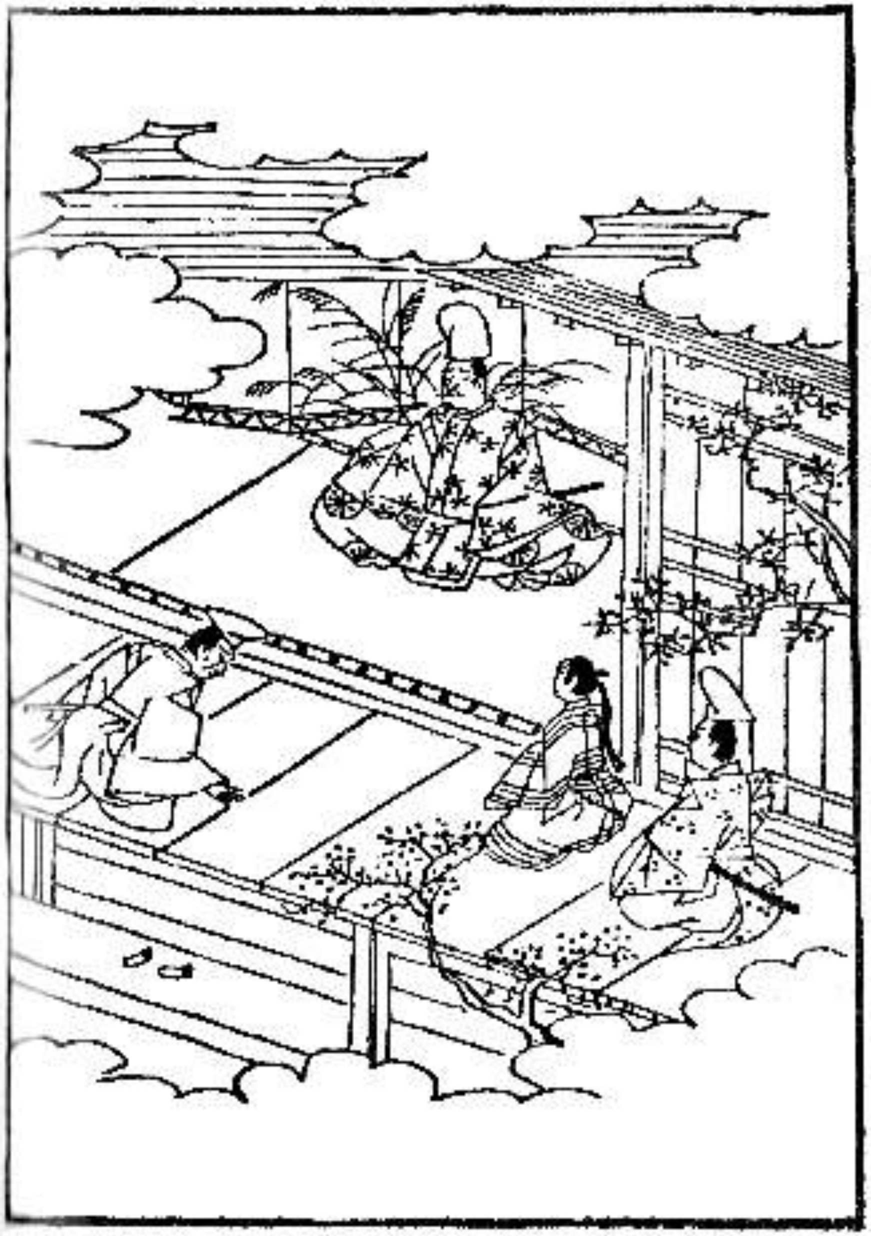

Fig. 19. The chief priest of the Atsuta Shrine reluctantly presenting himself before the Governor of the province, Toshitsuna (Story 46)

Muromachi Lane.[1] Her father and mother being dead, the rear of the house was occupied by her elder sister, while she used to meet her lovers in a room by the double doors at the west end of the south front of the house.

At the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight she became seriously ill and died. For lack of space in the rear of the house, her body was left lying in her room. However, it could not be left there like that, and the elder sister and family made arrangements for the body to be taken to the cemetery at Toribeno.[2] But just when the usual funeral ceremony was about to begin and the coffin was taken out of the carriage, it was found to be very light, while the lid was partly open. Mystified, the mourners opened it up—to find it quite empty. This was rather baffling, for the body could scarcely have fallen out on the way to Toribeno. There was nothing they could do; still, they could not just ignore the whole thing, so they sent servants to run and see if the body had by some chance fallen out on the way. But it was a forlorn hope, of course, and the funeral party returned to the house.

Just to make sure, they took a look in the room by the double doors, and there they found the body, lying just where it had been before. Bewildered and frightened, the relatives gathered to discuss what they should do, and came to the conclusion that it was too late to do anything that night. Next morning, however, they put the body back into its coffin, made very sure this time that it was securely sealed in, and planned to hold the funeral in the evening. When evening came, however, they found the coffin-lid open a crack. It was all rather frightening and puzzling, but the relatives thought they had better investigate, and when they went up to the coffin they found that the body was no longer inside it but was lying once again in the room by the double doors. More baffled than ever, they went to replace the body in the coffin and found that even exerting all their strength they could not budge it an inch; it was just as if they were trying to uproot some great tree from the ground, and they could do nothing. Thinking that perhaps the deceased did not wish to be moved elsewhere, one of the older and more discerning relatives went up to the body and asked, 'Do you wish to remain here? If so, we will bury you right here in this room. It would not be very nice for you to be left as you are.' The floor-boards by the doors were taken up and they began to lower the body into the space beneath—and now it seemed light as a feather. They had no alternative but to take up several feet of the floor of the room, and there the body was buried, with a large mound of earth over it. The occupants of the house were too scared to go on living in the same place with a corpse, and moved elsewhere. And so as the years passed, the house became more and more tumbledown, until finally no trace of it was left.

For some reason, no one—not even the poorest people—would ever live near this grave. The rumour spread that the place was haunted, so that no one dared to live there, and nothing now remains but the grave-mound itself. For a distance of some thirty-five or forty feet, the land bordering the north side of Takatsuji Lane (west of Muromachi Lane) has no cottages on it; nothing is left but this high mound of earth.

For some reason a Shintō shrine has been placed on top of the mound; I understand that not long ago it was still there.

48. (3/16) *How a sparrow repaid its debt of gratitude*

Long ago, one fine day in spring, a woman of about sixty was sitting cleansing herself of lice when she saw a boy pick up a stone and throw it at one of the sparrows which were hopping around in the garden. The stone broke the bird's leg, and as it floundered about, wildly flapping its wings, a crow came swooping down on it. 'Oh, the poor thing,' cried the woman, 'the crow will get it', and snatching it up, she revived it with her breath and gave it something to eat. At night, she placed it for safety in a little bucket. Next morning, when she gave it some rice and also a medicinal powder made from ground copper, her children and grandchildren ridiculed her. 'Just look,' they jeered, 'Grannie's taken to keeping sparrows in her old age.'

For several months she tended it, till in time it was hopping about again, and though it was only a sparrow, it was deeply grateful to her for nursing it back to health. Whenever she left the house on the slightest errand, the woman would ask someone to look after the sparrow and feed it. The family ridiculed her and wanted to know whatever she was keeping a sparrow for, but she would reply, 'Never you mind! I just feel sorry for it.' She kept it till it could fly again, then, confident that there was no longer any risk of its being caught by a crow, she went outside and held it up on her hand to see if it would fly away. Off it went with a flap of its wings. Everyone laughed at the woman because she missed her sparrow so much. 'For so long now I've been used to shutting it up at night and feeding it in the morning,' she said, 'and oh dear, now it's flown away! I wonder if it will ever come back.'

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[1] Just north of Fifth Avenue. Not far from the junction of the present-day Gojō and Kawaramachi.

[2] In the foothills east of Kyoto.

About three weeks later, she suddenly heard a sparrow chirruping away near her house, and wondering if all this chirruping meant that her sparrow had come back, she went out to see, and found that it had. 'Well I never!' she exclaimed. 'What a wonderful thing for it to remember me and come back!' The sparrow took one look at the woman's face, then it seemed to drop some tiny object out of its mouth and flew away. 'Whatever can it be, this thing the sparrow has dropped?' she exclaimed, and going up to it, she found it was a single calabash-seed. 'It must have had some reason for bringing this', she said, and she picked it up and kept it. Her children laughed at her and said, 'There's a fine thing to do, getting something from a sparrow and treating it as if you'd got a fortune!' 'All the same,' she told them, 'I'm going to plant it and see what happens'; which she did. When autumn came, the seed had produced an enormous crop of calabashes, much larger and more plentiful than usual. Delighted, the woman gave some to her neighbours, and however many she picked, the supply was inexhaustible. The children who had laughed at her were now eating the fruit from morning to night, while everyone in the village received a share. In the end, the woman picked out seven or eight especially big ones to make into gourds, and hung them up in the house.

After several months, she inspected them and found that they were ready. As she took them down to cut openings in them, she thought they seemed rather heavy, which was mysterious. But when she cut one open, she found it full to the brim. Wondering whatever could be inside it, she began emptying it out—and found it full of white rice! In utter amazement, she poured all the rice into a large vessel, only to discover that the gourd immediately refilled itself. 'Obviously some miracle has taken place—it must be the sparrow's doing', she exclaimed, bewildered but very happy. She put that gourd away out of sight before she examined the rest of them, but they all proved to be crammed full of rice, just like the first one. Whenever she took rice from the gourds, there was always far more than she could possibly use, so that she became extremely rich. The people in the neighbouring villages were astonished to see how prosperous she had become, and were filled with envy at her incredible good fortune.

Now the children of the woman who lived next door said to their mother, 'You and that woman next door are the same sort of people, but just look where she's got to! Why haven't you ever managed to do any good for us?' Their criticism stung the woman into going to see her neighbour. 'Well, well, however did you manage this business?'

she asked. 'I've heard some talk about it being something to do with a sparrow, but I'm not really sure, so would you tell how it all came about, please?' 'Well, it all began when a sparrow dropped a calabash-seed and I planted it', said the other woman, rather vaguely. But when her neighbour pressed her to explain the whole story in detail, she felt she ought not to be petty and keep it to herself, so she explained how there had been a sparrow with a broken leg that she had nursed back to health, and how it must have been so grateful that it had brought her a calabash-seed, which she had planted; and that was how she had come to be wealthy. 'Will you give me one of the seeds?' she was asked, but this she refused to do. 'I'll give you some of the rice that was in the gourds,' she said, 'but I can't give you a seed. I can't possibly let those go.' The neighbour now began to keep a sharp look-out in case she too might find a sparrow with a broken leg to tend. But there were no such sparrows to be found. Every morning as she looked out, there would be sparrows hopping around pecking at any grains of rice that happened to be lying about outside the back door—and one day she picked up some stones and threw them in the hope of hitting one. Since she had several throws and there was such a flock of birds, she naturally managed to hit one, and as it lay on the ground, unable to fly away, she went up to it in great excitement and hit it again, to make sure that its leg was broken. Then she picked it up and took it indoors, where she fed it and treated it with medicine. 'Why, if a single sparrow brought my neighbour all that wealth,' she thought to herself, 'I should be much richer still if I had several of them. I should get a lot more credit from my children than she did from hers.' So she scattered some rice in the doorway[1] and sat watching, then when a group of sparrows gathered to peck at it, she threw several stones at them, injuring three. 'That will do', she thought, and putting the three sparrows with broken legs into a bucket, she fed them a medicinal powder made from ground copper. Some months later, feeling very pleased with herself now that they had all recovered, she took them outdoors and they all flew away. In her own estimation she had acted with great kindness. But the sparrows bitterly resented having had their legs broken and being kept in captivity for months.

Ten days went by, and to the woman's great joy the sparrows returned. As she was staring at them to see if they had anything in their mouths, they each dropped a calabash-seed and flew off. 'It's worked', she thought exultantly, and picking up the seeds, she planted them in three places. In no time, much faster than ordinary ones, they had grown into huge plants, though none of them had borne much fruit—not more than seven or eight calabashes. She beamed with pleasure as she looked at them. 'You complained that I had never managed to do any good for you,' she said to her children, 'but now I'll do better than that woman next door', and the family very much hoped that she would. Since there were only a few calabashes, she did not eat any herself or let anyone else eat any, in the hope of getting more rice from them. Her children grumbled, 'The woman next door ate some of hers and gave some to her neighbours. And we've got three seeds, which is more than she had, so there ought to be something for ourselves and the neighbours to eat.' Feeling that perhaps they were right, the woman gave some away to the neighbours, while she cooked a number of the fruit for herself and her family to eat. The calabashes tasted terribly bitter, however; they were just like the *kihada* fruit that people use as a medicine, and made everyone feel quite nauseated. Every single person who had eaten any, including the woman herself and her children, was sick. The neighbours were furious and came round in a very ugly mood, demanding to know what it was she had given them. 'It's shocking', they said. 'Even people who only got a whiff of the things felt as if they were on their last legs with sickness and nausea.' The woman and her children, meanwhile, were sprawled out half-unconscious and vomiting all over the place, so that there was little point in the neighbours' complaining, and they went away. In two or three days, everyone had recovered, and the woman came to the conclusion that the peculiar things which had happened must have been the outcome of being overhasty and eating the calabashes which should have given rice. She therefore hung the rest of the fruit up in store. After some months, when she felt they would be ready, she went into the storeroom armed with buckets to hold the rice. Her toothless mouth grinning from ear to ear with happiness, she held the buckets up to the gourds and went to pour out the contents of the fruit—but what emerged was a stream of things like horse-flies, bees, centipedes, lizards and snakes, which attacked and stung her, not only on her face but all over her body. Yet she felt no pain, and thought that it was rice pouring over her, for she shouted, 'Wait a moment, my sparrows. Let me get it a little at a time.' Out of the seven or eight gourds came a vast horde of venomous creatures which stung the children and their mother—the latter so badly that she died. The sparrows had resented having their legs broken and had persuaded swarms of insects and reptiles to enter the gourds;

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[1] I follow Watanabe and Nishio in taking the *ke* here (written in *kana*) as a mistake for *to* 'doorway', and not as meaning 'basket'.

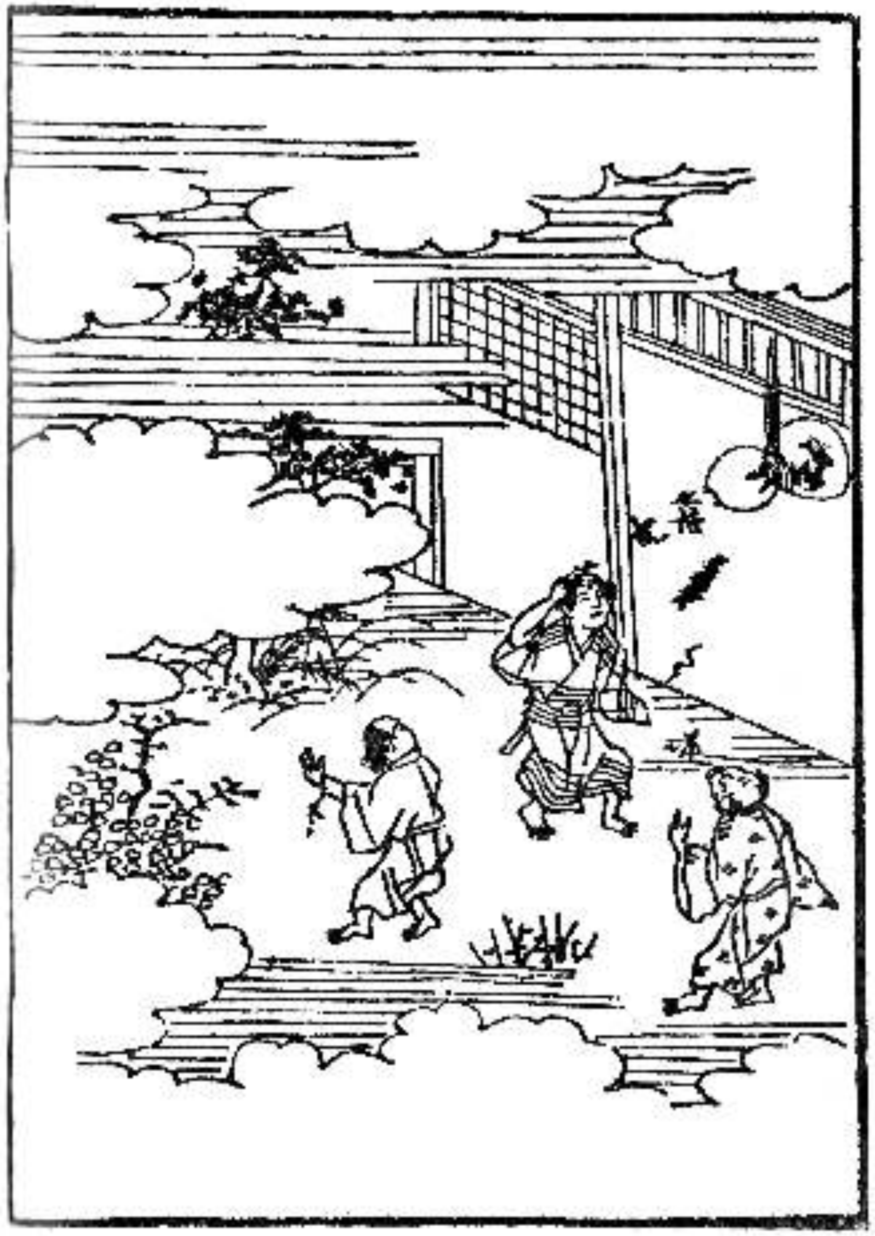

Fig. 14. The jealous neighbour's gourds are found to contain not rice but insects and other loathsome creatures (Story 48)

whereas the sparrow next door had been grateful because when it had broken its leg it had been saved from a crow and nursed back to health.

So you see, you should never be jealous of other people.

49. (3/17) *About the infinite cleverness of Ono Takamura*[1]

Long ago, there was a man named Ono Takamura. During the reign of the Emperor Saga,[2] someone put up a notice in the Palace bearing nothing but three Chinese characters. When the Emperor commanded Takamura to read it out, he replied, 'I can read it, but it is so disrespectful that I could not possibly say the words.' The Emperor was insistent, and continued to insist until in the end Takamura said, 'It reads *Saga nakute yokaran*, and thus it is an insult to Your Majesty.'[3] 'But who is there other than you who could have written this?' said the Emperor. 'That is just why I did not wish to read it out, Your Majesty', said Takamura. 'Well now', said the Emperor. 'Can you read anything that's written down?' 'Yes, Your Majesty', replied Takamura. The Emperor then wrote down twelve times in succession the *katakana* letter *ne*[4] and ordered him to read the result. '*Neko no ko no koneko, shishi no ko no kojishi* [A little kitten, a little lion-cub]' read Takamura, which the Emperor found so amusing that he let Takamura off without any punishment for his disrespect.

50. (3/18) *About Taira Sadabumi*[5] and *Hon'in no Jijū*[6]

Long ago, the Assistant Captain of the Left Division of the Military Guards, Taira Sadabumi, was known as Heichū. He was an accom-

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[1] 802–52. A famous scholar, calligrapher and poet, and also co-compiler of the commentary on the Taihō code known as *Ryō no gige*.

[2] Reigned 809–23.

[3] The three characters mean 'There is not' (or 'Not'), 'Evil', and 'Good'. The phrase can be interpreted to mean 'Where there is no evil, there is good', but since the first character can be read *Saga*, it can also mean 'It will be a good thing if there is no Saga (i.e., the Emperor).'

[4] This letter is the same as the Chinese character for 'child'; the Japanese reading for this is *ko*, which also has the meaning 'small', and the Sino-Japanese reading is *shi*.

[5] A noted lover and poet who died in 923, aged perhaps fifty-three or fifty-four. Note that Sadabumi figures also in *US* 152, but is there spoken of simply as 'a certain Assistant Captain...', without being given a name. (Despite the note in Watanabe and Nishio's edition quoting evidence for reading his personal name Sadabun, I have preferred the more usual form Sadabumi.)

[6] A lady about whose identity there seems to be considerable confusion. She was the daughter of Ariwara Muneyana and the granddaughter of Narihira. However, although according to most reference books she was the authoress of a volume of poems *Hon'in no jijū shū*, *Waka bungaku daijiten* (Tokyo 1962) maintains that this was by an entirely different person.

plished lover, and there was not a nobleman's daughter—not to speak of ladies-in-waiting—whom he had not visited in secret. Nor was there anyone who had failed to yield to him, once he had taken a fancy to her and sent her a letter. Now the lady known as Hon'in no Jijū, a maid-of-honour to the mother of the Emperor Murakami,[1] was thoroughly practised in the etiquette of Court love affairs, and when she received a letter from him she answered favourably, but still did not let him visit her. He felt that there was no hurry, and that she would yield to him in the end; he picked his times for sending letters to her very carefully—evenings, for instance, when the sky was of a most poignant beauty, or nights bright with moonlight, when she might be charmed into giving heed to his pleas. But though she recognized his letters and answered politely, she would not give him her heart, she remained firm and made non-committal answers. Where other people were present and no difficulty would arise, she would talk with him, yet all the while she was most skilfully evasive, and would not give him her heart. Heichū did not realize what she was doing, and becoming impatient at the way things were going, sent even more letters to her than usual, to tell her that he wished to visit her. She replied, as always, in a non-committal way. And then, towards the end of the fourth month, one fearful night when it was raining in torrents, he felt sure that if he went in such weather she would take pity on him, and so he set out.

As he went along, the rain was almost impossibly heavy, but he felt confident that she could scarcely refuse to see him when he had come in such weather. On arriving at her apartment, he was met by a servant who said, 'The lady is in with her mistress, sir. I'll tell her you have come', and took him into a side room. The light was shaded and he could just make out what looked like a coat she wore on duty hanging over a clothes-basket, while there was a most beautiful fragrance of burning incense. It was all very attractive, and he experienced a thrill of pleasure; while when the servant returned to say that the lady would be back at any moment, he was almost beside himself with joy. Now the lady returned from her mistress's rooms. 'How is it you have come in all this rain?' she asked. 'My love would indeed be shallow if I were to be put off by that', he replied, and going right up to her, he put out his hand to touch her hair. It felt quite wonderful to the touch, as cold as a patch of smooth ice. They exchanged all manner of the most intimate love-talk and he was just feeling that success was assured when she suddenly said, 'Oh dear! I forgot to shut the door. Tomorrow they'll want to know who went out and left it open, and I shall get into trouble. I'll just go and shut it. I shan't be a moment.' He realized that the door certainly ought to be shut, and felt no misgivings, now that they had become so intimate; after all, when she left him, she handed her outer robe over to him. He heard her actually close the door and waited for her to come back. But she noiselessly withdrew into the inner part of the building. He lay there impatient, bewildered and confused, wishing he had gone with her. But now there was nothing he could do. He bitterly regretted having let her go, but there was no help for it, and so just before dawn he tearfully returned home. There he sat pondering till day came, then wrote her a long letter expressing his chagrin at the trick she had played in leaving him. But she passed it off and replied, 'What reason could I have to play a trick on you? Just as I was about to come back to you, I was called away. But there will be another opportunity later.'

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[1] Reigned 946–67.

There seemed little hope of any opportunity to be really intimate with her, however, and he came to the conclusion that he must stop torturing himself like this, he must cure himself of his love for her by finding some defect in her which would turn him against her. He called his official bodyguard and gave instructions that when the lady's maid passed by on her way to empty her chamber-pot, he was to steal it from her and bring it to him to see. For several days the man hung around her watching for an opportunity. Then one day just as she had slipped by, he chased her, stole the chamber-pot and presented it to his master. Heichū gleefully took it off to a spot where he would not be observed and examined it. It was wrapped in three thicknesses of an incense-coloured[1] material and gave off an exquisite fragrance, indeed, as he unwrapped it the fragrance was quite beyond description. The vessel was filled with a dark-coloured decoction made with aloes wood and cloves. Also in it were a number of cylindrical objects made up from powdered incense. It can be imagined, therefore, how beautiful the smell was. The sight of all this left him completely bemused. If she had really done something nauseating in the vessel, he thought, he could have sickened himself by looking at it and thus eased his mental torment. But what did this mean, how could anyone be so clever? Everything suggested that she was just not human. He was almost beside himself with despair, but there was nothing he could do. He told himself that she could not possibly have guessed he would look into her chamber-pot, but having had this evidence of her nature he felt

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[1] Pale crimson with a tinge of yellow.

more in love with her than ever. Yet he never did succeed in becoming intimate with her.

Heichū is said to have confided to someone, 'I must admit, it was very humiliating and annoying'.[1]

51. (3/19) *About the Regent from the First Ward*[2] *and some verses*

Long ago, the person known as the Regent from the First Ward was the brother of Lord Higashi-Sanjō.[3] His looks, his nature, indeed everything about him was outstanding, and he had real intelligence and a fine presence. Now he had strong amorous inclinations and cast his eye on a number of women, with whom he amused himself. But he felt his behaviour to be somewhat frivolous, and in correspondence with a certain woman of low rank, he concealed his real name, calling himself Toyokage, a Secretary[4] at the Treasury. He fell deeply in love with her and became intimate with her. No one, however, was deceived, everybody knew his real identity.

Later he began to visit the daughter of a high-ranking nobleman. He had won over her nurse and her mother but her father had not been informed, and when he finally heard of the affair, he was furious and severely censured the girl's mother. She met his reproaches with a denial that anything had taken place, and asked the Regent to write a letter showing that no intimacy had occurred. The letter he sent read:

Only I can know
How much I have yearned for you.
Why as the years go by
Do we find it hard to pass
'The Barrier on Meeting Hill'[5]

When it was shown to the father, he realized that he had been jumping to conclusions, and sent the following poem in reply:

On the eastward road,
Though travellers come and go,

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[1] This last sentence contains a phrase *kore ni* 'to her', which commentators find inexplicable, and it is possible that some phrase has been lost. The meaning of the sentence might originally have been something like 'It was very humiliating and annoying that even I (i.e., such a noted lover) should be confronted with such a person.'

[2] Fujiwara Koretada, 924–72.

[3] Fujiwara Kaneie, 929–90, father of the great Michinaga.

[4] An official of the Third Grade.

[5] Ōsaka (spelt *Afusaka*) no seki. A barrier to the east of Kyoto, near the present city of Ōtsu.

I am not among them.
When shall I ever pass
The Barrier on Meeting Hill?

How the Regent must have smiled on reading this, says the anthology of his poems. A charming story!

52. (3/20) *How a fox set fire to a house*

Long ago, a retainer in the Governor's mansion in the province of Kai was on his way home from his duties one evening when he came across a fox. He chased it and shot at it with a humming-headed arrow, hitting it in the hindquarters. Though it was knocked over, it disappeared into the long grass, dragging its hindquarters and howling with pain. Taking another arrow, the man went in pursuit, the fox dragging itself along ahead of him, but just as he made to shoot at it a second time, it vanished.

When he came within about a quarter of a mile of his house, he suddenly caught sight of the fox a couple of hundred yards ahead, running along with a torch gripped in its teeth. 'Whatever is it doing that for, running along with a torch in its mouth?' he wondered, and he urged his horse on. But the fox ran up to the retainer's house, changed into a man and set fire to it. 'Hey, there's someone setting my house on fire', he said to himself, and fitting an arrow to his bow, he urged his horse on faster. But now that it had got the house well alight, the fox changed back to its original shape, ran off into the long grass and disappeared. Meanwhile the house was burnt to the ground.

Even creatures of this kind are quick to take revenge. You should heed this story and take care to avoid tormenting them.

53. (4/1) *How a fox took possession of someone and ate some rice-cakes*

Once, someone in a certain house was possessed by a spirit, and when it had been transferred to a medium,[1] it spoke through her, as follows: 'I am no evil spirit, only a fox who happened to come wandering by. I have a young family at home in my den who were hungry, so I came in here because it seemed to me that in a place like this there would be some food lying about. Please give me a feed of rice-cakes and I'll go.' The people of the house had some rice-cakes made and offered a trayful to the girl, who ate a few and said how delicious they were. 'She only pretended it was a fox possessing her because she wanted some rice-cakes', grumbled the onlookers.

The spirit then spoke again. 'Will you please let me have some paper, so that I can wrap this up and take it home for the old lady[1] and my children to eat.' A large parcel of rice-cakes was wrapped up in two pieces of paper, and the girl stuffed it down inside her dress, with the end sticking out by her chest. She now said to the exorcist, 'Drive me out and I'll go away.' 'Out, out!' he cried, and the girl stood up, after which she fell flat on her face. Presently she got up again and the parcel in her dress was missing.

What a strange thing that it should have vanished!

54. (4/2) *How gold was found in the province of Sado*[2]

In the province of Noto,[3] there were sixty men engaged in digging out iron ore for the Governor. During the governorship of Sanefusa,[4] the person in charge of these sixty men was overheard telling someone that in Sado there was a place where 'flowers of gold bloomed'.[5] This came to the ears of the Governor, who sent for this man and tried in various ways, such as by giving him presents, to trick him into revealing where the place was. 'There really is gold in Sado Province, sir,' said the man, 'I've seen the place for myself.' 'Will you go and fetch me some back, then?' asked the Governor. 'Certainly, sir, if you wish me to go.' 'Right, then we'll send a ship', said the Governor. 'I don't need anyone to go with me, sir', said the man. 'All I need is a little boat and a bit of food, and I'll go over to see whether there's any gold there or not, and if there is, bring some back.' The Governor did as the man asked, and telling no one about the trip, provided the man with a boat and some food, with which he crossed over to Sado.

A month went by and the Governor had forgotten about the man, when suddenly he returned. He looked meaningfully at the Governor, who understood what he was trying to convey and came out to meet him in person, so that the gold should not pass through anyone else's hands. Surreptitiously the man handed over a parcel, which felt very heavy, wrapped in a strip of black silk; the Governor put it into the front of his robe and went back into his apartments. From that time on, the man who had found the gold disappeared without trace. Despite an extensive search, no one ever found out where he had gone, nor for what purpose, though the Governor suspected that he had gone off to inquire about places where gold was to be found. The Governor's share of the gold, so the story goes, amounted to about eight thousand taels.

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[1] In the exorcizing of an evil spirit, a young girl was used as a medium and the spirit transferred to her before being finally driven away.

[1] The term used is one which is used of humans (*tōme*), but which originally was only a [illegible] term for 'fox'.

[2] An island (belonging to modern Niigata Prefecture) off the Japan Sea coast.

[3] Part of modern Ishikawa Prefecture.

[4] A Fujiwara whose dates are obscure.

[5] A poetical expression for the mining of gold said to go back to a *Man'yōshū* poem by Yakamochi.

So you see, Noto people used to tell how there was gold in Sado.

55. (4/3) *About the Abbot of the Yakushi-ji*[1]

Long ago, there was a certain Assistant High Priest who was Abbot of the Yakushi-ji. Though he was Abbot, he was careful not to live off the temple's funds, and longed for rebirth in Paradise. In his old age, he fell sick and when he reached the point of death, he invoked the name of the Buddha as he was about to breathe his last. Just when it seemed that the end had really come, he revived, and calling his disciples together, he said to them, 'As you saw, I had banished all other thoughts from my mind and was devoutly invoking the name of Amida Buddha,[2] and thus expected that He would come from Paradise to fetch me. But instead of that, the fiery car was driven up. "What does this mean?" I cried, "I was not expecting this. What crime have I committed that you should take me to Hell?" The demons who had brought the car replied, "Some years ago, you borrowed two or three bushels of rice that belonged to the temple, and you have never returned it. That is the crime which earned you this summons to Hell." "Such a trifling crime is surely hardly reason for sending me to Hell", I protested, "I will repay what I borrowed." The fiery car is drawn up outside and they are waiting for me. I beg you to be quick and donate five bushels of rice to pay for a sūtra-reading.' The Abbot's disciples scurried about frantically to do as he asked and arrange for a sūtra-reading. As the bell rang for the reading, the fiery car departed, and shortly afterwards the Abbot announced that

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[1] One of the Seven Great Temples of Nara, head temple of the Hossō sect. For 'Abbot', see note 1 on p. 204. Note that *Kojidan* names this Abbot as Saigen (a Minamoto who died in 910, aged seventy-six).

[2] Reciting the *nembutsu*.

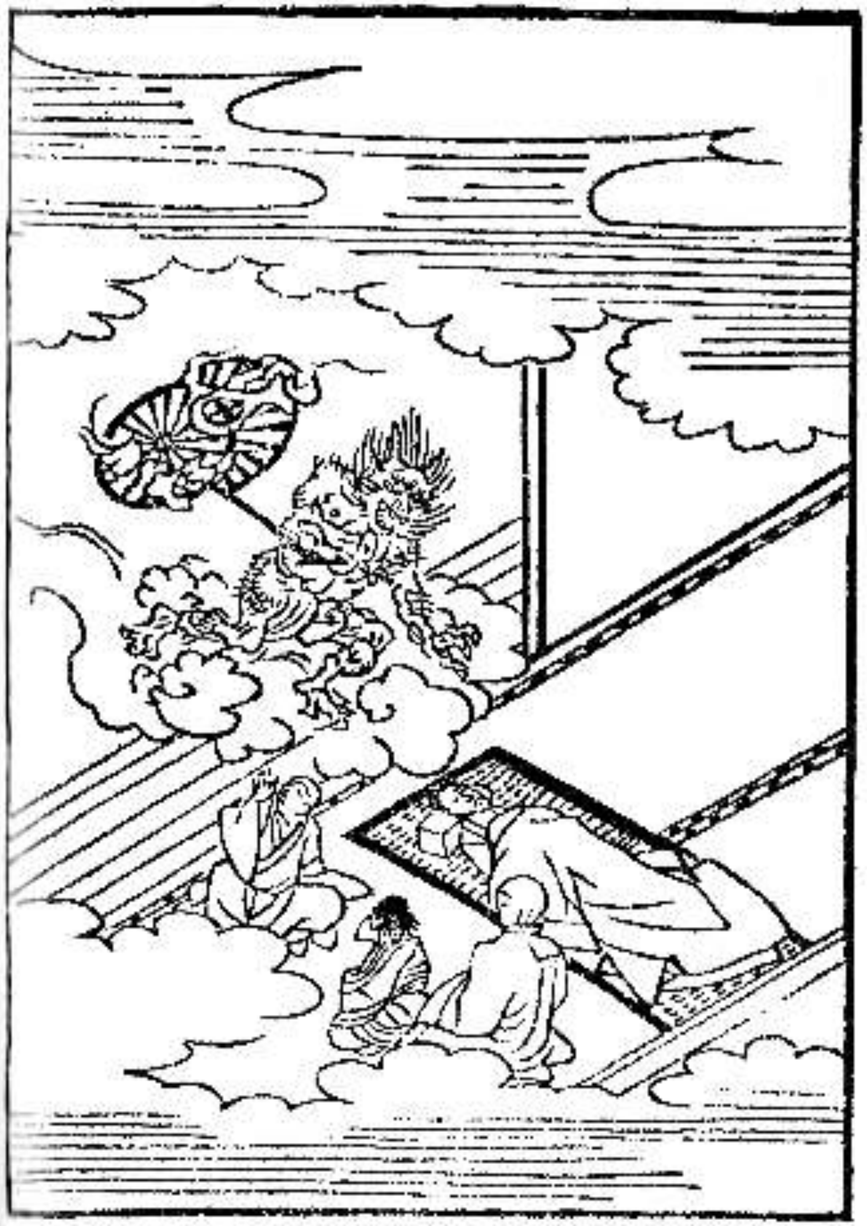

Fig. 15. The demon arriving to take the Abbot of the Yakushi-ji off to Hell (Story 55)

it had gone and that Amida had come from Paradise to fetch him. As he wrung his hands in rejoicing, his life came to an end.

The place where he lived was on the northern side of the great gate of the Yakushi-ji and is still preserved today. Even for such a petty crime as spending a paltry amount of temple funds, the fiery car came to take him away. It is all the more obvious then that any temple abbot who has freely indulged himself at his temple's expense will be taken off to Hell.

56. (4/4) *About Brother-and-Sister Island*[1]

In the Hata district of Tosa Province, there lived a poor man who cultivated some land outside Tosa, in another province. His seed beds were in his own province, but when the seedlings were ready for transplanting, he loaded them aboard a boat, together with a variety of supplies, from food for the planters to household utensils such as pans and cooking-pots, spades and hoes and a plough, then he and his wife went ashore for a while to hire labourers for the planting, leaving their two children—a boy and a girl, aged about eleven or twelve—in the boat to guard it. Not intending to be away for long, they simply pulled the boat a little way out of the water and did not bother to tie it up. The children were asleep on the bottom-boards. When the tide came in, the boat floated free, and without any warning it was blown away from the shore. Caught on the ebb-tide, they were finally swept right out to sea, where, as the wind blew harder and harder, they sped along as if they were under sail. Now the children woke up, to find themselves far out at sea with no place where they might drop anchor. They cried with terror, but they were powerless to do anything, for the wind took them on and on, heading they knew not where. Meanwhile their parents had got together their hired labour, and returned to board the boat, only to find it gone. At first they wondered if the children had perhaps hidden it in some sheltered spot, and went to look for it, but though they shouted as hard as they could, who was there to answer? They searched in bay after bay, but in the end they were forced to give up, for the boat was nowhere to be seen.

Now the boat had been blown to an island far away to the south. In tears, the children went ashore and tied up the boat, then as they looked around, they found that the island was uninhabited. They could see no way of getting back home, and once ashore on the island, one said to the other, "There is nothing we can do. Still, there is no need to throw away our lives. So long as these provisions last, we can eat a little at a time and keep ourselves alive. But what shall we live on when they are exhausted? Look, let us plant these rice-seedlings before they wither up.' The other agreed, and they chose a place with a stream nearby to cultivate as a ricefield. They had spades and hoes, and they cut down trees to build a hut. There were plenty of fruit-trees that were just in season and laden with fruit, and they lived on that until autumn came round. And then—perhaps the karma of their previous lives made it so—the field they had cultivated proved so fertile, far more fertile, indeed, than their parents' land in Japan, that they were able to bring in an abundant harvest. Since there seemed to be no choice, they became man and wife and had many children, both boys and girls. These too continued to marry among themselves. The island being a big one, they cultivated a great number of fields, both for rice and for other crops, and recently, they say, the descendants of this brother and sister have grown into a population too big for the island.

I was told that the island is known as Imosejima (Brother-and-Sister Island) and is situated to the south of Tosa.

57. (4/5) *About the snake under the stepping-stones*[1]

The following happened not long ago. A certain woman was walking up Ōmiya Street[2] to attend the Enlightenment Sermons[3] at the Urin'in Temple[4] and had reached the neighbourhood of the Sai-in when she came to some stepping-stones forming a bridge over the stream which ran down the centre of the street. Walking along beside the stream was a woman in her late twenties with the hem of her dress tied up, and as she crossed the bridge her foot dislodged one of the stones. The woman behind her was surprised to see, curled up underneath the stone, a small spotted snake, which to her amazement went wriggling along after the woman who had dislodged the stone. 'I wonder why it's following her', she pondered. 'Perhaps it's annoyed at having been disturbed and is looking for a chance to get its own back', and she too tagged on behind to see what the snake would do. From time to time, the woman in front looked back, but she appeared to have no inkling that she had a snake for a companion. Moreover, though there were other people going the same way, no one spotted the snake that was following her and drew her attention to it; it was only visible to the woman who had first seen it, and she kept close behind the other woman to see what the snake was going to do. Soon they arrived at the Urin'in.

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[1] Imosejima. This appears to have been the old name of Okinoshima, in modern Kōchi Prefecture in Shikoku.

[1] Though the Japanese characters here mean literally 'stone bridge', it is clear that the reference is to some sort of stepping-stones.

[2] The road normally known simply as Ōmiya Street ran north–south and skirted the eastern wall of the Palace compound. The woman's destination, the Urin'in, was at the northern end of this street. However, there appears to have been no building in this street commonly known as Sai-in, though there was one, a former detached palace of the Emperor Junna (reigned 823–33) which later became a temple, in Nishi Ōmiya Street, the road skirting the west wall of the Palace compound.

[3] *Bodaikō*. The main element in these services was expositions of the Lotus Sūtra.

[4] A Tendai temple no longer standing, just to the south of the Daitoku-ji. At one time a detached palace of the Emperor Junna, it later became a temple.

When the woman in front stepped up on to the temple verandah and sat down, the snake followed suit, curling up beside her. However, since no one saw it, this caused no commotion. It was such an extraordinary scene that the woman watching could not take her eyes off it. In due course, the service came to an end and the other woman got up to go, whereupon the snake followed her out of the temple. Anxious to see what it was going to do, the watcher followed as they went out into the city. When she reached the Lower Capital area, the woman in front stopped at a house and went in, accompanied by the snake. This was presumably where she lived, and the woman following her thought to herself, 'This snake appears to be invisible[1] in daylight, but I expect it will do whatever it has in mind at night. I'd like to see what kind of creature it is by night.' Since there was no alternative if that was what she wanted to do, she went up to the house and asked if she could possibly be allowed to spend the night there, as she had come up from the country and had nowhere to stay. She had expected the woman that the snake was following to be the owner of the house, but this woman now called out, 'There's someone here who wants to stay the night', and an old woman came to the door to ask who it was. 'So this is the owner of the house', thought the first woman, and she asked to be given lodging for the night. 'Certainly. Come in', replied the old woman, and gratefully she went in. Inside, she found the other woman seated on a raised wooden section of the floor; the snake was not on that part of the floor, but was curled up down at the foot of a house-post. She noticed that it was keeping its eyes fixed on the

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[1] *Sugata mo mie nasari* 'appears to be invisible (in daylight)' may be a mistake for *[illegible]* (or *[illegible]*) *mo shi nasari* 'doesn't seem to do anything (in daylight)' or perhaps 'isn't likely to do anything (in daylight)'.

woman. The latter sat talking about what it was like 'up at the Hall' and so on—apparently she was in service.

By now the sun had gone down and darkness was coming on, so that there would be no chance of observing the snake. The visitor therefore said to the woman who appeared to be the owner of the house, 'If you have any flax, let me spin some for you, to repay you for your kindness in letting me stay here. Please light the lamp.' 'It's very kind of you to offer', said the old lady, and having lit the lamp, she produced some flax for her guest, who began to spin it, at the same time watching to see what happened. The other woman, she saw, had settled down to sleep, and she expected the snake to make its attack any minute. But it kept its distance. She wanted to warn the woman immediately, but refrained from doing so for fear that if she did she might herself come to some harm. She sat watching till past midnight to see what the snake would do, but there was nothing to be seen, and when the light eventually burned out, she too lay down to sleep.

Early next morning, she got up in a hurry to see whether anything had happened. At the proper time, the other woman woke up, and without seeming to be particularly concerned, told the presumed mistress of the house, 'Last night I had a dream.' 'What about?' 'I had the feeling that there was someone by the head of my bed, and it turned out to be a creature whose top half was that of a pretty woman but who from the waist down had the form of a snake. She said to me, "Because I bore resentment against other people, I was reborn as a snake and have spent many unhappy years beneath a stepping stone. Yesterday, when you kicked against the stone which weighed me down and dislodged it, I was saved and released from my torture beneath the stone. I was so grateful that I wanted to see where my rescuer lived and thank her, so I went with you. Now since you were going to attend the Enlightenment Sermons and I accompanied you, I had an opportunity that I should not otherwise have had of hearing the Law.[1] The result has been that my many sins have been wiped out, and by the power of the Law I shall soon attain the merit which will enable me to be reborn as a human. This has given me such joy that I have paid you this visit. I am going to reward your kindness by making you rich and arranging for you to marry a good husband." That was my dream.' Completely taken aback by this story, the woman who had stayed the night now revealed that actually she was not from the country, but lived in such-and-such a place. 'Yesterday', she said, 'I was on my way to the Enlightenment Sermons when I met you and walked along behind you. At the stepping-stone bridge over the stream in that part of Ōmiya Street, you dislodged a stone, and from under it a small spotted snake came out and went along with you. I wanted to draw your attention to it but did not dare, because I was afraid that if I told you I might bring harm upon myself, too. It is quite true, the snake was present at the service, but no one could see it. When you left after the service was over, I followed you again. I was anxious to see how the business would end, and so I did something I had not planned to do and spent the night here. Until past midnight the snake lay at the foot of that post. But when I looked for it this morning, it was nowhere to be seen. Now on top of that you have told us of your dream, and it is all so fantastic and frightening that I had to tell you the whole story. I hope that we shall continue to share our secrets in future, now that this has happened.' From that time on they became friends and visited each other regularly.

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[1] I.e., the doctrines of Buddhism. What I have translated as '(an opportunity) which I should not otherwise have had of hearing the Law' is literally 'I heard the Law which it is so difficult to come into contact with'. It is hard to achieve birth in the human realm, but even then not everyone has the chance to hear the Law. How much less then does a snake!

The woman who had saved the snake became very rich, and not very long ago got married. I'm not sure who her husband was, but he was a very wealthy man, the under-steward of one of the Ministers of State, so that she came to have everything in life that she wanted. I believe that if you made inquiries, you could easily find out who she was.

58. (4/6) *About the holy man[1] who instituted the Enlightenment Sermons at the Tōhoku-in Temple*

The holy man who instituted the Enlightenment Sermons at the Tōhoku-in had formerly been a notorious criminal and had seven times been in prison. The seventh time, police officials held a meeting to discuss what was to be done. 'This is really a hardened criminal', it was said. 'There is precious little good in a man who has been in prison a couple of times, but when a fellow goes on committing crime after crime and goes to prison seven times, like this one, it's that much worse, just too shocking for words.' This time, therefore, it was decided that he should suffer the punishment of having his kneecaps removed,[2] and he was taken away for this to be carried out. Just as they were about to begin, however, a very distinguished expert in the art of physiognomy happened to pass by, and going up to the men who were preparing to carry out the sentence, he said, 'For my sake please spare this man. There are clear signs in his face that he will go to Paradise.' 'That's a lot of rubbish, you don't know what you're talking about, with your face-reading!' said the men, and they went on with their preparations for the punishment. The priest now stood on the leg whose kneecap they were going to cut off and wailed, 'Cut off my kneecap instead of his. How can I stand by and see a man's leg mutilated when his face shows that he will go to Paradise?' The men were at a loss what to do and went to explain to the police officials what had happened. Seeing how illustrious this physiognomist was, they could not discount what he said, and they reported the matter to the Police Commissioner, who instructed them to release the prisoner. When he was set free, the criminal felt a surge of religious faith within him and entered the priesthood, eventually becoming a celebrated holy man and instituting the Enlightenment Sermons. The physiognomist's prediction was correct, for when the holy man died, his end was most wonderful.

So we see that even though a man destined to be famous may have the signs of it in his face, it takes more than an ordinary physiognomist to recognize them. It is profoundly impressive that the service which this holy man instituted has lasted down to the present day.

59. (4/7) *How the Priestly Nobleman from Mikawa[1] retired from the world*

While the Priestly Nobleman from Mikawa was still a layman, he fell in love with a young and beautiful girl and abandoned his first wife, taking this girl with him as his new wife when he went down to his province of Mikawa. After a long illness, the girl's beauty faded and she died, but so great was his grief that he did not have her buried, and lay night and day talking to her dead body and kissing it. Not until a foul smell began to issue from her mouth did he feel repelled, and then he tearfully had her buried.

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[1] Unidentifiable. The name Tōhoku-in, 'the temple to the north-east', refers to its position relative to the Hōjō-ji, the temple built by Michinaga. Note that the *Kojidan* version of this story has 'Urin'in,' the same place as in the previous *Uji shūi* story.

[2] The Japanese '*hiza kirite*' could mean simply that he was to have his feet cut off. Watanabe and Nishio mention a note in Kojima's *Shōkai* commentary to the effect that this means 'cutting the tendons of his feet'. I have followed Nakajima, who considers the reference to be to one of the 'five punishments' of China—death, castration, removal of the kneecaps (*hishiri*), cutting off the nose (*hanakiri*) and tattooing.

[1] *Mikawa no nyūdō*, i.e., Ōe Sadamoto, 962–1034, who entered the priesthood under the name of Jakushō (see also *UJS* 172) in 988 and died in China. *Nyūdō* is commonly translated 'Lay Priest', but as the opening of his story shows, this use of the word 'lay' is misleading. The term is used simply of a person (it was on the whole restricted to the nobility, hence the Reischauer translation 'Priestly High Court Noble') who takes holy orders without becoming a *shukke*, i.e., leaving home and going into a temple.

From that time on he realized the sadness of this world. Meanwhile, at the Festival of the Wind[1] held in Mikawa, he saw a wild boar being cut up as a living sacrifice, and he resolved to quit this province. When someone presented him with a live pheasant which he had caught, the Governor said, 'Let us cook this pheasant alive before we eat it. I should like to see if it tastes any better that way', and one of his retainers, a stupid man who was desperately anxious to please his master, chimed in to say, 'What a fine idea, sir! It's sure to taste better.' The more sensitive of his retainers were disgusted.

The Governor ordered the men to pluck the bird alive while he watched. At first it kept flapping its wings, but then they held it down and began to pluck as fast as they could go; tears of blood[2] started from the bird's eyes, and with fluttering eyelids it looked from one man to the next. So horrible was the sight that some of the men moved away, unable to bear it. But others only cried, 'Hark at it screeching!' and laughed with pleasure, plucking away more cruelly than ever. When the plucking was finished, the Governor had the men slice the bird up. With every cut of the knife, the blood came spurting out, but they kept wiping it away and continued slicing up the bird until it finally died, uttering horrible nerve-racking cries. When they had finished cutting it up, the Governor ordered them to roast it and see how it tasted. Having done so, they told him, 'It was really delicious, much better than when it's killed first before being cut up and roasted.' As he watched them and listened to them, tears streamed down his face and he groaned aloud—much to the surprise of the men who had been telling him how tasty the bird was. That very same day, he left the Governor's mansion and went up to the capital, where he entered the priesthood. The sole purpose of this strange experiment he had made was to strengthen his resolve, now that religious faith had stirred within him.

Once, while begging for food, he visited a certain house where he was given a magnificent meal on a mat spread in the garden. As he sat down on the mat to begin his meal, he noticed that the blinds were rolled up, and on looking at the well-dressed lady who was sitting inside, he found it was his first wife, whom he had divorced. 'You there, beggar! How I've longed to see you come to this!' she said, looking

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[1] A ceremony of prayer for favourable winds, either at harvest time or for purposes of navigation.

[2] A common expression for tears shed in pain or desperation.

him straight in the eye. But the priest gave no sign of being embarrassed or hurt; he said simply, 'My humble thanks, madam', and after making a hearty meal, took his leave.

How rare are men of such a nature! Once he had developed a strong faith, not even such an experience could wound him.

60. (4/8) *How Shin Myōbu*[1] *went to the Kiyomizu-dera*[2]

Long ago, when Shin Myōbu was a young woman, she went regularly to Kiyomizu. Her spiritual adviser at this time was a man of unblemished chastity, a man of eighty who had recited the Lotus Sūtra more than eighty-four thousand times.[3] At the sight of her, however, he experienced lustful feelings, was taken suddenly ill, and soon lay at death's door. His disciples were very puzzled and questioned him. 'This is no ordinary illness', they said. 'Is there something on your mind? It would make no sense not to tell us.' Now their master revealed his secret to them. 'The truth is,' he said, 'that when I came into close contact with the lady who comes here from the capital, I longed to open my heart to her. For the last three years, I have been afflicted with a malady that prevents me from eating. And now the sad thing is that I am about to descend into the Realm of Snakes.'

Thereupon, one of his disciples went to see Shin Myōbu and tell her what had happened. She came at once. Not having shaved his head for a long time, the sick man looked like some demon, with his beard and hair standing up on end like silver needles. She gave no sign of being frightened, though, and said, 'For years I have trusted in you with all my heart. How could I refuse you anything you asked of me, whatever it might be? Why did you not tell me about this, before you fell into this decline.' The old priest was helped to sit up, and taking his beads, he said as he began to rub them, 'I am so grateful to you for coming. I am going to dedicate to you the most sublime passage in the Lotus Sūtra.[1] If you bear a son who remains a layman, may he become Chancellor or Regent. If you bear a daughter, may she become an Imperial Concubine or an Empress. If you bear a son who enters the priesthood, may he become a Senior High Priest in charge of the affairs of some temple.' As he finished speaking, he passed away.

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[1] According to Watanabe and Nishio, Minamoto Masako. She was the daughter of Prince Tomohira (964–1009), who was a son of the Emperor Murakami and ancestor of the Murakami Genji; she married Fujiwara Yorimichi and died in 1053. However, their discussion reveals that there is some doubt about the identity of Shin Myōbu. They quote *Gukanshō* as saying that when Yorimichi married the daughter of Prince Tomohira, she proved barren, and he subsequently had a number of children by one of her attendants, 'Shin Myōbu'. A *myōbu* was a Court lady of medium rank or above (originally of Fifth Rank or above). This one presumably had a male relative who was a secretary (*jōi*) in some office such as the Office of the Empress's Household (*Chūgūshiki*).

[2] A temple in the hills to the east of Kyoto whose affiliations are both Hossō and Shingon. Founded in 805. The main object of worship is an eleven-headed Kannon.

[3] 'The number of atoms in the human body is supposed to be 84,000. Hence the term is used of a number of things, often in the sense of a great number' (Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 39).

In later years, the lady was favoured with the love of Lord Uji[2] and the priest's words came true, for her children were the Great Minister from Kyōgoku,[3] the Princess from the Fourth Ward[4] and the Abbot Kakuen[5] of the Mii-dera.

61. (4/9) *How Lord Naritō[6] came back to life*

Again, long ago, when Lord Naritō died, the Priestly Nobleman of the Buddha Hall[7] felt very sorry for him, being sure that he must have had some dying wish to communicate. He therefore summoned the High Priest Kanju[8] of the Gedatsu-ji[9] and had him face towards Naritō's house and perform magical rites of exorcism. As a result, the corpse at once came back to life, so the story goes, said what it had to say, and then once more closed its eyes.

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[1] Thought to be a reference to the following passage in the Lotus Sūtra: 'If a woman, desirous of male offspring, adores the Bodhisattva Avalokiteśvara, she shall get a son, nice, handsome and beautiful; one possessed of the characteristics of a male child, generally beloved and winning, who has planted good roots. If a woman is desirous of getting a daughter, a nice, handsome, beautiful girl shall be born to her; one possessed of the (good) characteristics of a girl, generally beloved and winning, who has planted good roots.' This passage appears in the chapter devoted to Kannon, variously numbered by different authorities as No. 24, e.g., by Kern, whose translation is quoted here (from *Sacred Books of the East*, reprinted in India by Motilal Banarsidass (1965), XXI, p. 409) and by Sir Charles Eliot, and as No. 25 (by Japanese reference works, on the basis of old Chinese translations).

[2] Fujiwara Yorimichi (see note 1 on p. 146).

[3] Fujiwara Morozane, 1042–1101, also known as the Chancellor from Kyōgoku.

[4] Fujiwara Kenshi, 1056–1084 (or 1057), concubine and later Empress of Go-Reizei.

[5] Died 1098, aged sixty-eight.

[6] Takashina Naritō, died 1010, aged thirty-six.

[7] Fujiwara Michinaga, 966–1027. He entered religion in 1019. 'Buddha Hall' here refers to the temple Hōjō-ji, which was built by Michinaga and in which he lived.

[8] Died 1068.

[9] Founded by Fujiwara Senshi or Akiko, the consort of En'yū whose taking of orders (in 991) is described in UJ 143.

62. (4/10) *About Atsumasa[1] and Tadatsune[2]*

Again, long ago there was a Senior Assistant Minister of Popular Affairs named Atsumasa. Now during the time of Lord Hosshōji,[3] he was summoned by a certain official of the Regent's Private Office,[4] a fellow called Yoshisuke or some such name, to perform obligatory labour service. Atsumasa protested that he was not liable for any such service and refused to attend, but when the official appeared with a number of the Regent's men and ordered him to attend on pain of punishment, he finally presented himself. He called out to announce his arrival, then, when the official appeared, Atsumasa flew into a fearful rage and began raving at him. 'What do you mean by summoning me for labour of this kind? Who do you think I am, that's what I want to know?' For a while, however, the official sat silent, while Atsumasa stormed on at him. 'Come on now, before we go any further, I want you to tell me what you take me for.' The official now said, 'Well, the fact is, I knew you were the Senior Assistant Minister of Popular Affairs, of the Fifth Rank, because of your red nose.' 'Oh-h!' roared Atsumasa, and took himself off.

On another occasion the same official saw a nobleman's official bodyguard named Tadatsune saunter across in front of where he was sitting and remarked sotto voce, 'How comparable[5] this bodyguard looks!' Being sharp of hearing, the bodyguard overheard the remark and came back before the official, demanding to know what he meant by calling him "comparable". 'Personally', said the official, 'I have no idea whether anyone is comparable or incomparable, but just now when that officer Takemasa from the Guards[6] went by, these people all said to each other how incomparable his appearance was. Well, you're nothing like him, so I thought you must be "comparable"—that's why I said it.' With an angry 'Oh-h!' Tadatsune hurried off.

They say this official was known as 'the official with the sharp tongue'.

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[1] According to Nomura and Nakajima, the son of Fujiwara Noritsune. Watanabe and Nishio say only that his identity is obscure.

[2] Unidentifiable.

[3] Fujiwara Tadamichi, 1097–1164. Took orders in 1162.

[4] Kurōdokoro. This term usually refers to the Sovereign's Private Office, but Watanabe and Nishio take it to mean the similar office of the Regent. Nomura and Nakajima take it to mean 'the Regent's storehouse'.

[5] The official adapts the idiom *nami-nashi*, in the sense of 'not ordinary', by altering the negative *nashi* into a positive *ari*. I have tried to create a similar effect by altering 'incomparable' to 'comparable' (another way to give the same effect might be to use 'impeccable' and 'peccable').

[6] The original uses the term *fushō*, a rank in the Guard's Divisions immediately below that of Assistant Lieutenant. The duties were either clerical or involved service as bodyguards (like *zuijin*).

63. (4/11) *How the Emperor Go-Suzaku[1] had a sixteen-foot statue[2] of the Buddha made*

Again, long ago, when the Emperor Go-Suzaku was gravely ill, he felt great anxiety about the life to come. And then the Priestly Nobleman of the Buddha Hall[3] appeared to him in a dream, saying, 'No one who has had a sixteen-foot statue of the Buddha made is cast down into the Evil Realms,[4] nor are his descendants after him. I had many such statues made, thus Your Majesty need have no doubts about his salvation.' As a result of this dream, the Emperor ordered the Abbot Meikai[5] to have a sixteen-foot statue of the Buddha made. That statue is now kept in the Gobutsu-in on Mt Hiei.

64. (4/12) *How the Senior Assistant Minister of Ceremonial Saneshige[6] saw the true form of the Deity of Kamo[7]*

Again, long ago the Senior Assistant Minister of Ceremonial Saneshige was quite uniquely zealous in worshipping at Kamo, but the karma of his previous life was bad and he enjoyed no special blessings as a result of his worshipping. Someone once had a dream in which he heard the Great God lamenting, 'Saneshige has come again.' Saneshige used to pray that he might be granted a vision of the Original Buddha of whom the Great God was an avatār, then one night, during a vigil at the Lower Kamo Shrine, he set out for the Upper Shrine, and on

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[1] Reigned 1036–45.

[2] *Jōroku*, i.e., one *jō* and six *shaku*; '. . . the normal height of a Buddha in his "transformation body" . . . nirmāṇa-kāya; said to be the height of the Buddha when he was on earth.' (Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 54.)

[3] Fujiwara Michinaga (see note 7 on p. 49), Go-Suzaku's grandfather.

[4] The three Evil Paths (of transmigration), viz. those of Hell, hungry ghosts and beasts.

[5] A descendant of Tadahito (*UY* 18). His appointment as Abbot of Tendai did not take place until 1039, i.e., after Go-Suzaku's death.

[6] There is some discrepancy between texts of *Uji shūi* as to the appointment held by Saneshige. His identity is obscure. However, Watanabe and Nishio point out that a poem by a 'Taira Saneshige' (No. 1267 in the *Senzaishū*, the seventh Imperial anthology) is reminiscent of this story; according to the introduction to the poem Saneshige had made over 2,000 visits to Kamo, grieving over his failure to be made a *kurōdo* (Archivist), and then, at the Kibune Shrine, wrote a poem lamenting his ill-luck.

[7] 'The Kamo Shrine' actually consisted of two shrines, celebrating different deities and physically separate, both being north of Kyoto, but the upper a little north of the lower. However, the reference in this story seems to be to the pair of shrines as one complex; I have therefore translated the word *daimyōjin* in the singular. The Kamo shrines have always been centres of popular faith, but were also regarded as specially protecting the seat of the Imperial family.

the way, near Nakaragi,[1] he came upon an Imperial procession, with the hundred officials in attendance just as usual. Saneshige, watching from the cover of a thicket, saw inside the Imperial palanquin a sūtra scroll written in gold ink that bore the title, 'All who have said but once "Hail to the Buddha," have achieved Buddhahood.'[2] Thereupon, so the story goes, Saneshige woke up.

65. (4/13) *How the High Priest Chikai[3] discussed the Law with a leper*

Again, long ago, while the High Priest Chikai still belonged to the minor hierarchy of the priesthood, he worshipped for a hundred days at the Kiyomizu-dera, and as he was just leaving it, late one night, he heard someone on the platform[4] intoning the text: 'Only in the Perfect Doctrine can evil karma and good karma be the same. In the other three doctrines, evil karma and good karma are from the beginning fixed and unalterable.'[5] Deeply impressed and wondering who it was reciting these words, he went closer and found it to be a leper. Sitting down beside him, he began to discuss the Scriptures with him. But Chikai found himself almost completely worsted. Sure that there could be no scholar of such erudition in either the northern or the southern capital,[6] he asked where the man was from. He replied, 'I live on these slopes.' Although Chikai later looked for him several times, he never met him again. He presumed that the leper had perhaps been an incarnation of some divine being.

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[1] A small shrine between the two Kamo shrines.

[2] Part of a stanza from the *upāya* (*hōben*) chapter of the Lotus Sūtra, which in the Kern translation (in *Sacred Books of the East*, XXI), p. 52 reads: 'And who at stupas containing relics have but once said: Homage be to the Buddha! albeit they did it with distracted thoughts, all have attained supreme enlightenment.'

[3] Details of his life are obscure, but this incident must have been before 1175, since the *Tendai zasu ki* (Record of the Abbots of Tendai) mentions his appointment as *hōkyō* (i.e., *risshi*, Master of Asceticism) in that year. (In this story, he is referred to as [illegible] (i.e., *sōjō*).)

[4] The so-called 'stage' or 'dancing platform' built out on trestles over the valley.

[5] A passage from the *Fa-hua Wen-chü-chi*, by the T'ang priest Chan-jan. The perfect doctrine is the fourth stage of belief according to Tendai Buddhism, comprehensive and therefore perfect. The first three are Hīnayāna, Mahāyāna-cum-Hīnayāna, and Mahāyāna.

[6] Kyoto or Nara (the capital from 710–84).

66. (4/14) *How the Retired Emperor Shirakawa*[1] *was attacked by an evil spirit*

Again, long ago the Retired Emperor Shirakawa was in bed one night when he was attacked by some evil spirit.[2] Orders were given for suitable weapons to be placed at the head of his bed,[3] and Lord Yoshiie[4] was summoned, who presented him with a black-painted bow of spindle-tree wood. When His Majesty placed this by his head, the attacks ceased. Very grateful, he asked Yoshiie, 'Did you bear this bow throughout the twelve years[5] of war?' But Yoshiie replied that he could not remember. The Retired Emperor always remained grateful to him.

67. (4/15) *How the Assistant High Priest Yōchō*[6] *ate some fish*

Again, long ago the Assistant High Priest Yōchō from the southern capital would eat nothing—either at the regular mealtime,[7] in the morning, or later in the day, for supper—unless he could have fish.[8] Once when he had been called to Kyoto to conduct some service at Court, he went without fish for a long time, and returned home in a very weak state. Near the Jōroku-dō Temple[9] at Nashima his party stopped to eat their midday meal, and one of his disciples went to the house of a layman who lived nearby to beg some fish, which he offered to his master. This man who had given the fish later dreamed he saw some fearsome-looking creatures putting marks on houses in the neighbourhood. His house, however, was not marked down, and when he asked why, these minions replied, 'This is the place where the Assistant High Priest Yōchō was given some fish, so we're missing it out.' That same year, every house in the village was stricken with plague and many people died; the only house spared was that of the man who had given Yōchō the fish. He therefore paid a visit to the Assistant High Priest and told him what had happened. When Yōchō heard the story, he showed his gratitude by presenting the man with a suit of clothes to take home.

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[1] Reigned 1072–86, but ruled for some forty years thereafter, until his death in 1129. The originator of what is known as 'Cloister Government'.

[2] I.e., he did not feel well.

[3] To scare the spirits away.

[4] A Minamoto, renowned as a warrior under the name Hachiman Tarō. Died 1106 or 1108 at the age of sixty-eight.

[5] The campaign against Abe Yoritoki (see US 188), which, though known as *Zen-kunen no eki*, the 'earlier nine-year campaign', actually lasted from 1051 to 1062.

[6] A Tachibana. He became Senior High Priest in 1092 and Abbot of Hōryū-ji in 1094, dying the following year.

[7] Originally, priests ate only in the morning. This meal was therefore described as *toki* ('timely'), and meals eaten after noon were described as 'untimely' (*hiji*).

[8] Strictly speaking, Buddhism prohibited the eating of fish.

[9] No Jōroku-dō now exists, but it may have been at a place now called Jūroku no shiba (*Jūroku*, 16, being a corruption of *jōroku*, for which see note 2 on p. 232).

68. (4/16) *How Jitsuin*[1] *recited a Scriptural text to Ryōen*[2] *from the waters of Lake Biwa*

Again, long ago the Holy Teacher Ryōenbō was on his way home after worshipping at the Hie Shrine,[3] and just as he passed through Karasaki,[4] he recited the text: 'He who would act calmly in the world of form should rely on "The Encouragement of Samantabhadra"';[5] whereupon from among the waves came a voice which added the final words: 'He whose thoughts are distracted while he is reciting the Lotus will not enter the state of samādhi.' Puzzled, Ryōenbō asked who was speaking. 'I am the Assistant High Priest Jitsuin from the Gusokubō',[6] came the reply. Then, standing there on the shore, Ryōenbō discussed Scriptural texts with him. Some of the replies were wrong, however, and when Ryōenbō pointed this out and asked why, the voice is supposed to have said, 'I thought I had my quotations correct, but since I speak from beyond the grave, I cannot help making mistakes. In fact, if it were anyone but myself answering you, he would not do as well as I have.'

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[1] A Tachibana who rose to the position of Abbot of the Gokuraku-ji. He died in 1000, aged fifty-six.

[2] Unidentifiable. It is clear from the first sentence of the story that this is in fact the name of his quarters and not his own name. However, it was not uncommon to refer to a priest in this way.

[3] The Hie (written as if Hiyoshi) Shrine at Sakamoto, at the foot of Mt Hiei, by Lake Biwa. It was sometimes known as Ko-Hie. The deity enshrined was Ōyamakui-no-kami.

[4] A headland on the western shore of Lake Biwa, south of Sakamoto.

[5] The text of *Uji shūi*, which actually says 'should rely on contemplation and meditation', appears to be corrupt at this point. This whole passage is evidently taken from the *Hokke genki*, by the priest Eshi. 'Act calmly in the world of form' means 'show reverence for the Lotus Sūtra by the three kinds of deeds' (i.e., those done by the body, the mouth and the mind). *The Encouragement of Samantabhadra* is the name of a chapter in the Lotus Sutra.

[6] The text actually says *Gubō*, but the full name for Jitsuin's quarters appears in *Hokke genki* as *Gusokubō*.

69. (4/17) *How the High Priest Jie[1] built an ordination hall*

Again, long ago the High Priest Jie was from the district of Asai in the province of Ōmi, and this story concerns the time when lack of sufficient workmen had prevented him from building an ordination hall on Mt Hiei. Now the district governor in Asai was not only a friend of his but also a patron of his temple, for whom he held services, and on one occasion when he invited Jie to preach, part of the food provided for the preacher consisted of parched soybeans, which were done in his presence. Seeing vinegar being poured over them, the High Priest asked why, and the governor replied, 'If you put vinegar on them while they're hot—*sumutsukari*,[2] they call it—they wrinkle up and you can pick them up easily. Otherwise they are so slippery you can't get hold of them.' 'I'm sure I could pick them up whatever they were like', observed Jie. 'Why, you could throw them up in the air and I'd still be able to catch them in my chopsticks and pop them into my mouth.' The governor maintained that such a thing was quite impossible. 'If I win,' said the High Priest, 'there's only one thing I want, and that is for you to build me an ordination hall.' 'Agreed', said the governor, and he began tossing up parched beans, which the High Priest, who was sitting about six feet away, caught with chopsticks, not dropping a single one. The onlookers were absolutely amazed. Mixed in with the beans, the governor threw some pips freshly squeezed from a lemon, and these the High Priest caught but could not hold. Nevertheless, he did not let them fall to the ground, for he promptly made a second attempt to catch them and this time was successful. Being a wealthy man, the governor is said to have sent over a number of men and had the ordination hall built in no time.

70. (5/1) *About the Jizō at the Shinomiya river-beach*[3]

Again, long ago there was a spot on the dry beach of the river at Shinomiya, on the route to Yamashina, which was known as Sodekurabe[4] and was a meeting place for merchants. Now a certain poor man

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[1] Otherwise known as Ryōgen. The eighteenth Abbot of Tendai, who restored the Enryaku-ji after a disastrous fire in 966. He died in 985, aged seventy-four.

[2] Beans mixed with grated radish, vinegar and the lees of rice wine.

[3] Shinomiya is so named because it was the site of the mansion of a prince who was the fourth child of the Emperor Ninmyō (834–50). The river is the headstream of the Katsura.

[4] The name is said to mean either the sale of clothing and cloth or a method of bargaining in which the parties, putting their sleeves together, intertwined their fingers within the sleeves while settling on a price.

in the neighbourhood had had a statue of Jizō made, but he had not had the eyes put in to complete it,[1] and had shut it away in a chest which he had stored in a back room. He was so busy with his everyday affairs that after a while he forgot all about the statue, and it remained stored away for three or four years.

One night in a dream he heard some passer-by in the street calling out in a loud voice. 'What do you want?' he shouted. 'Hey, Jizō! Jizō!' shouted the voice out in front of the house, and from the back room came an answering call of 'What do you want?' 'Aren't you coming to Indra's Jizō service tomorrow?' 'I'd like to,' said the voice from the back of the little house, 'but I can't because my eyes are not open yet.' 'You must manage to come somehow.' 'How can I, when I can't see?' The man woke with a start and pondered on the meaning of what he had dreamed. Next morning he made a careful search through the back of the house, and then he remembered the Jizō he had stored away, and brought it out. 'It must have been this Jizō in my dream', he said to himself in amazement, and they say he had the eyes put in as soon as possible.

71. (5/2) *How some courtiers went to call on the Master of the Office of Palace Repairs from Fushimi*[2]

Again, long ago about twenty courtiers one day descended on the home of the Master of the Office of Palace Repairs from Fushimi, so unexpectedly that they caused a great flurry. There was no time to go and buy food to offer them as refreshments, and so a variety of the things that were in season were set out on aloes-wood tables—you can just imagine what it was like. After several drinks, the courtiers all went out laughing and joking, and there in the stables waited twenty horses, all black with white faces. Twenty spare saddles stood on stands. The drink-befuddled courtiers were each sent off with one of these horses and a saddle to go with it. Next morning they discussed the marvellous hospitality they had been shown and someone suggested that they should descend on their host once again. Again about twenty of them went, and this time things were just as they should be—unlike the previous day, there was no flurry and the place was furnished with braziers. In the stables they found as many as twenty dark chestnut horses waiting—again all with white faces.

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[1] The ceremonial last step in the making of a statue.

[2] Tachibana Toshitsuna. See *TS* 96.

There was really no one to rival this gentleman from Fushimi. He was the son of Lord Uji, but since he had so many children, Lord Uji had let him be adopted by the very rich Tachibana Toshitō and thus enabled him to live in this luxury.

72. (5/3) *About Mochinaga*[1] *and ritual seclusion*[2]

Again, there was once an Assistant Master of the Office of the Palace Table named Tachibana Mochinaga, who held the Archivists' Fifth Rank.[3] On one occasion, when summoned by the Uji Minister of the Left,[4] he sent word that he had reason that day and the next to observe a strict ritual seclusion. 'What is the meaning of this? Who ever heard of an official in a public position observing ritual seclusion? See to it that you come on duty', was the reply—a summons not to be denied. Frightened though he was, therefore, he went on duty.

Ten days later, the Minister of the Left himself had reason to observe an exceptionally strict seclusion. A protective fence of shields had been set up to cover gaps by the gate and even the priests giving the sermons on the Ninnō Sūtra[5] had to enter by the door in the garden wall on the side nearest the Kaya Palace;[6] even then, only the priests were admitted, not their boy-attendants. When he heard of the ritual seclusion at the Minister's mansion, Mochinaga went there with all speed, but as he attempted to enter by the door in the garden wall, he found his way blocked by two Imperial Attendants from the Guards,[7] who said they had orders to admit no one. 'Listen here, my men,' said Mochinaga, 'I'm here on His Lordship's orders.' The men knew him well by sight, since he was indeed one of the Archivists, and thus they had no alternative but to let him in. Once inside the mansion, he sat in the Minister's Private Office[8] talking in such a loud voice that the Minister of the Left heard him and asked who he was. When Morikane[9] said that it was Mochinaga, the Minister told him, 'Go and find out

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[1] Appears also in US 91. Died 1169.

[2] On certain days when divination showed that one would be particularly exposed to evil influences, it was the practice to stay at home and abstain from all the normal activities.

[3] See note 1 on p. 176.

[4] Fujiwara Yorinaga, 1120–56. Died by his own hand after the Hōgen Rebellion.

[5] The 'Benevolent King' Sūtra, of which two Chinese translations were made, the second containing magical formulas for use in royal ceremonies to protect the country from all kinds of calamities and induce prosperity. It was considered particularly efficacious also at times of *mono-imi* or ritual seclusion.

[6] See note 3 on p. 128.

[7] *Toneri* (see note 4 on p. 171). Attendants originally assigned to Imperial personages, but later also to Chancellors, Regents or Ministers.

[8] His own *kurōdokoro*.

[9] Unidentifiable.

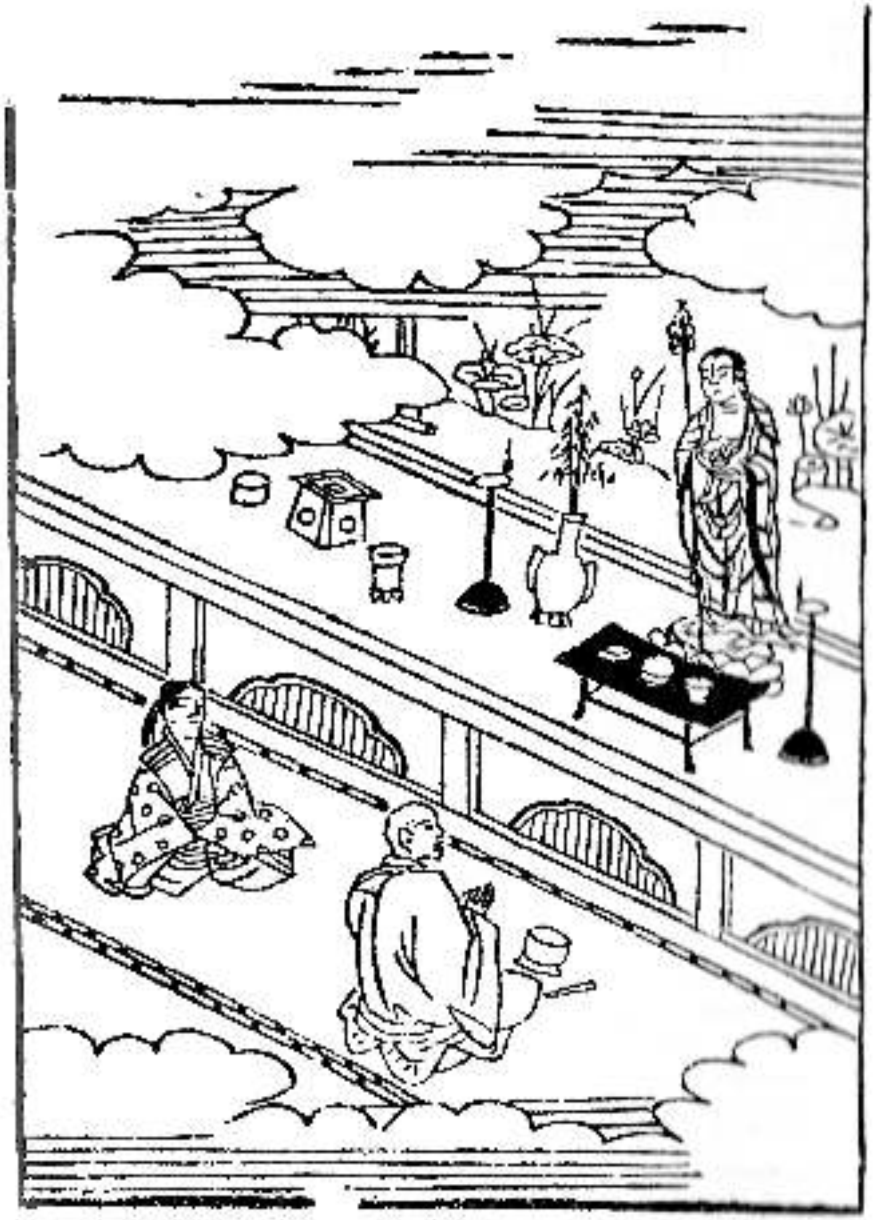

Fig. 16. The devout Hankyū worshipping before a statue of Amida, Lord of the Western Paradise (Story 73)

why he spent the night here, when we are observing such strict seclusion'. On being told what the Minister had said, Mochinaga burst out in a very loud voice—loud enough to carry the short distance to the Minister's apartments—'Well, well!' and without batting an eyelid, he went on, 'a few days ago, when I was in seclusion myself, His Lordship sent for me, and when I explained that I was in seclusion, I was told that there was no such thing and that I was to come on duty without fail. So you see, I know now that there's no such thing as ritual seclusion.' The Minister, who could hear what Mochinaga was saying, simply nodded his head and let the matter pass without further comment.

73. (5/4) *How the Holy Teacher Hankyū*[1] *never turned his back on the west*[2]

Again, long ago there was a priest named the Holy Teacher Hankyū. He lived in the Ryōgon-in on Mt Hiei. His sole desire was to be reborn in Paradise, and he took care, whether walking, standing, sitting or lying down, never to turn his back on the west. He never spat or relieved himself while facing west. He never let the rays of the setting sun touch his back. When climbing the mountain from the west, he walked with his body turned to one side. Again and again he said, 'A tree always falls in the direction in which it leans. If I devote my mind to the west, how can I fail to achieve my heart's desire? I have no doubt that I shall meet death steadfastly and with faith in my salvation'.

His story is said to appear in the *Biographies of Those Reborn in Paradise*.[3]

74. (5/5) *How the musicians*[4] *Ietsuna and Yukitsuna tricked each other*

Again, long ago there were these two musicians. Now everybody knows what comics[5] musicians are, but these two were quite unique.

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[1] Unidentifiable.

[2] The direction in which the Pure Land, Amida's Paradise, lay.

[3] *Zoku honchō ōjōden*, by Ōe Masafusa, in which this story appears almost verbatim. Watanabe and Nishio, in a supplementary note (No. 55) quote a passage from Genshin's *Ōjō yōshū* which describes similar fanatical devotion.

[4] *Bejū*. Musicians of low status who accompanied the dancers on occasions such as the Kamo, Kasuga or Hachiman festivals. Not surprisingly, nothing is known about the two figures in this story.

[5] In Japanese *sarugaku*. Originally the name for such things as conjuring, acrobatics and later an elementary kind of comedy that developed into the Nō drama, the term also came to be used for the performers themselves.

One evening in the reign of the Emperor Horikawa,[1] when a *kagura* performance[2] was being given in the courtyard outside the Sacred Mirror Room of the Palace,[3] the Emperor commanded that the entertainment on this occasion should be something special, and the Chief Archivist[4] sent for Ietsuna to inform him of the order. Having received these instructions, Ietsuna pondered on what trick they might do, then beckoning his brother Yukitsuna over into a corner, he told him of the Emperor's wishes and said, 'I have an idea for something to do. What do you think of it?' 'What do you propose to do?' 'I'm going to get into the bright light of one of the bonfires, pull my skirt right up and show my bony legs, then I'll call out "It's v-v-very l-l-late, I'm f-f-frozen s-s-stiff, I th-th-think I'll w-w-warm m-m-my b-b-balls", and run round the fire three times. What do you think of that?' 'It's a fine idea,' said Yukitsuna, 'but isn't it going a bit far to show your skinny legs and say that about warming your balls in front of the Emperor?' 'You're right', said Ietsuna. 'I'll do something else, then. What a good thing I discussed it with you!'

The Courtiers in Attendance and others privileged to be present were all agog, wondering what show the brothers were going to put on. The master of ceremonies[5] announced Ietsuna, and out he went, but he came off without having performed anything very special, leaving everyone, including the Emperor, rather unimpressed. Then the master of ceremonies once again came forward and announced Yukitsuna. Pretending to be really cold, Yukitsuna hoisted his skirt up above his knees, showing his bony shins, then in a quavering voice which suggested he was shivering, he shouted, 'It's v-v-very l-l-late, I'm f-f-frozen s-s-stiff, I th-th-think I'll w-w-warm m-m-my b-b-balls', and ran about ten times round the fire. The whole audience, the Emperor along with the rest, exploded with laughter. Ietsuna hid in a corner, muttering to himself, 'What a swine to play a dirty trick like that on me!' So annoyed was he with his brother that for some time he refused even to look at him. But after a while he reflected that for all his annoyance at having been tricked, he couldn't let things go on as they were, and he sent word to Yukitsuna to say, 'Let's forget about that trick of yours. After all, brothers shouldn't stay bad friends.' Yukitsuna was very glad to visit him and patch up their quarrel.

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[1] Reigned from 1086 to the year of his death, 1107.

[2] The Shinto song dance whose origin is traced to the dance of Ame-no-Uzume before the Heavenly Rock Cave. Note that this incident is mentioned by Waley in his *The Nō Plays of Japan* (London 1921), p. 16, together with the comment. 'Though this was admittedly an important form of *Sarugaku*, the story enables us to see that the performance consisted essentially (as the legend of its origin would suggest) in licentious buffoonery. It was in fact a kind of indecent charade, an antidote to the solemnity of the *Kagura* ceremonies with which it was connected, and it continued in this state throughout the thirteenth century.'

[3] The *naishidokoro*. The Unmei Palace, where the Imperial mirror, *Yata no kagami*, was kept. *Kagura* was performed there every year in the twelfth month.

[4] *Shikiji*. At the time in question, this referred to the officials of the Sovereign's Private Office, and it is thought here to mean the most important of them.

[5] The head of the *kagura* dancers, an office held by one of the Imperial Attendants from the Inner Palace Guards.

At the Extraordinary Kamo Festival,[1] a *kagura* performance was held at the banquet following the procession, and Yukitsuna said to Ietsuna, 'When the master of ceremonies announces us, I'll go up to the bamboo stand[2] and make a lot of noise, and I want you to chime in and ask me what on earth I'm supposed to be. Then I'm going to say, "A leopard, a leopard", and do a really good imitation of one.' 'That's easy', agreed Ietsuna. 'I'll do my best with the cross-talk.' When the master of ceremonies came forward and announced Yukitsuna, he quietly got up, and going to the bamboo stand, crawled around waiting to say 'A leopard' as soon as his brother asked him what he was. But what Ietsuna said was, 'What kind of leopard are you?' With the words that he had been waiting to give as an answer taken right out of his mouth, Yukitsuna was left with nothing to say, and beat a hasty retreat from the scene.

I understand that the Emperor himself heard about this trick played on Yukitsuna and saw the funny side of it. Everybody said it was Ietsuna's revenge for the trick Yukitsuna had played on him earlier.

75. (5/6) *About another musician, Kiyonaka*[3]

Again, long ago the lady known as Her Highness the Princess from the Second Ward[4] was the daughter of the Emperor Shirakawa[5] and the foster-mother of the Emperor Toba.[6] Her residence was north[7] of Second Avenue and east of Horikawa Street. Her palace having fallen into disrepair, it was renovated by the Minister of the Treasury,

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[1] A festival held in the eleventh month, in addition to the regular one held in the fourth month.

[2] A stand near the Seiryō Palace (the residential palace) planted with different kinds of bamboo.

[3] Unidentifiable.

[4] Died 1144, aged sixty-seven. Princess Reishi.

[5] See note 1 on p. 234.

[6] Reigned 1107–23. A foster-mother was appointed because his real mother was not of sufficiently high rank to be allowed to have responsibility for him.

[7] The wards took their names from the avenues on their southern side.

Arikata[1] (who paid the cost in return for his appointment for a second term as Governor of Bingo); meanwhile, the Princess moved elsewhere.

The musician Kiyonaka, however, who was one of her regular attendants, refused to leave, despite the fact that the Princess was not in residence, and camped in the doorway of the coach-house, using not only old wood to build himself a fire but even chopping up some of the new stub-posts[2] and standing screens. When Aritaka protested to the Emperor Toba, he sent for Kiyonaka and asked him, 'What do you mean by staying in the house after the Princess has gone, and chopping up new wood as well as old for a fire? The gentleman undertaking these repairs has complained. First of all, now—why are you still there when the Princess has gone? I want an explanation.' 'The only reason, Your Majesty,' said Kiyonaka, 'is that I've run out of firewood.' In a case like this, there was really not much more to be said; they say the Emperor simply laughed and gave instructions that Kiyonaka was to be evicted at once.

Once, in the time of Lord Hosshōji,[3] this man Kiyonaka took part in the Kasuga Festival procession,[4] as a handler of the racehorses. Now it turned out that there was a shortage of riders, since every one of the officers deputed to handle the horses for presentation to the Shrine was unable to take part. Kiyonaka, in fact, was the only one taking part, and he was told, 'We are short of riders. You must do your level best to make a good job of it. See to it that nothing goes wrong at least until the procession is out of the capital.' 'Very good, sir', said Kiyonaka, and at once made his way safely to the grounds of the Shrine. Lord Hosshōji was very pleased with him, and congratulating him on an excellent performance, gave him his horse. Prostrating himself in humble gratitude, he said, 'If this is what happens, I wish I could always have the job of handling the horses', a remark which made the officer transmitting the Lord's orders and all the other attendants roar with laughter. When Lord Hosshōji inquired what all the noise was about and they told him what Kiyonaka had said, he observed, 'Good for him!'

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[1] A Fujiwara who died in 1133, aged seventy.

[2] Short baulks of timber used in roofs and under verandahs.

[3] Fujiwara Tadamichi (see note 9 on p. 231).

[4] A festival held every year in the second and eleventh months at the family shrine of the Fujiwara in Nara. Officers of the Inner Palace Guards were deputed to act as Imperial envoys and take gifts of horses (including racehorses) to present to the shrine.

76. (5/7) *How a young woman ordered a calendar simple enough[1] for her to read*

Again, long ago a certain man's young and very new bride asked a friend for some paper and requested a young priest from the neighbourhood to make up a calendar that would be simple enough for her to read. He said he would be very pleased to do so, and wrote one out. The first part was in the proper style, with entries like 'A good day for the Gods and the Buddha', 'An evil day', or 'An unlucky day'. But towards the end, it had more and more entries such as 'A day when you should not eat anything' or 'A day to eat a lot of such-and-such a thing, if you have it'. The woman thought it seemed a rather queer calendar, but still didn't realize what a lot of nonsense it contained, taking it all as having some significance and obeying it religiously. But one day the calendar said, 'Do not go to the lavatory', which puzzled her; however, she accepted it and held herself in. Just as though there were a long spell of unlucky days, though, the calendar went on saying, 'Do not go to the lavatory', 'Do not go to the lavatory', and after two or three days of restraining herself, she hardly knew how to hold out any longer. With both hands clasping her buttocks, wriggling and twisting this way and that, she wailed, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?'—she was half fainting with anguish.

77. (5/8) *About the son who was not really his father's child*

Again, long ago there was a man who claimed to be a certain person's son, but whose parentage was somewhat in doubt. The neighbours all knew about this, and thought it very silly. When the 'father' died, one of his retainers, who had been in his service many years, went away with his wife to the country; but when she died, he found life too hard for him and came up to the capital. There seemed to be no opening for him, and no one to help him. Thus when he heard that his former master's son was insisting that he was the rightful heir and was living in his father's house, the retainer went to visit him. On hearing that a certain retainer who had served his father for many years had come to see him, the son sent a servant to say that he remembered his father having had such a retainer; if he would wait a few moments, he would come out and meet him. 'Good, I've done it', thought the retainer, and he sat drowsing until one of the young master's personal servants came and fetched him—very pleased with himself—to the reception room. The servant asked him to wait and went away.

As he looked round, he noticed that the room was arranged exactly as it had been when his late master was alive. The sliding screens perhaps looked a little older, he thought—and just at that moment the middle one opened, and as he glanced up, the man who claimed to be the late master's son walked in. The moment he saw him, the old retainer began crying and sobbing, until his sleeve was wet with tears. Wondering what had made him cry like this, the new master went down on his knees to ask him. 'It's because I find it so touching to see you looking exactly like your father before you, sir', said the retainer. 'There!' thought the son to himself. 'I'm sure I look like him, but it's very disappointing how everyone says I don't.' And he said to the sobbing retainer, 'You look a great deal older. What are you living on? I was still a young child living with my mother and so I don't recall too well what my late father looked like. I shall have to look to you as if to my father. You can ask for anything you like. And I shall look to you entirely. But right now you seem to be feeling cold. Put this coat on.' He took off his thickly-padded coat and gave it to the retainer, adding, 'Now there's no more to be said, you must come and live here.' The retainer had got what he wanted. The master was all smiles; he would have been pleased enough if what he had been told had come from a servant who had not been with the family long, but he was still more pleased that it had come from a man who had served his late father for many years. It grieved him that this man should have had such a hard life for years past, and calling in his household steward, he told him, 'This is a man my father was very fond of. Now that he's come up to the capital, you must find some way to help him.' The steward muttered his assent and went out. The retainer vowed to the Buddha that he would tell no lies.

Meanwhile the master planned to invite in the people who doubted his parentage and have the retainer explain things to them. Accordingly he called his steward and told him that in two days' time a number of people had promised to come and visit him; he was therefore to make suitable arrangements and see that there was nothing lacking for their entertainment. 'Very good, sir', said the steward, and gave a variety of instructions and made his arrangements. The company consisted of four or five of the new master's close friends, and he came out to meet them more smartly dressed than usual. Then, after drinking several cups of sake with them, he said, 'I should like you to meet someone who grew up under my father's roof.' The company were feeling merry and flushed with the wine, and they said, 'By all means, bring him in. It will be really moving to think that he served your late father.' 'I say there! Tell that man to come in,' called the master, and a servant went out to fetch him. He turned out to be a bald-headed man of about sixty, with an honest-looking face, and wearing a hunting-coat of fulled white silk and a fairly good coat of light yellow which was apparently the one he had been given. When he was called in, he sat down most correctly, holding his fan like a courtier's baton.

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[1] I.e., in the phonetic (*kana*) syllabary, and not in Chinese ideographs.

'Now', said the master, 'were you alive in my father's time?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Did you ever see him?' 'The fact of the matter is, sir,' said the retainer, 'I came to serve your father when I was thirteen, and I never left him day or night until I was fifty. He used to call out "Here, my boy, here, my boy!" when he wanted me. Even when he was seriously ill, he had me sleep at the foot of his bed, and I did things for him like giving him the chamber-pot in the middle of the night and in the early morning. At the time, I found that unpleasant, and almost more than I could put up with. But ever since he died, I have been wondering how I could ever have felt like that, and wishing I hadn't.' 'Now then,' said the master, 'a few days ago when I invited you in and opened the screen as I entered the room, you began to cry the moment you caught sight of me. Why was that?' 'The fact is,' the retainer said, 'I was in the country when I heard that your father had died, and I made up my mind that I would come here just once more and at least pay my respects to you. So I took the liberty of visiting you. You at once invited me into the reception-room, an honour which quite overwhelmed me—but then you opened the screens, and as I looked up the first thing that appeared was your jet-black hat. That reminded me of how it was his jet-black hat that used to appear first when your father used to come out like that, and I couldn't help the tears coming to my eyes.' At this, the company began to smile, while the master went pale and asked, 'Well, how else do I resemble my late father?' 'You don't resemble him in any other way, sir', replied the retainer. Highly amused, the guests slipped away in ones and twos.

78. (5/9) *About the High Priest of Mimurodo*[1] *and the High Priest of the Ichijō-ji*[2]

Again, long ago there were two distinguished priests connected with the Mii-dera, the High Priest of the Ichijō-ji and the High Priest of Mimurodo. The latter was the fourth child of Takaie,[3] Governor-General of Kyūshū and the former was the fifth child of the Major Counsellor Tsunesuke.[4] The one at Mimurodo was named Ryūmyō, the one at the Ichijō-ji was called Zōyo. Both were saintly men, indeed living Buddhas.

Mimurodo was too fat to travel around practising his rites and never left the presence of the temple Buddha; day and night the sound of his bell as he performed his devotions never ceased for a moment. Anyone who happened to visit the temple would always find the gate locked. When he knocked, occasionally someone might come out to see who the visitor was. When informed that such-and-such a gentleman had arrived, or perhaps that it was a messenger from the Retired Emperor, his servant would say, 'I'll tell His Reverence', and would disappear inside for a long time, while the noise of the bell went on without any interruption. Then after a while the bar would be withdrawn and one half of the gate opened just wide enough to admit one person. The visitor looking in would see a garden overgrown with weeds, and with no sign of any footpath across it. Having walked in through the dew and stepped up on to the verandah, he would pass into the outer room. In the double doorway stood screens so black with soot that the paper had obviously not been changed for many years.

Presently a black-robed priest would appear noiselessly and ask the visitor to wait a while, as the High Priest was engaged in his devotions. A few moments later a voice from inside would invite him in, and as he opened the blackened screens, he would be met by the smell of burning incense. The High Priest would sit in silence, wearing a crumpled robe and a scarf that was torn in several places. The visitor would sit facing him, and he would sit with folded arms and slightly downcast eyes. Presently he would say 'It is time for my devotions, please go now.' Thus the visitor would leave without having said any of the things he had intended to say, and the gate was at once shut behind him. This was a priest who practised all his rites at home, in seclusion.

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[1] A Fujiwara. At one time a disciple of Shin'yo (see note 2 on p. 246), he lived in the Mimurodo-ji, south-east of Kyoto. He became a Senior High Priest in 1102 and died in 1104, aged eighty-four. Both he and the other High Priest in this story became Abbots of the Mii-dera.

[2] Also a Fujiwara. He lived in the Ichijō-ji just north-east of Kyoto, a sub-temple of the Mii-dera. He became Abbot of Tendai and a Senior High Priest in 1105, and died in 1116, aged eighty-five.

[3] 979–1044.

[4] Son of Takaie. Died 1081, aged seventy-six or seventy-seven.

The High Priest of the Ichijō-ji had twice been to the Ōmine area.[1] He performed rites in which he conjured up apparitions of snakes and swift horses and other improbable visions. From his quarters came a din that could be heard from well over a hundred yards away, a constant bustle of *dengaku* and *sarugaku*[2] performers and of noblemen's escorts and other guardsmen who kept going in and out. Vendors were always coming in to sell all manner of things like saddles and swords, and the High Priest always paid the prices they asked, so that they flocked to him, and his quarters were stacked with worldly goods.

Now he had a lad of whom he was very fond, a young novice who could do some dazzling tricks.[3] He had taken part in the rice-planting festival in the surrounding fields.[4] There was a man at the rice-planting who had once taken part in the performance walking on stilts, and after the High Priest had spoken with him, he appeared with the lad (as is done nowadays) standing on his shoulders.[5] The whole audience was lost in admiration. The High Priest was so fond of the lad that he said to him, 'I cannot stand this any longer. I want you to become a priest so that you can be with me night and day.' 'How would it be if I were to stay as I am for a little longer? I'd so much like to', said the lad. But the High Priest's affection for the lad was so strong that he insisted, and so, reluctant though he was, the lad became a priest. One pouring wet day in spring, when the High Priest was

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[1] A mountain range extending from Yoshino (modern Nara Prefecture) to Kumano (modern Wakayama Prefecture). It has long been famous as a centre of miracle-working and the occult practice of *shugendō*.

[2] Two types of musical and other entertainment out of which the classical Nō drama grew.

[3] The Japanese word used here, *jushi*, originally meant 'spell-binder', in the sense of 'a reciter of incantations', but later it came almost to mean 'spell-binder' in another sense, referring to someone who entertained with magic or with much the same kind of tricks as *dengaku* and *sarugaku* performers.

[4] The Japanese for several lines at this point is obscure. Nakajima takes the phrase *Toba no ta . . .* as meaning that the High Priest had first seen the lad at a *dengaku* performance in the Toba rice fields. Watanabe and Nishio suggest that Toba (despite the way it is written) does not refer to the place to the south of Kyoto, but means 'surrounding (the residence)'.

[5] What I have translated as 'had taken part' is *mitaki shitarikeru*, which Watanabe and Nishio suggest is related to the word *mitsugi* – perhaps 'contribution'. They further suggest that the contribution might have been some performance or trick. In both the activities mentioned here ('walking on stilts' and 'standing on his shoulders'), there is some doubt as to the real meaning.

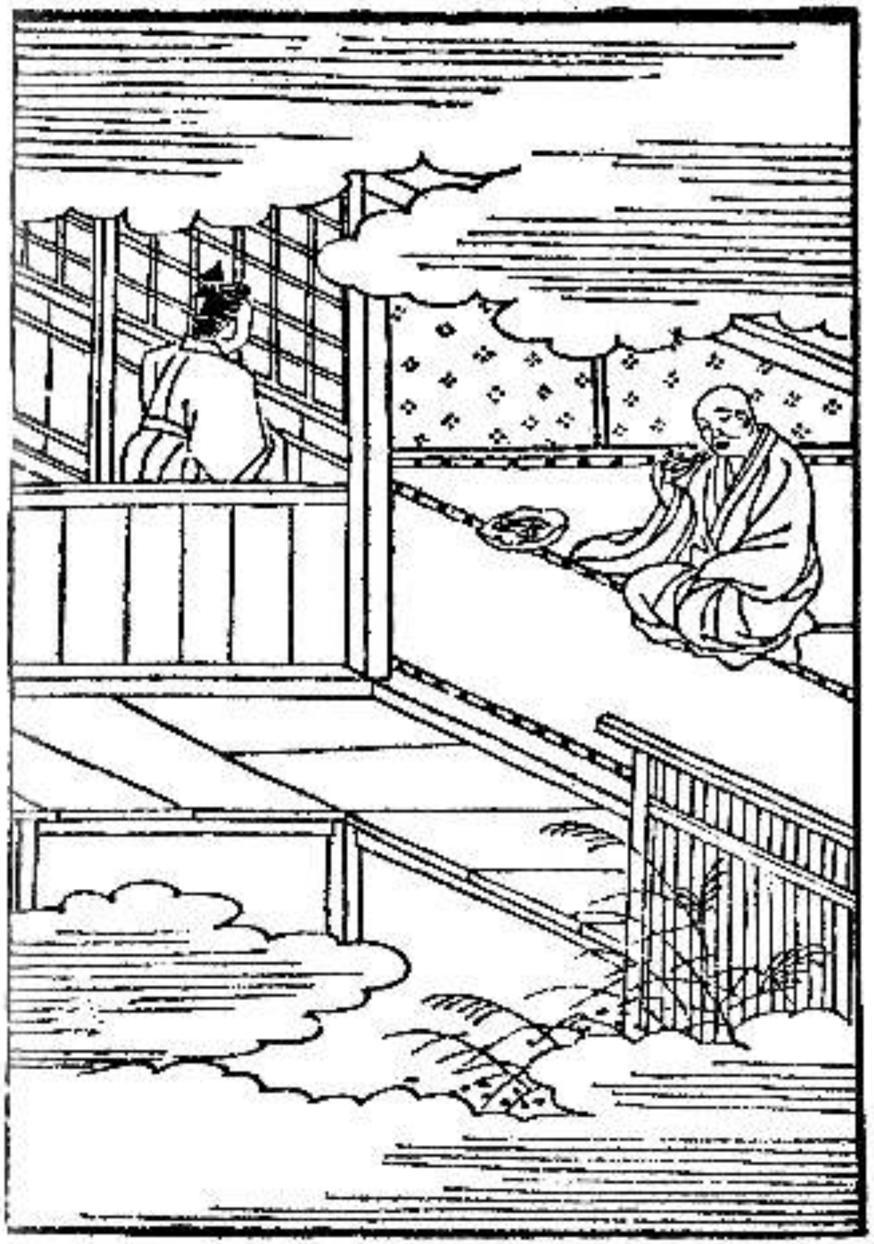

Fig. 17. The priest sneaking troutlings (Story 79)

feeling bored, he called a servant and asked, 'Do we still have this priest's ordinary clothes?' The servant replied that they were still in the storeroom. 'Fetch them here', said the High Priest, and when they had been brought in he told the lad to put them on. The lad protested that it would be unseemly and refused, but the High Priest insisted and so he went into a corner and dressed up, emerging with a bird's-head cap[1] on and looking exactly as he used to. One glance at him brought a lump to the High Priest's throat, while the lad stood there with visible signs of emotion in his face. 'Do you still remember your "running steps"?'[2] asked the High Priest. 'No, I don't,' replied the lad, 'but I can just remember how *Katasawara*[3] goes, because I learned that one thoroughly', and he began dancing and hopping around, going right through his *Shō no naka mawari*. Wearing his bird's-head cap, he crossed the whole room in one run, and the High Priest sobbed aloud. 'Come here, lad', he called, and began to fondle him, lamenting bitterly that he had ever made him become a priest. The lad himself said, 'Now you can see why I asked you to let me wait a bit longer, sir.' The High Priest made him take off the costume again and took him into his private room. What happened then, I have no idea.

79. (5/10) *How a priest out visiting sneaked some troutlings*

Again, long ago a priest paid a visit to a certain man's house. He was offered some wine and other refreshment, including some troutlings which the host thought would be an unusual treat, as they had just come into season. Having some matter to attend to, the host left his guest for a few moments, and when he came back he noticed that there were remarkably few of the troutlings left. This rather surprised him, but he did not feel that he could mention it, and was sitting talking with his guest when suddenly one of the fish appeared from out of the priest's nose. 'However do you come to have a troutling up your nose?' asked the astonished host. 'Oh, all troutlings have been coming out of eyes or noses just lately, you know', countered the priest instantly, and everyone roared with laughter.

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[1] A dancer's headdress in the shape of a phoenix's head, with pointed top and projecting neckpiece.

[2] An elaborate and imposing dance movement.

[3] This and the following *Shō no naka mawari* are both obscure.

80. (5/11) *How the Assistant High Priest Chūin[1] preached about the Local Manifestation of the Buddha[2]*

Again, long ago the Assistant High Priest Chūin was invited by the priests of Mt Hiei to be the preacher at a service held at the Minor Shrine of Hie[3] to dedicate a copy of the Lotus Sūtra. He gave a splendid sermon,[4] and towards the end he announced, 'I am bidden by the Local Manifestation of the Buddha to say . . .'—then, raising his voice, he recited the following passage from the Lotus: 'This Sūtra is difficult to keep, but if any shall keep it even for a moment, I myself shall be pleased, and likewise all other Buddhas.[5] But when he came to the words 'all other Buddhas . . .' he said, 'I am bidden by the Local Manifestation of the Buddha to say . . . "I myself shall be pleased, and likewise all other Deities."' At this the whole congregation of priests with one accord gasped in admiration and wielded their fans appreciatively.

On another occasion, when services had been commissioned for the showing of the Deities[6] at the Hie Shrines, and a thousand-day sequence of sermons was preached before each deity, a certain priest officiating at the Minor Shrine used this very same phrase. When the Assistant High Priest Chūin heard about it, he roared with laughter and said, 'That is a phrase which I myself once used. The style of preaching nowadays is what I call dog-dung preaching. What I mean is this—dogs eat human dung and then drop their own, and that preacher the other day was doing the same thing, using words in his sermon that he got from a sermon of mine.'

81. (5/12) *About a poem which the Palace Attendant Koshikibu[7] addressed to His Excellency from the Second Ward[8]*

Again, long ago His Excellency from the Second Ward was in love with the Palace Attendant Koshikibu, but he was already beginning to visit her much less frequently—and then he fell ill. It was some time before he recovered and paid another visit to the palace of the Dowager Empress, Jōtō Mon'in.[1] Just as he was leaving, he said to Koshikibu, who happened to be in the kitchen, 'Why didn't you come to see me when I was so close to dying?' With that he walked away, but she caught hold of the hem of his robe and recited a poem:[2]

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[1] Also figures in *US* 2 (see note 1 on p. 197) and *US* 162.

[2] I.e., the Shinto deity of the Hie Shrine.

[3] See note 3 on p. 235. It is because of its definite associations with the Hiei monastery that the shrine is called the Minor Shrine (*ni no miya*) of Hie; the main shrine, on top of the mountain, is to Ōmono-nushi-no-kami.

[4] This story is often quoted in discussions of the nature of preaching at this period.

[5] For the Kern translation of this passage, see the chapter entitled 'Apparition of a Stûpa', in *Sacred Books of the East*, xxi, p. 242, verse 57.

[6] When the sacred object is exhibited to the public.

[7] See also *US* 95 (note 1 on p. 193).

[8] Fujiwara Norimichi (see note 3 on p. 195).

> I felt I should die,
> So deeply did I grieve,
> So constantly;
> For in life one such as I
> Could never go to see you.

He must have been moved beyond measure, for he took her in his arms and carried her into her room, where he lay down with her.

82. (5/13) *About Kanō,[3] from the Yokawa Precinct[4] on Mt Hiei, and Jizō*

Again, long ago a certain priest named Kanō Chūin from the Yokawa Precinct of the Hiei monastery was a truly hardened sinner who was always taking the property of the Buddha for his own use. He had charge of the temple's business affairs. Now to get to the office he regularly passed the foot of the pagoda, where there happened to be among other things an old discarded image of Jizō, and he would occasionally glance at this as he went by, showing a little respect by removing his hood and bowing his head. In time, Kanō died. When his master, the Assistant High Priest, heard of his death, he was very grieved and felt terribly sorry for him, being sure that such a hardened sinner as Kanō must have gone to Hell when he died.

Shortly afterwards word went round the temple that the Jizō at the foot of the pagoda had disappeared, and everyone wondered what could have happened to it. Someone suggested that it might have been taken away for repair. At this point the Assistant High Priest had a dream in which he asked why the Jizō had disappeared and a priest beside him replied, 'On the very day that Kanō Chūin went down into the Hell of Ceaseless Torment, this Bodhisattva went with him to secure his immediate release'. The Assistant High Priest—still in his dream—was completely taken aback. 'Why should he accompany such a wicked man to Hell?' he asked. 'Because Kanō often used to pass the foot of the pagoda, and whenever he went by he would glance over at the Jizō and from time to time show some sign of respect', replied the priest. When he woke from his dream, the Assistant High Priest went personally to the foot of the pagoda and found that the Jizō had indeed disappeared.

Perhaps it really had gone with Kanō, then, he reflected. Later, he had another dream, in which he went to the foot of the pagoda and found the image of Jizō standing there. 'This is the Jizō which disappeared. How does it come to be back here?' he asked. Someone told him, 'It's come back after going down into Hell with Kanō to save him. That's why its feet are burned.' Examining the feet, he found that they were indeed blackened and burned, and even in his dream he felt this was something quite extraordinary.

When he woke up, he hurried off to look at the foot of the pagoda, his eyes brimming with tears, and found that the Jizō really was back in its place. The feet were burned. The sight filled him with an overwhelming sadness, and with tears in his eyes he gathered up the Jizō in his arms and took it away. This statue still exists today. It is about two feet five inches in height, so I was told.

The man who told me the story had actually seen the image, I gather.

83. (6/1) *How Hirotaka[1] was summoned to the court of King Yama[2]*

Again, long ago there was a man named Fujiwara Hirotaka. He died and found himself summoned to the court of Yama, where he came into what was evidently the presence of the King. The King said to him: 'The woman who was bearing you a child has died in childbirth. She is being tormented in the depths of Hell and has laid a complaint against you. That is why you have been summoned. Now then, do you admit the facts?' 'Yes, sir', said Hirotaka. 'Here is the sense of your wife's complaint', said the King. '"Both my husband and I did sinful acts," she says, "but I died in giving birth to his child and am now suffering these unbearable torments, while he makes no effort even to pray for my salvation. It is not right that I alone should suffer. I beg you to bring Hirotaka here with me so that he may suffer just as I am suffering." That is why you have been brought here.'

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[1] Consort of the Emperor Ichijō. Died 1074, aged eighty-seven.

[2] This poem is included in the Imperial anthology, *Go-Shūishū* (Book 17).

[3] His identity is obscure. Nomura suggests *chūin* may mean a priest in charge of secular affairs at the Kegon'in, the main temple in the Yokawa precinct of Mt Hiei.

[4] One of the three groups of temples on Mt Hiei that made up the Enryakuji.

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[1] Unidentifiable. In the *Nihon ryōiki* version of this story the name appears as Hirotari.

[2] See note 4 on p. 209.

'Her complaint is justified', said Hirotaka. 'For all my good intentions I have been so preoccupied with worldly matters, partly public but also my private affairs, that I have let time slip by without praying for her salvation. But how can it save her any suffering for me to be brought here to suffer as well? I implore you this time to grant me some respite, so that I may return to the world and devote myself to ensuring my wife's salvation by having sūtras copied and dedicated.' 'Wait a moment', said the King, and he had the wife brought in, to ask her opinion of her husband's proposal. 'If he really gives his promise that he will have sūtras copied and statues made on my behalf, please do not keep him here any longer', she said. The King had Hirotaka brought back and told him what his wife had said. 'This time, then, you are to return and be sure that you have sūtras copied and dedicated on behalf of your late wife.' With that, he sent Hirotaka back to the world.

Despite all that had happened, Hirotaka did not realize where he was, nor who had been speaking to him. When they let him go, he left the court and set off home, but on the way he began to wonder who it could have been sitting behind that splendid curtain passing these judgments, and who had sent him home. It puzzled him so much that he retraced his steps to the court. But as he sat there, a voice from behind the curtain asked, 'Didn't I send that Hirotaka fellow away? What is he doing here again?' 'Contrary to all my expectations, you graciously permitted me to return home, as few can ever do,' said Hirotaka, 'but I should be very bothered and unhappy if I were to return home without knowing by whose command I do so. I have therefore taken the liberty of coming back to inquire.' 'What a fool you are! In your world I am known as the Bodhisattva Jizō.' 'So when we talk of King Yama, he's really Jizō,' thought Hirotaka, 'and it seems that you can escape the torments of Hell if you serve this Bodhisattva.' On the third day, he came back to life, and thereafter, so they say, he had sūtras copied and dedicated for the sake of his wife. The story is said to come from the *Japanese Tales of the Miraculous Power of the Lotus Sūtra*.[1]

84. (6/2) *How a corpse was unearthed at the Seson-ji*

Long ago, the place now called the Seson-ji was the residence of the Momozono Major Councellor.[2] When he received the Imperial decree

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[1] I.e., the *Dai Nihon Hokke genki*. In fact the story does not appear in this work.

[2] Fujiwara Morouji, 913 (914)–70. He was known as the Momozono Major Councellor because his mansion had once been the residence of Prince Momozono, son of Seiwa (reigned 858–76).

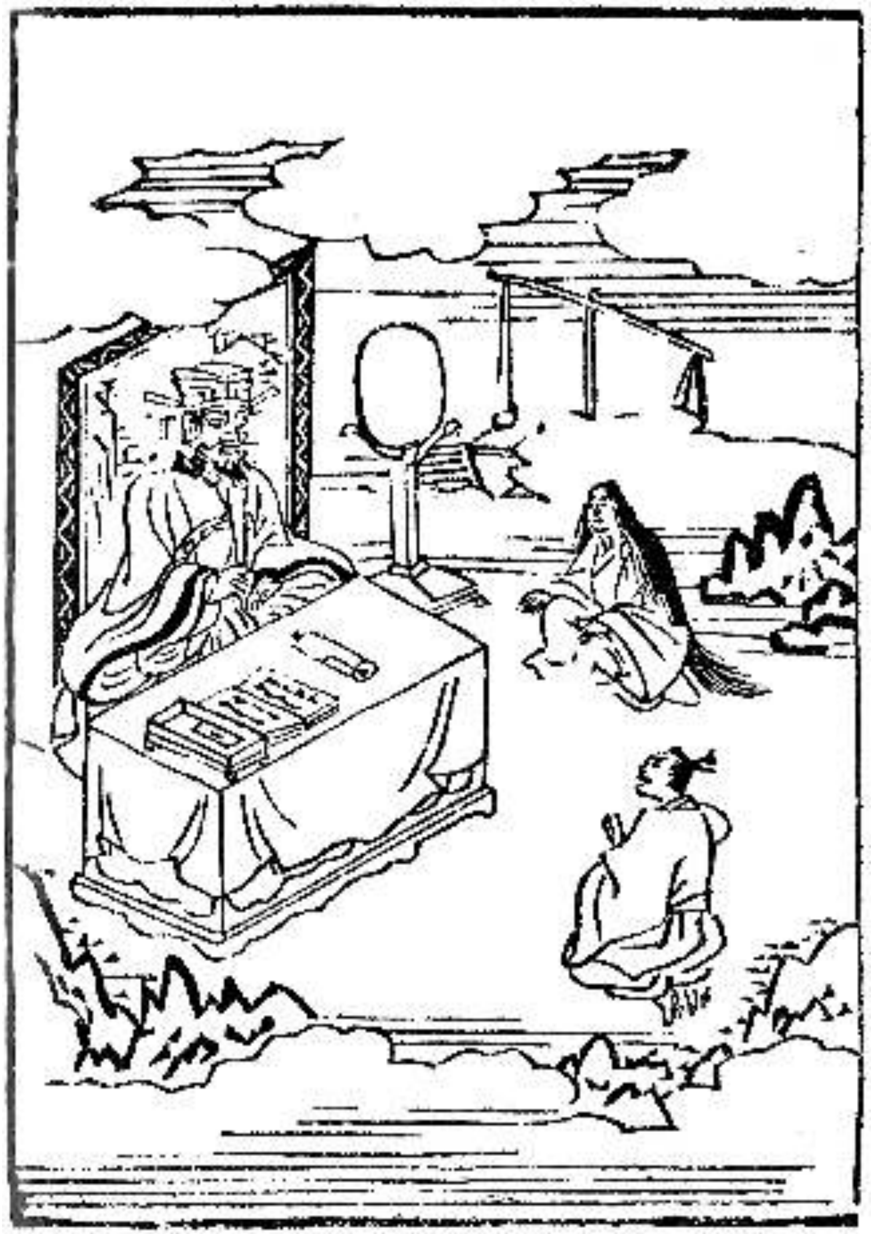

Fig. 18. Hirotaka appearing before Yama, the judge of the dead, as a result of his late wife's complaint (Story 83)

appointing him a Captain in the Guards, he had his house repaired for the occasion of the celebration banquet. But after the initial celebrations, two days before the banquet proper, he suddenly died. The servants all drifted away and only his wife and young son were left to lead a lonely existence in the house. It was this young son who became known as the Director of the Bureau of Palace Equipment and Upkeep Chikamitsu.[1] The house was later taken over by the Regent from the First Ward,[2] who gave a banquet there on becoming Prime Minister. In the south-west corner of the grounds there was a mound, which necessitated a bulge in the boundary wall at this point, shaped like the foot of a sock. When His Excellency decided to build a temple there, removing the mound and siting the temple on that spot, everyone agreed that it would bring great religious benefit to the person beneath the mound. When the mound was dug away, a stone coffin was discovered inside, which on being opened was found to contain the body of a nun about twenty-five or twenty-six years old. She lay as if she were asleep, a beautiful girl with a lovely complexion and lips that had lost nothing of their colour. She had on very beautiful clothes in a variety of colours. A young person, she had evidently died suddenly. Beside her, set down very decorously, was a golden dish filled with food of incomparable fragrance. As the astonished men gathered round to look, there came a sudden gust of wind from the north-west and the body crumbled into multicoloured dust, leaving behind nothing but the gold dish. People at the time found it most extraordinary, for as someone said, 'Even if it had been a person who had lived a long, long time ago, you would hardly expect the bones and the hair to disappear. It's a complete mystery how it went completely to dust and was blown away by a gust of wind.'

When not long afterwards the Regent died, people suspected that his death might have been caused by this affair.

85. (6/3) *About the rich man Rushi*

Long ago, there lived in India a very wealthy man named Rushi, so wealthy indeed that he had innumerable storehouses. But he was such a grasping man that he grudged food and clothing even to his family, let alone his servants. When he was hungry, he ate in secret so that no one should see him. One day when he was feeling extremely hungry,

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[1] This is apparently a mistake for Chikanobu.

[2] Fujiwara Koretada, who figures also in *US* 31.

he told his wife to prepare a good supply of rice and wine and fruit for him. 'I'm going to make an offering to the God of Frugality who has possession of my soul and makes me miserly', he said. His wife was overjoyed, for she thought that he was going to shed his miserliness, and she prepared large quantities of a variety of foods for him. With this—a whole tubful of food and a jar of wine—he set off, intending to go to some place where he could have a good feed unobserved.

In the heart of the mountains, where he would not even have animals or birds to disturb him, he settled himself down to his solitary feast under a tree—he was very particular in choosing the tree to sit under, avoiding one because of crows and another because of sparrows. He was delighted beyond measure and hummed to himself a verse to the effect that on this day, eating and drinking out in the wilds, he was happier even than Vaiśravaṇa[1] or Indra. But just then he was spotted by Indra.

The god must have been displeased, for he transformed himself into the guise of this rich man Rushi and going to his house, said, 'My offerings in the mountains to the God of Frugality appear to have had effect, for the God no longer possesses me and I have ceased to be a miser. That's why I am doing this'—and he had the storehouses opened and all the valuable goods brought out and distributed to Rushi's family, his servants, and to others who were complete strangers, even travelling priests and beggars. Everyone gratefully accepted a share. But just at that moment back came the real Rushi.

When he saw his storehouses all open and people sharing out his goods, he was thunderstruck, and almost beside himself with anguish. 'What do you think you are doing?' he shrieked. But the person who had appeared and done all this was exactly like himself—it was a complete mystery. "He's just an apparition, I tell you! I am Rushi', he shouted, but no one paid any attention to him. When he took his complaints to the King, the latter ordered that Rushi's mother be questioned. But when this was done, Rushi was at his wits' end, for she said, 'I am sure it must have been my son who gave his things away'. Rushi now cried, 'I had a mole on my body, near my waist. Check that, Your Majesty, to see who is who.' But when their clothing was pulled aside—well, could anyone expect that Indra would forget to copy that feature? The two figures had identical moles. There was no alternative then but for the two of them to go before the Buddha himself. Now Indra resumed his original form and went before the

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[1] In Japanese, Bishamon. Originally a chief of evil spirits, he came in Buddhism to be the god of riches and ruler of the northern quarter. In Japan he is reckoned as one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck. (See also *US* 192.)

Buddha, whereupon Rushi realized that no further argument was possible. By the power of the Buddha he gained true enlightenment, so that all evil thoughts left him and he ceased to be a miser. Thus does Indra times without number lead men to virtue. Why should he have planned to dissipate the rich man's goods, except for a special purpose? He was moved to pity by the realization that the evil karma of the rich man's miserliness would send him down into Hell, and that was the reason for his action. What a wonderful thing!

86. (6/4) *How a man gambled away the merit of two thousand visits to the Kiyomizu-dera*

Long ago, there was a young samurai who served in a certain nobleman's house. Having time on his hands, he twice did what many other people used to do and made a series of one thousand visits to worship at Kiyomizu. Shortly afterwards, when playing backgammon[1] with a fellow-samurai from his master's house, he lost heavily but had nothing with which to pay his debts. When the other man pressed him for payment, he said in desperation, 'I have no property. My only asset is the two thousand visits I made to Kiyomizu. Let me transfer the merit I gained from that to you.' The bystanders treated this proposal as a joke and laughed at him, suspecting he was up to some trickery. But the samurai who had won replied, 'By all means, if you want to give me that, I'll accept it. However,' he added, 'I will not accept it casually like this. If you will transfer it to me in three days' time, after you've first announced your intention to the Bodhisattva[2] and put down in writing that you are handing over your merit to me, then I'll accept it.' 'Good', said the first samurai, and the bargain was struck. The other immediately began a religious abstinence,[3] then on the third day he said, 'Now, let's be off to Kiyomizu.' The samurai who had lost thought it all a huge joke, and congratulating himself on having to deal with a such a complete fool, accompanied him to the temple. He made a written statement, as the other had requested, then, going before the Bodhisattva, he had the priest who was his spiritual adviser announce the transfer. He handed over the document, which read: 'This is to give notice that the merit of my two thousand visits to this temple was forfeited to X in a game of backgammon.'

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[1] *Sugoroku*, literally 'double-sixes'.

[2] Kannon, the main object of worship at Kiyomizu.

[3] *Shōjin shite*. This word is sometimes translated as 'eating maigre food'.

This the other samurai was very happy to accept, after which he prostrated himself in adoration of the Bodhisattva and left the temple.

Not long afterwards, the samurai who had lost was arrested as a result of some unforeseen incident and put into prison. The samurai who had taken over the merit married a girl with surprisingly good connections, became very rich and was appointed to an official post, so that life turned out very happily for him.

People said, 'The merit he received wasn't a tangible kind of benefit, but he accepted it in a true spirit of devotion, and the Bodhisattva seems to have been very favourably impressed.'

87. (6/5) *How Kannon took the form of a snake*

Long ago, there was a man who made his living selling hawks. One day he was trying to catch a hawk which had flown away, and was following its line of flight when in the distance he caught sight of a hawk's nest built in a tall tree that grew out of the steep side of a valley deep in the mountains. He went home very pleased with this wonderful find, and some time later, when he judged that the young birds would have grown enough, he set out to steal them from the nest. When he reached the spot, however, he realized what a terribly remote part of the mountains the valley was in and how very deep it was—seemingly bottomless. What was worse, the nest containing the eggs had been built at the top of a very tall nettle-tree[1] whose branches hung out over the valley. The mother hawk was hovering around the nest. Seeing what a remarkably fine bird she was, he could guess the quality of her young, too, and he was oblivious to all else as he climbed up towards the nest. At last he had nearly reached it—when suddenly the bough on which he was standing broke, and he fell down into the valley, where he was caught up on a branch of a tree growing out of the valley wall. There he remained, completely helpless, clutching the branch and scarcely knowing if he were alive. Beneath him when he looked down was the seemingly bottomless valley. Above him when he looked up towered a high cliff which he could not possibly scale.

When his servants saw him fall into the valley, they were sure that he must have been killed. Nevertheless, they went up to the edge of the precipice and stood on tiptoe, craning their necks to look down and try to see what had happened to him. But they could not see very far, and there was no chance of spotting their master on the floor of this valley, for it was out of sight, hidden beneath the thick foliage of the trees. They began to feel so dizzy and their eyes were so misted with tears that it was useless even to try to see him. They were powerless to do anything, and realizing that they must take some action, they all returned home and reported what had happened. The hawk-catcher's wife and children wept bitterly in their grief, but there was nothing to be done. Even though there was no hope of finding him, they wanted at least to visit the site of the accident, but the servants said that they could not remember how to get to it. 'And even if you were to go,' they added, 'the valley seems almost bottomless. We did all we could to look down into it and try to locate the master, but we saw no sign of him at all.' Other people agreed with the servants' opinion, and so the family gave up the idea of going.

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[1] *Enoki. Celtis sinensis.*

Meanwhile, the man in the valley had no choice but to sit on a tiny ledge of rock about the size of a tray which jutted out from the cliff-face and cling to his tree-branch, unable to move an inch. The slightest movement would have sent him hurtling down into the valley. He was completely and utterly helpless. Now though he made his living as a trader in hawks, he had ever since his childhood days been a devout reader of the Kannon Sūtra,[1] and so he put all his trust in that scripture and prayed that Kannon might save him. Day and night, he recited the sūtra over and over again. Just as he was reciting the passage 'Deep as the ocean is the all-saving vow of the Bodhisattva,' he had a feeling that something was coming up with a rustling noise from the floor of the valley, and peering cautiously down to investigate, he saw an enormous snake that must have been some twenty feet long. On and on it crawled, heading straight for him. 'This is terrible!' he said to himself, 'It looks as if this snake is going to swallow me up. How can this sort of thing happen when I prayed to Kannon to save me?' As he sat there praying fervently, the snake came closer and closer, but though it was now nearly up to his waist, it made no attempt to bite him, and seemed intent on nothing but climbing up out of the valley. As he pondered what to do, it occurred to him that all he needed to do was to cling to it and he would get to the top. Stealthily drawing the sword at his wrist, he plunged it into the snake's back and

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[1] The *Fumon-bon*, Chapter 25 of the *Lotus Sūtra*, devoted to a description of the transformations of Kannon (Avalokiteśvara). (Note that this chapter is in Kern's translation numbered 24, because his text does not, as do older Chinese versions, divide Chapters 11 and 12.) *Fumon* means 'Universal door, the opening into all things, or universality; the universe in anything; the unlimited doors open to a Buddha, or Bodhisattva, and the forms in which he can reveal himself.' (Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 374.)

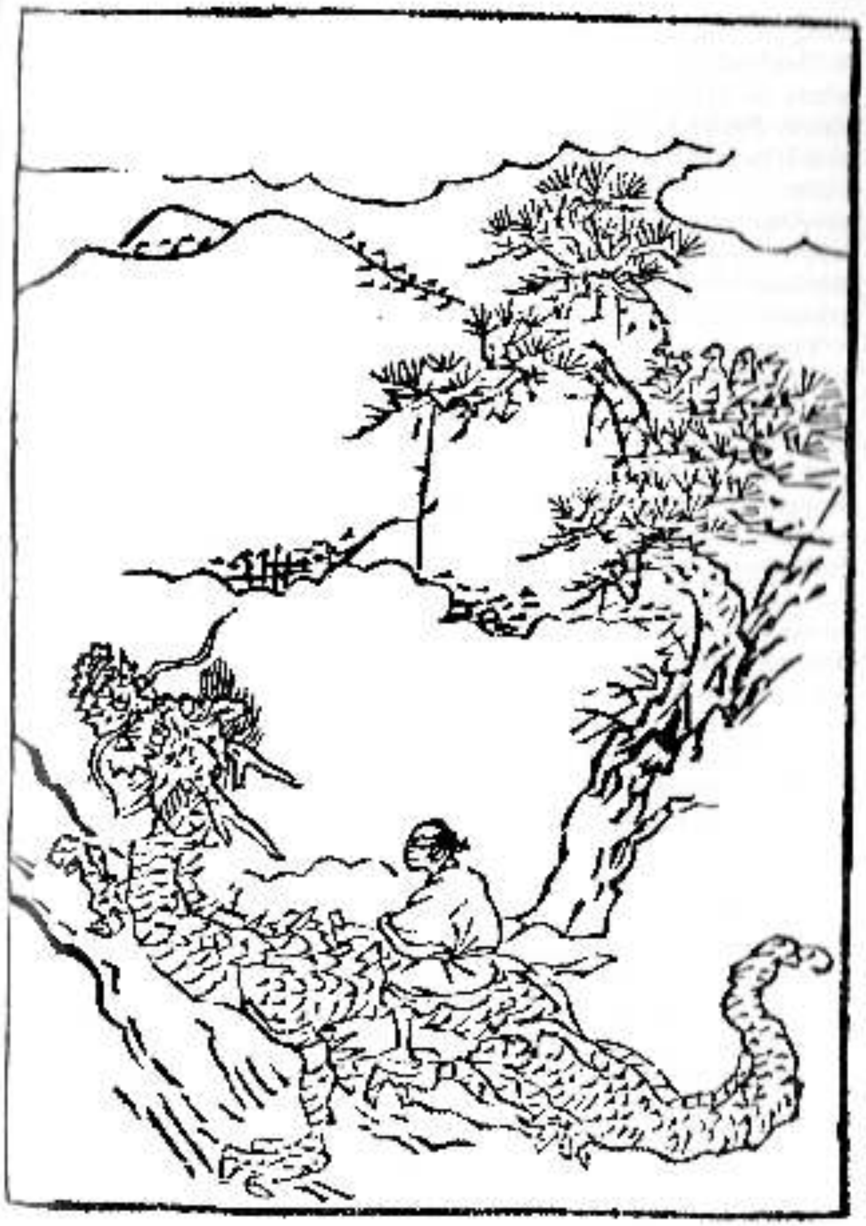

Fig. 19. The hawk-catcher being carried up to safety by Kannon in the guise of a snake (Story 87)

hung on to it, so that as the snake moved on he was pulled along with it. Gradually they slithered up out of the valley to the top of the cliff, where he alighted from the snake's back and tried to withdraw his sword. But he had plunged it in with such force that before he could pull it out, the snake shook him off and slithered away to the next valley with the sword still fixed in its back. Happily the man set off to hurry home. But after having had to sit completely still and having had nothing to eat for the last two or three days he was nothing but skin and bone, a mere shadow of his former self, so that only with the greatest difficulty did he manage to struggle home.

There, all hope for him had been abandoned and services were being held for the repose of his soul, so that when he unexpectedly came staggering in, everyone broke down. Unable himself to restrain his tears, he told them of the incredible things that had happened to him, and how his life had been saved by Kannon. After a meal, he went straight to bed that night, but next morning he was up early and after washing his hands prepared to recite the sūtra as usual. On opening it, however, he found, sticking into it at the passage 'Deep as the ocean . . .' the sword which he had plunged into the back of the snake in the valley. Amazement is too ordinary a word to describe his feelings. Realizing that the sūtra had turned into a snake to save his life, he felt an overwhelming sense of reverence and grateful awe. The people of the neighbourhood looked at him with wonder in their eyes when they heard what had happened.

It scarcely needs saying yet again, but the truth is that no one who puts his trust in Kannon shall lack the reward of his faith.

88. (6/6) *How the deity of Kamo*[1] *vouchsafed a gift of votive paper and rice*

Long ago, there was a priest on Mt Hiei who was very poor and so went to Kurama[2] to worship for seven days, in the hope that he might be given some revelation, perhaps in a dream. But he received no sign at all, and though he continued to pray for another seven days, still no sign came to him. For another seven days and then another he went on praying, until he had been there for one hundred days. On the hundredth night he had a dream in which he was told by the divinity, 'I can do nothing for you. Go to Kiyomizu.' The very

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[1] See note 7 on p. 232.

[2] A temple in the mountains north of Kyoto, where the main object of worship is Bishamon (see note 1 on p. 257).

next day he began a hundred days of prayer at Kiyomizu, only to be told in a dream, 'I can do nothing for you. Go and pray at Kamo.' And so he went to worship at Kamo, intending at first to do so for only seven days; but as usual he went on praying in the hope of being given some revelation in a dream, and on the hundredth night, he dreamed that the deity told him, 'Your prayers have made me feel sorry for you, and I promise you at least some votive paper and offertory rice.'[1] He woke from the dream very dejected and miserable. The sole result of his travelling around to worship at different places had been this promise. What good would it do him to be given a paltry lot of offertory rice? He would look very silly when he went back to his own monastery. Maybe the best thing for him would be to drown himself in the Kamo River. But that he could not bring himself to do, and in any case he felt that he would like to see what the deity proposed to do for him, and so he returned to his quarters on Mt Hiei. Soon after, he had a caller who had come from a friend's house with a message for him. Going out to see who it was, he found that someone had brought along a chest of white wood and left it on the verandah. Mystified, he looked around for the messenger, but there was no one to be seen. When he opened the chest, he found it full of white rice and fine paper. This was in accordance with his dream, and he was very downcast, for he had not really believed that this was all the deity would give him, but it had proved to be true. He now resigned himself to the situation and put the rice to various uses whereupon he found that it never ran out, its quantity remained always the same. The paper, too, was never exhausted, however much he used. And so the priest ended up very comfortably off, even if not exactly a rich man. You should always be patient when you worship at a shrine or a temple.

89. (6/7) *How Kannon came to take the waters at Tsukuma Hot Springs*[2]

Long ago, at a place called Tsukuma Hot Springs in the province of Shinano, there was a healing spring in which all manner of people came to bathe. A certain person who lived in the neighbourhood had a dream in which he was told that the next day at noon Kannon would come to bathe in the spring. 'In what form will Kannon come?' he asked. 'In the form of a black-whiskered young man of about thirty', was the reply. 'He will be riding a grey horse and wearing a rush-hat and a dark-blue hunting-coat with deerskin leggings, and he will be carrying a quiver of black-lacquered arrows and a leather-bound bow. This man you will know to be Kannon.' There the dream ended. Greatly excited, the man went out as soon as dawn came and told everybody in the neighbourhood, and as the word spread vast crowds gathered at the spring. They changed the water in the bath, cleaned up around it, put up sacred ropes, set out offerings of flowers and incense, and sat down in a crowd to wait.

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[1] Objects used in Shinto worship, the paper for making *gohei* or *nusa*, the sacred strips of paper used at shrines, and the rice for scattering as an offering before the deity.

[2] Shiraito hot springs, near Matsumoto, in modern Nagano Prefecture.

At last, well after noon and getting on towards two o'clock, there came along a young man who looked just as had been foretold in the dream—the face, the clothes, the horse, everything corresponded exactly. Instantly, the crowd was on its feet, then they all prostrated themselves, with foreheads to the ground. The new arrival was completely taken aback and asked them all what was going on, but they just went on reverently paying him homage, and no one gave him a word of explanation. Going up to a priest who was rubbing his hands and raising them to his forehead in a gesture of adoration, the young man asked, in rather countrified tones, 'What is this all about? Why did you bow down and worship me like this the moment you saw me?' When the priest told him of the dream, the man replied, 'A little while ago, while I was hunting, I fell off my horse and broke my right arm, so I've come here to give it some hot spring treatment.' As he walked up and down, a crowd followed at his heels, all clamouring to pay homage to him. The harassed young man finally became convinced that he really was an incarnation of Kannon, and that he had better become a priest. He threw away his bow and quiver and his two swords and took religious vows. At this sight, the crowd was moved to tears. Then someone came forward who knew him, and said, 'How wonderful, he's a gentleman from Kōzuke Province that they call Batōnushi.'[2] When people heard this, they called him a Batō Kannon.

After entering the priesthood, the man went into the monastery up at Yokawa, where he became a disciple of the Assistant High Priest Kachō.[3] Later, they say, he went to the province of Tosa.

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[2] *Kojidan* and *Kokon* both have here Watōnushi. What appears to have happened is that the *wa* of this name at some point became wrongly transcribed as *ba*. Thus when the young man was described as the Watō (or even Batō) Kannon, that name was confused with the term for one of the forms of Kannon, the *bayagrīva* or horse-headed Kannon, and the element Batō came to be written with the characters for 'horse' and 'head'.

[3] This form of the name appears in *Kokon*, but one *Uji shūi* text and *Kojidan* have 'Kakuchō'. However, the one figure who has that name (written as in *Kojidan*) appears to have had no connection with Yokawa. The reference may therefore be to a 'Kakuchō' (written with a different second character) who was connected with Eshin and died in 1034.

90. (6/8) *How an old man wearing a hat quizzed Confucius*

Long ago, in China, Confucius was taking a stroll near a small hillock in some woods. He was playing the zither, while his disciples were reading. Just then an old man wearing a hat came along in a boat. Mooring the boat in the reeds, he stopped ashore and stood leaning on his staff, listening until the music of the zither died away. 'What a mysterious old fellow!' they all thought. The old man beckoned to Confucius' disciples, and when one went up to him, he said, 'Who is that playing the zither? Is it the king?' 'No.' 'The Prime Minister, then?' 'No.' 'One of the other ministers?' 'No.' 'Well, then who is he?' 'He is only a sage who, being the wisest man in the country, carries on the affairs of government and corrects evils.' 'How very foolish!' laughed the old man, and he moved away.

The puzzled disciple reported to Confucius exactly what the old man had said to him. Confucius listened, then said, 'He is a very wise man. Quick, call him over.' The disciple ran and called back the old man just as he was about to row away. He returned in response to the disciple's call, and Confucius addressed him, asking, 'What is your occupation?' 'I am nobody special', said the old man. 'I just go around in my boat amusing myself. Who are you?' 'I travel around endeavouring to improve the way the world is governed.' 'What a stupid way to spend your life!' said the old man. 'There was once a man who hated his shadow. When he went out into the sunshine and tried to run away from his shadow, he was unable to do so. If he had remained quietly in the shade, he would have escaped from his shadow, but instead he went out into the sun to try to escape from it, and of course his efforts were all in vain, his shadow remained with him.[1] Again, there was a dead dog drifting down a river and a man who ran in to pull it out was drowned. That is the kind of futile things that people do. But what people ought to aim at in this life is to find some suitable spot in which to spend their days. To give that up and accept all the worry of participating in the affairs of the world is very stupid.' Without waiting for an answer, he went off, rowing away in his boat. Confucius stood looking after him, bowed twice and stood in a respectful attitude until the sound of the oars died away. Only when it could be heard no more did he enter his carriage and go home. That is the story as it was told to me.

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[1] Based on a passage in *Chuang-tzu*.

91. (6/9) *How Sōkyata*[1] *went to the country of the rākṣasīs*[2]

Once, a man in India named Sōkyata was taking five hundred merchants by ship to the Port of Gold[3] when suddenly a storm sprang up which blew the ships with the speed of an arrow further and further southwards. On and on they were blown, till finally they ran aground in a region totally unknown to them.[4] Thankful to have touched land at last, they lost no time in getting ashore. They had not been there very long when about ten ravishingly beautiful women appeared on the scene and walked past them singing. At the sight of such lovely women, just when they had been feeling very glum on landing in these unknown parts, the men all cheered up and called to the women to come over, which they did. The closer they came, the more charming they seemed. They were so incomparably lovely that the merchants could not take their eyes off them. 'We set out to look for treasure,' the merchants explained, 'but we ran into a storm which brought us here to these unknown parts. We were all feeling very miserable, but now that we've seen you ladies our sadness has gone. Will you please take us along with you right away and look after us? Our boats have all been damaged, so we've no way of getting back to our homes.' 'By all means, come with us', said the women, and they set off leading the way. When they got to where the women lived, the merchants saw a vast enclosure formed by a high white wall, with a very imposing gateway. The women led them inside and at once the gates were locked. Looking about them once they were inside, the men saw numbers of houses of different kinds, each quite separate from the others. Not a man was to be seen anywhere. And so each of the merchants took a woman as his wife. Each couple was united by bonds of passionate love, and their life together was so happy that they could not bear to be apart for a single moment. Now every afternoon, the women took a long nap, and pretty though their faces were, they had a very uncanny look about them whenever they were asleep. Sōkyata noticed this uncanny look, and very curious to know why it should be, he one day quietly got up and went to scout around. Of all the various separate buildings, there was just one which had a high wall round it, with a gate that was securely locked. Climbing the wall at one corner he looked inside, and there he saw a large crowd of men, some dead, some still alive; there were a great many corpses, some white, some red. Sōkyata beckoned to one of the men who were still alive and asked who these people were and how they had got into this condition. 'I come from South India', replied the man, with tears in his eyes. 'I was sailing the seas as a trader but was blown off course by a storm and arrived on this island. We were duped by these beautiful women and gave no thought to returning home while we were living with them. Every child we had was a girl. Our life together was so affectionate. And then another shipload of merchants arrived, and here you see how the women treated their former husbands—making meals out of them. The same thing will happen to all of you, too, if another ship arrives. Find some way to escape before it is too late. These demons sleep for about six hours during the day. If you can escape during that time, you'll be able to get away. We are enclosed here with a ring of iron, and in addition the sinews of our knees have been cut, so that there is no escape for us.' 'I felt sure there was something peculiar about this place', said Sōkyata to himself, and going back to his companions, he told them what he had heard. Horror-stricken, they followed him down to the beach, while their wives were still asleep.

Turning in the direction of Potalaka,[1] they all uttered a prayer to Avalokiteśvara, whereupon from out at sea there appeared a great white horse[2] which came swimming over the waves right up to the traders, where it lay down on the shore. Realizing that this was the answer to their prayers, the whole party climbed on to the horse's back and clung on. Meanwhile, the women woke from their nap to find the men gone. 'They've run away', they screamed, and in a body they swarmed down to the shore. Seeing the men all mounted on a dapple-grey[3] horse moving away across the sea, they immediately turned into ten-foot-tall demons and started leaping as much as one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty feet in the air, snarling and shrieking. One of the merchants, unable to get out of his mind how beautiful the women had been, lost his hold and fell into the sea. The rākṣasīs scrambled madly to get at him, and tearing him to pieces, they devoured him. In due course the horse reached the west coast of South India, where it lay down on the shore, and the merchants thankfully alighted from its back. The horse then suddenly vanished.

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[1] The form of the name found in *Konjaku* is Sōkyara (written exactly as in the ultimate source of the story, the *Hsi-yü-chi*).

[2] 'Malignant spirits or demons. Their place of abode was Lanka in Ceylon, where they are described as the original inhabitants, anthropophagi, once the terror of shipwrecked mariners . . . As demons they are described as terrifying, with black bodies, red hair, green eyes, devourers of men' (Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 471). Of the female demons, Soothill says, 'The names of eight, ten and twelve are given, and five hundred are also mentioned'.

[3] The word rendered 'port' is *tsu* (written in *kana*). The meaning is possibly 'a port where much treasure is to be had'. However, no such phrase occurs in the *Konjaku* version, which says only, 'set out for the southern seas to seek treasure (wealth)', and Nomura suggests that the text should perhaps read not *tsu* but *tsukai*, i.e., they went on a mission for (to seek) gold.

[4] From what happens later, it appears to be Ceylon.

[1] Japanese *Fudaraku*. A mountain on the southern coast of India believed to be the abode of Avalokiteśvara (Kannon).

[2] In this and the *Konjaku* story a transformation of Kannon. The *Hsi-yü-chi* story, however, is a *jātaka* tale: Sōkyara is a previous incarnation of the Buddha, and Kannon does not figure at all. Note that the Chinese version of Sōkyara's name is a transliteration of the Sanskrit Siṃhala (cf. English 'Sinhalese'), which in India was applied both to the man and to the country he is said to have founded.

[3] *Ashige*. Actually white flecked with some other colour.

Sōkyata was so shocked by his experiences that after he arrived in this country, he told no one of what had happened. Two years passed, and then the rākṣasī who had been Sōkyata's wife came to him. Looking beautiful beyond words, even more lovely than she had seemed previously, she said to him, 'Perhaps it was destined to be so, but you were dearer to me than anything. And yet you cast me aside and ran away. How could you do that? In my country demons like that appear from time to time and eat people; that is why we have locked gates and build high walls. And it is because the demons heard a lot of people making a noise out on the beach that they came and acted so angrily. It wasn't our doing at all. I have been so sad and missed you so much since you went away. How can you possibly not feel as I do?' And she wept bitterly. A less determined man than Sōkyata might have been moved by her pleas, but they only put him in a towering rage, and drawing his sword, he was on the point of killing her. She left the house smouldering with resentment and went to the Palace, where she presented this petition: 'Sōkyata was my husband for years, but he has abandoned me and refuses to live with me. To whom can I appeal in this matter? I beg that His Majesty may deign to give judgment.' There was not a single noble or courtier but he was lost in admiration at the sight of this beautiful woman. The King himself, when he heard her voice, peeped out and saw her, beautiful beyond the power of words to describe; she was like a jewel, compared to which his many concubines and his consort were so many lumps of clay. Unable to understand how Sōkyata could possibly not wish to live with such a woman, he sent for him and questioned him. Sōkyata replied, 'Your Majesty should not admit this person into the Palace, for she is a creature to be utterly abhorred, and it would bring about a dreadful calamity.' Then he left the royal presence. Having heard what Sōkyata had to say, the King cursed him for a fool and gave instructions that she was to be admitted by the back entrance to the Palace. In the evening she was brought in and summoned to his side. She quite fascinated him, so lovely was everything

about her—her bearing, her figure and her looks—and he took her straight into his bed, where he remained for two or three days, neglecting all affairs of state. Sōkyata presented himself at the Palace with a warning: 'A dreadful thing is about to happen. Oh, how horrible! His Majesty will very soon be dead.' But no one listened to him. Then, on the morning of the third day, before the shutters of the King's apartments had been opened, the woman emerged from the King's bedchamber, and as she stood there, they could see a different and quite horrifying look in her eyes. Her mouth was flecked with blood. For a moment she stood looking around her, then with a flying leap she gained the eaves and took off into the air, disappearing into the clouds. When people went into the bedchamber to inform the King, they saw blood dripping from the curtains round the bed. Fearfully they looked inside, to find nothing left, nothing at all except a blood-covered head. What an uproar the Palace was in then! There was wailing and lamentation from all quarters, ministers and menials, men and women alike.

The Crown Prince at once acceded to the Throne and sent for Sōkyata to question him about the affair. 'It was for that reason, because she was that kind of creature, that I said she should be driven away at once', said Sōkyata. 'Let me now be given your commission to go and destroy her.' 'I shall command whatever you ask', the King replied. 'I ask you then, sire, to send me in a fast ship with two hundred swordsmen and a hundred archers', said Sōkyata. Accordingly he was dispatched with this force and sailed with it to the island of the rākṣasīs. First he put ashore about ten men disguised as merchants, and as usual along came the beautiful women, singing songs, and invited the 'merchants' into their fortress. On their heels followed two hundred warriors, who broke in and attacked the women with swords or bows and arrows. For a while the women tried looking pathetic and reproachful. But as Sōkyata ran around giving orders at the top of his voice, they turned into demons and attacked, with mouths agape, only to have their heads split open and their hands and feet lopped off with swords, and to be shot down with bows when they tried to fly away, till not one of them was left. Their houses were set alight and razed to the ground, leaving the country entirely uninhabited. On returning to the capital and reporting to the King, Sōkyata was given this country in fief, and took two hundred soldiers along with him to live there. They became exceedingly prosperous.

Tradition has it that Sōkyata's descendants still rule the country.

92. (7/1) *Concerning the five-coloured deer*[1]

Again, there once lived in India a deer whose body was five-coloured, with white horns. Its home was deep in the mountains, so that no man knew of its existence. At the foot of these mountains was a great river. Also in the mountains lived a crow, a friend to the deer.

One day a man was swept away by the river, and just as he was on the point of drowning he shrieked for help and was overheard by the deer, which felt so sorry for him that it swam out into the river and saved him. Humbly grateful for his rescue from death, the man asked the deer what he could do to repay the debt he owed it. 'What you can do to repay me?' replied the deer. 'Simply this—be sure never to tell anyone that I live in these mountains. My body is five-coloured. If that becomes known, I shall certainly be killed for my hide. It is fear of this that makes me live in concealment in the depths of the mountains, unknown to man. In spite of that, I felt so sorry for you when I heard your cries that I went to your aid without considering what might happen to me.' 'I fully understand', said the man. 'I shall never give your secret away.' With repeated promises to that effect, he left the deer and went home to his village, where he did not breathe a word to anyone about the deer.

Now the Queen of that country dreamed that she saw a large deer with a five-coloured body and white horns. When she woke, she said to the King, 'Somewhere there must be such a deer. My Lord, please find it and give it to me.' The King therefore issued a proclamation stating that any person who should find a five-coloured deer would be presented with a whole province for his own, together with gifts of gold, silver and precious stones. The man who had been rescued now went to the Palace and reported that the deer being sought was to be found deep in the mountains; he knew its whereabouts, and if he were given some huntsmen, he would capture it and present it to the King. The King was delighted. He set off himself with a band of huntsmen, and guided by the man, penetrated deep into the mountains where the unsuspecting deer lay in a cave. However, its friend the crow saw the party and was so alarmed that it squawked at the top of its voice and nibbled the deer's ear with its beak till it woke up. The crow reported what it had seen. 'The King has surrounded this mountain with a great many hunters and any moment now they will kill you.

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[1] In *Konjaku* and the sūtra which is the ultimate source of the story, the deer is nine-coloured.

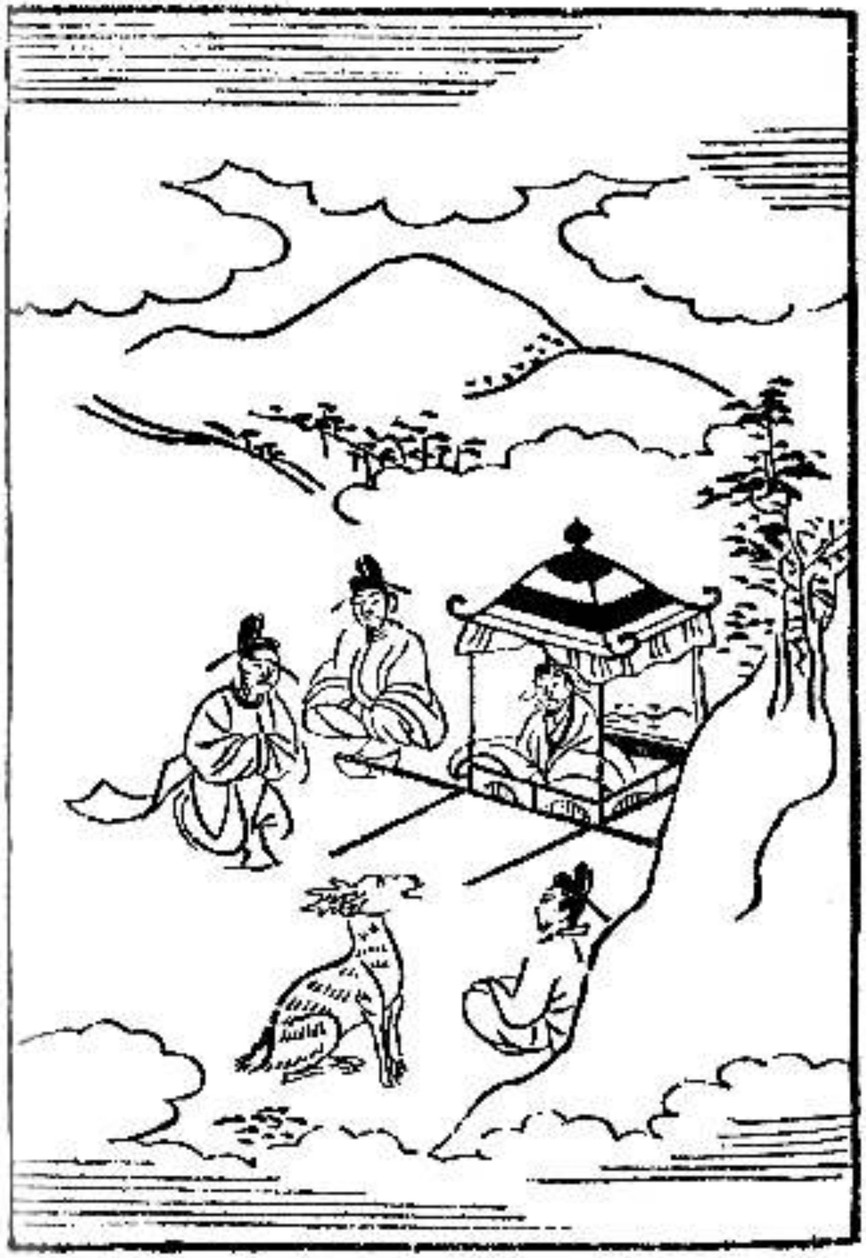

Fig. 20. The five-coloured deer upbraiding the man whose life it had saved for betraying its whereabouts to the king (Story 92)

There is no way of escape. Whatever can we do?' With that it flew away in tears. The terrified deer ran up to the King's palanquin and the huntsmen all fitted arrows to their bows ready to shoot. But the King called out: 'The deer has come up to us without showing any sign of fear. It must have some reason for doing that. Don't shoot.' As the men unstrung their arrows, the deer knelt down before the King's palanquin and cried, 'Because the colours of my hide make me afraid, I live in concealment deep in the mountains. How then did Your Majesty learn where I lived?' The King replied, 'That fellow there beside my palanquin with a birth-mark on his face told me. That's how we got here.' The deer looked—and there beside the palanquin, with a birth-mark on his face, was the man it had rescued! 'When I saved your life', the deer said to him, 'you told me you could never repay the debt you owed me, and promised again and again never to reveal to anyone my presence here, but now you have forgotten your debt to me and propose to let the King kill me. How can you do such a thing? Do you not remember how thankful you were that time when you were nearly drowning and I, without a thought for my own safety, swam out and saved you?' Its face as it spoke was full of reproach and wet with tears. The King himself was now moved to tears, and said, 'You may be only an animal, but you had compassion and saved a human life, whereas this fellow has been blinded by greed and forgotten the debt which he owed you. He is the one we should call an animal. For it is the mark of the human that he does not forget debts of gratitude.' With that he had the man seized and beheaded before the deer's very eyes.[1] Again he spoke: 'From this day forth, it shall be forbidden to hunt deer in this country. Anyone who defies this command and kills so much as one deer shall suffer immediate execution.' With these words, he returned to his palace.

From that time on, they say, the country was peaceful and the land fruitful.

93. (7/2) *About Sata,*[2] *the retainer of Tameie,*[3] *Governor of Harima*

Long ago, there was a man named Tameie who was Governor of Harima Province. He had in his household a samurai of no particular distinction who was always addressed by his master and his colleagues alike not by his usual name but by the nickname of Sata. Though he was undistinguished, he had been a loyal servant for years, and so he was commissioned to collect the taxes from some minor district and went off there very pleased with himself, staying in the district governor's house. Then, four or five days later, having given instructions about the matters in his charge, he returned. Now living in the district governor's house was a woman who had come down from the capital with her lover and been abandoned; the district governor felt sorry for her and let her live in his house, occasionally giving her jobs like sewing to do, and as she was very good at such things, he took pity on her and kept her there.

Sata was told by one of his retainers, 'There's a woman from the capital living in the district governor's house, a very good-looking one with long hair. But he kept her out of sight and didn't breathe a word to you about her, sir.' 'Damn!' said Sata. 'And you're a fool to keep quiet about it while we were there, and only tell me now.' 'She was on the other side of a partition near where you were sleeping, sir, so I thought you must know about her.' 'I didn't intend to go again for a while, but now I'm going to get leave and hurry down there to be nice to her.' Two or three days later, Sata applied to Tameie for leave to go back to the district, since he had left certain business unfinished when he came away. 'What did you come back for if you hadn't finished your business?' said Tameie. 'All right, hurry up and go.' And Sata went off happily. As soon as he arrived, he wasted no time in words but took off his shabby hunting-coat, which was coming apart at the seams, and flung it over the partition, calling out in a loud voice, 'Sew up those seams for me!' Even if he had been on terms of intimacy with the woman, he should hardly have behaved as he did, still less when they did not know each other. In no time, the coat was thrown back. 'I've heard she gets sewing to do, but she's certainly made short work of this', growled Sata admiringly. But when he looked at the coat, he found she had flung it back with the seams unmended and a piece of *michinoku* paper pinned to the tear. Mystified, he opened the paper and read,[1]

Though I myself
Am no grove of bamboo,
Yet does Sata
Take off his robe
And hang it up on me.

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[1] Note that in the *Konjaku* version, which is told as a jātaka (the deer being identified as a previous incarnation of the Buddha), the man is not executed.

[2] Unidentifiable.

[3] A Takashina, known to have been Governor of Harima in 1077 and to have been reappointed in 1078. He was exiled in 1093. See above, Ch. 5, p. 63 and Ch. 6, p. 100.

[1] This poem is a punning reference (Sata = Satta) to a jātaka tale about Prince Satta (Mahāsattva), who took off his clothes in a bamboo grove and hung them up before allowing himself to be eaten by a starving tigress and thus saving her cubs. Illustrations of this story appear on the famous seventh-century Tamamushi or 'Beetlewing' Shrine in the Hōryū-ji.

It would have been splendid had he let himself be moved by this verse. But the moment he saw it, he flew into a rage. 'Haven't you got eyes in your head, woman?' he roared. 'I give you something with seams to be sewn up and you can't even see where they're coming apart! And what do you mean by saying "Sata's" instead of "Mr Sata's?"[1] Even our respected Lord the Governor has never done that, in all these years. I'll teach you!' And he cursed and swore at her, even threatening to do all manner of things to an unmentionable part of her body, while she sat in a daze, crying. Sata vented his rage on all and sundry, and even railed at the district governor, telling him he would report the matter to the Governor of the province and have him punished. What with this and with the district governor's lamenting that thanks to having taken pity on some nonentity he would end up by being punished, the woman was frightened out of her wits. Still ranting on, Sata went back to the provincial governor's mansion. In the guardhouse, he raved on in a growing fury. 'A shocking thing has happened. I've been insulted by some stupid blasted woman. Even the Governor himself says "Mr Sata", so what does she think she's up to, talking of "Sata"?' No one there knew what it was all about, and they wanted to know what had been done to him to make him talk like this. 'Listen and I'll tell you', he said, and he explained what had happened. 'I want you all to make a report to the Governor to the same effect. Because it's an insult to you as well.' Some just said, 'Well, well!' and laughed at him, many of the others were annoyed with him. But they all felt sympathy for the woman, and admired her refinement. When Tamenie heard about the affair, he called Sata before him for questioning, and Sata as he spoke drew himself up with an important air, thinking his complaint had succeeded. But after hearing him out, Tamenie dismissed him from his service. The woman he treated very kindly, giving her presents, for instance. People said Sata had brought his disgrace on himself.

[1] Clear evidence of a distinction in Classical Japanese between the genitive particles '*no*' and '*ga*', the former implying respect for the person referred to by the preceding name or noun, and the latter being derogatory or familiar. Although this distinction was known to Rodrigues in the early seventeenth century, it received little attention from subsequent grammarians, and in most cases no mention at all, until recent years. Nevertheless, it appears to have been a distinction of long standing, since there is some evidence of it even in the *Man'yōshū*. Of course, it presents a considerable problem to the translator of a story like this; I have attempted to convey something of the effect by equating *Sata ga* with 'Sata's' and *Sata no* with 'Mr Sata's', though I recognise that there is some incongruity in suggesting that the governor would say 'Mr Sata'. Note that in the *Konjaku* version of this story (24/56), although Sata is angry with the woman for using the expression *Sata ga*, he does not say that she should have said *Sata no*; what seems to annoy him is such a blunt use of his name, something, he says, that not even the Governor himself does.

94. (7/3) *How the Middle Counsellor from the Third Ward*[1] *ate watered rice*[2]

Long ago, there was a man known as the Middle Counsellor from the Third Ward, the son of the Minister of the Right from the Third Ward.[3] A very gifted man, he knew all there was to know about China and Japan, and he had intelligence, courage, and initiative. He was an excellent performer on the mouth organ.[4] He was tall and very fat.

He was in fact so grossly overweight that it caused him considerable distress, and he called in a doctor, Shigehide,[5] to ask what he should do to avoid being so terribly fat. 'I'm so heavy now that it's a real effort to stand up or sit down', he said. 'You must eat watered rice—with hot water in winter and cold water in summer', Shigehide told him. The Middle Counsellor followed this advice, but continued to put on weight, and he was forced to call in Shigehide again. 'I've done as you told me,' he said, 'but it has had no effect at all. Let me eat some watered rice and show you.' And he called his servants. A retainer appeared and was ordered to prepare some watered rice as usual and bring it in. Presently, as Shigehide watched, the servants brought in one of a pair of tables, and putting it down before the Middle Counsellor, began to set it.

It had nothing but a stand for chopsticks on it. Now the dishes of food were brought in. Shigehide watched as the butler put them down on the table, one containing some ten three-inch pieces of dried melon and another on which were some thirty pickled trout, broad nicely-rounded ones, with only the heads and tails pressed flat. Along with all this was an enormous metal bowl. Everything was set out on the table. Then in came another retainer loaded down with a large silver vessel in which stood a silver spoon. When the Middle Counsellor passed his bowl, a great mound of rice was ladled into it and a little water poured in alongside the rice, then the bowl was passed back to him. Pulling the table up close, the Middle Counsellor took up the bowl—in his enormous hands even this capacious bowl must have looked quite dainty—then he ate some five or six pieces of the dried

[1] Fujiwara Tomonari, 917–74.

[2] Cold boiled rice softened by the addition, according to the season, of hot or cold water.

[3] Fujiwara Sadakata, 873–932.

[4] The *shō*.

[5] Identity obscure. *Kojidan* calls him Wake Shigehide, but he does not appear in the Wake genealogy. Nakajima and Nomura identify him as a member of the Tamba family, but his dates are obscure.

melon, gobbling each one down in two or three bites at most, after which he polished off five or six of the trout, again needing only a couple of bites for each one. Next he pulled the rice to him and with what seemed scarcely more than a couple of flourishes of his chopsticks it was gone. 'Fill it up again', he said and passed over the bowl. After two or three helpings, the rice container was empty, and the servants went to refill it. At this point Shigehide commented, 'It's all very well to make a point of eating watered rice, but you won't get your weight down if you eat as much as that'. And with that, he took himself off.

So the Middle Counsellor continued to get more and more like a sumō wrestler.

95. (7/4) *About the police official Tadaakira*[1]

Again, long ago there was a police official named Tadaakira. As a young man, he had a quarrel with some young ruffians from the capital near the platform[2] at Kiyomizu. When they crowded in on him with drawn swords, Tadaakira drew his weapon and moved up towards the Main Hall. But at its eastern end he was met by another bunch of ruffians, and so, slipping away from them, he entered the Hall,[3] clutched a standing shutter under one arm and leaped down into the valley in front of the temple. The shutter was supported by the wind and so he floated as gently as a bird settling on a perch down to the floor of the valley, whence he made his escape. The ruffians lined up at the edge of the platform and stood gazing down into the valley in astonishment. But there was nothing further they could do.

96. (7/5) *How a man received a bounty after a period of prayer at the Hase-dera*[4]

Long ago, there was a young samurai who was all alone in the world, without parents or master, wife or children. Being in dire straits, he made a pilgrimage to Hase to implore the aid of Kannon, and prostrating himself before her image, he pleaded, 'If my life is destined to continue as at present, then I will remain here before you and starve to death. But if it is my destiny to find some means of livelihood, then I shall not leave here until I am told about it in a dream.' When the priests of the temple saw him lying there, they challenged him. 'Who are you, lying here like this? You haven't been seen to eat anything, and if you just go on lying here, you will end up polluting the temple, and that will be serious. Who is your spiritual adviser? Where are you getting food?' 'How could the likes of me have a spiritual adviser, when I have no means of supporting myself?' replied the young man. 'I've no benefactor, or anyone to take pity on me. I eat whatever the Bodhisattva cares to bestow on me and look to her as my spiritual guide.' The priests now conferred together, saying, 'This is most awkward. It will bring harm upon the temple. Why, he's actually complaining about Kannon. Let us all get together to look after him, and let him stay here.' They took turns at supplying him with food, and for three whole weeks he continued to eat everything they brought him, never leaving his position before the Bodhisattva.

Towards dawn on the twenty-second day, he dreamed that someone came out from behind the curtain[1] and told him, 'It is outrageous for you to lie here complaining about Kannon, ignoring the fact that your poverty is retribution for your sins in a past life. And yet your tale is rather pathetic, so the Bodhisattva has granted you a small favour. First, you must leave the temple at once, and as you go, pick up whatever comes to hand and keep it. Hurry up now and be on your way.' Waking from his dream of being sent away, he got up from the ground and went to the quarters of the priests who had undertaken to look after him, where he had a good meal. Then he left the temple. Just as he was going through the main gate he stumbled and fell headlong.

As he got to his feet, he found he had unwittingly clutched at something. It proved to be a stalk of straw,[2] and he wondered forlornly if this could be the Bodhisattva's gift to him. But he reflected that perhaps she had some special plan in mind, and he walked on idly twiddling the straw in his fingers. Just then a horse-fly came buzzing around his face, and in annoyance he broke off a twig to brush it away. But when it continued to buzz round and annoy him, he caught it, and tying the straw round its body, carried it along fixed to the end

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[1] A *kebiishi*. His identity is obscure, though it is thought he may be the Tadaakira mentioned in the diary of Fujiwara Kōzei (*Gonki*) as having been sent to Kyushu in 997. For a comparison of this story with the versions in *Konjaku* and *Kohon*, see Ch. 4, pp. 68 and 70.

[2] See note 4 on p. 233.

[3] Where *Uji shūi* has *uchi e nigete*, 'slipping away from them, he entered the Hall', *Kohon* has *soko wa enigede*, 'unable to escape that way'. (*Konjaku* has more or less the same as *Kohon*.)

[4] The Hase-dera or Chōkoku-ji is situated in modern Nara Prefecture. The old pronunciation of the name of this place (written with characters meaning 'First Rapids') is Hatsuse.

[1] Concealing the image.

[2] This gives the title by which this very famous folk-tale is known, *Warashibe chōja*, 'Wealth from a stalk of straw'.

of the twig. Tied up like this, the fly buzzed around but could not get away. Now it happened that a very beautiful little girl who was on her way to worship at Hase was peering out from under the blinds of her carriage, and she called to the horsemen of her escort, 'What is that man holding? Get it from him and bring it to me.' 'You there!' they shouted. 'The young lady wants that thing you've got there. Hand it over.' 'This is a gift from the Bodhisattva,' he replied, 'but since Her Ladyship has asked for it, she can have it', and he gave it to the men. 'That's very good of you, not to make a fuss about letting Her Ladyship have this thing she wants', they said. 'Here, you must be thirsty', said the young lady. 'Eat these'; and she had one of her escort give the man three oranges wrapped in highly perfumed *michinoku* paper.

Very pleased to find his single stalk of straw had turned into three oranges, he tied them to a stick and went off carrying it over his shoulder. Next he met a lady on foot, with a large escort of retainers; evidently she was a person of some consequence travelling incognito. She had walked so far that she was quite worn out and ready to drop with exhaustion. 'I am so thirsty', she muttered, half fainting. 'Give me a drink of water.' Her servants frantically scurried around in search of water, but none could they find. 'Whatever shall we do? Perhaps there's some in the pack-horse train', they told each other; but the pack-horses were not in sight, having lagged far behind. The lady seemed to be in a critical condition, and the servants were at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn. The young samurai could see that the fuss was due to someone's thirst, and walked quietly up to the party. 'Here's a man who will know where there's some water, surely. Is there anywhere around here where we can get some clean water?' asked the servants. 'I don't think so,' he answered, 'not within a quarter of a mile or more. What is the matter?' 'The reason we ask is that our mistress has walked so far that she is exhausted and needs a drink of water, but the trouble is, we haven't any.' 'How terrible for the poor lady,' said the young samurai, 'it's a long way to where you'll find water, and it will take you a long time to fetch any. How would these do?' and he gave them all three of the oranges in his bundle. Thanking him profusely, the retainers gave the oranges to their mistress to eat, and when she had finished them, she at last opened her eyes and asked what had happened.

'Your Ladyship was thirsty and asked for some water, then fell asleep. We looked but there was no clean water to be found. But out of the blue this man guessed what we wanted and presented us with

those three oranges that we have just served you.' 'Did I faint from thirst, then? I remember asking for a drink of water but I don't recall anything after that. But for those oranges I should probably have died, out here in the country. What a blessing we met that man! Is he still here?' The servants said he was. 'Ask him to stay a while', she said. 'Whatever wonderful things happened, they would not help me much if I were dead. I'd like to reward him in some really satisfactory way—but what can we do, away from home like this? Have they got here with our food and other supplies yet? Give him something to eat.' 'Wait until the pack-horses come up, then you can have a meal before you go', said the servants, and the man thanked them. When the pack-train arrived with the stores and baggage, the men in charge of them were reprimanded. 'Why were you lagging behind like that? The pack-horses always ought to be out in front. What good is it if you're lagging behind when some emergency occurs?' At once canvas screens were set up and mats spread out. The servants decided that although there was no water within some distance, they ought to serve the lady's meal where they were, since she was tired, and they sent men to fetch water and had food prepared. Then they served the man a good meal, and as he ate he thought to himself, 'I wonder what I shall get in place of those oranges. I'm sure I shan't be left empty-handed, since Kannon has a hand in this.' Meanwhile, three rolls of fine white cloth were brought out and the lady ordered her men to present them to him. 'I cannot thank you enough for those three oranges', she said. 'But how can I give you any satisfactory reward out here away from home? This is only a small token of my gratitude.' Giving him her address in the capital, she told him to visit her sometime, so that she could really show her gratitude for the three oranges. The samurai was very pleased to receive her gift, and happy that he had now got three rolls of cloth out of his one stalk of straw. Clutching them under his arm, he continued on his way, until night fell.

After spending the night at a house on the wayside, he rose at cock-crow to set off once more. The sun rose higher in the sky, then at about eight o'clock he met a man who was riding a remarkably fine horse but who was being so considerate to his mount that he was only dawdling along and making very little progress. 'What a magnificent horse', thought the samurai. 'This must be the kind of horse they talk of as "worth a million".'[1] Suddenly the horse collapsed and in no time it was on the verge of death. The owner dismounted and stood there utterly bemused. His servants worked feverishly to remove

[1] *Senkan gake.*

the saddle and discussed what they could possibly do, but it was no use, for at length the horse died. The owner was completely distraught and almost in tears, but there was nothing for it but to mount an ordinary hack which they had with them.

'There's nothing I can do here, so I'll go on. Find some way to dispose of this', he ordered, and he rode off, leaving one of his lackeys with the horse. The watching samurai thought to himself, 'This horse's death must mean that it is intended for me. My stalk of straw turned into three oranges and those into three rolls of cloth. It looks as if the cloth is meant to turn into a horse.' He walked over to the man and said, 'What happened to this horse?' 'My master got it from Michinoku. Lots of people wanted it and offered to pay any price he cared to name, but he refused to part with it. Today, as you see, it died, and now he's ended up getting nothing at all for it, not even a low price. I wish I could at least strip its hide off, but I can't think how I can do that out here on the road. So I'm just standing here keeping an eye on it.' 'Yes, you're right', said the samurai. 'I was just looking at it and thinking what a fine horse it was, when it came to this untimely end—truly you never know how long life will last. Certainly, though, when you're travelling, as you are, you wouldn't be able to dry the hide even if you did strip it off. But I live around here so I could strip the hide and make use of it. Why not let me have it?' With that he handed over a roll of cloth, and the lackey, congratulating himself on this unexpected windfall, hurriedly accepted the cloth and rushed off without so much as a backward glance, in case the samurai might change his mind. When he was sure the man had gone, the samurai washed his hands, and turning to face Hase, he prayed to Kannon to bring the horse back to life. The animal opened its eyes and at once lifted its head and tried to stand up. Gently the samurai put out his hand to help it. He was extraordinarily happy. Fearing that some straggler from the owner's party might come up, or the lackey return, he eventually led the horse into a less-exposed spot and let it rest for an hour or more, then when it had regained its strength, he took it to a house, where he used a roll of cloth to purchase a bridle and a cheap saddle, and rode off.

He headed for the capital, and had just reached Uji[1] when darkness came down, so he stayed the night at a house, buying fodder for the horse and food for himself with his remaining roll of cloth. Early next morning, he went on up to the capital. In the neighbourhood of Ninth Avenue, he noticed a house whose occupants seemed to be bustling around making ready for a journey. He reflected that if he took the horse into the capital someone might recognize it and he might be accused of having stolen it. Since it would have been a pity to have that happen, he decided to sell it, and on the assumption that the people at this house would have need of a horse, he dismounted and hastened over to ask if they would buy it. As it happened, the owner of the house had been wanting a horse, and he became very excited at the prospect of buying this animal. 'I cannot pay you in silk at the moment,' he said, 'but will you let me have the horse in exchange for these Toba rice-fields and some rice?' That in fact seemed to the samurai a better bargain than the silk would have been. 'It is silk and money that I really need,' he said, 'and as I'm away from home travelling, I don't know what use I could make of rice-fields. On the other hand, if the horse will be of use to you, I will do as you ask.' The man tried the horse for himself and made it gallop. 'It's just as I imagined', he said, and he presented the samurai with some seven acres of rice-fields in nearby Toba, together with a few rice-plants and some rice. He also did not hesitate to entrust his house to the samurai. 'If I live to come back to the capital,' he said, 'you can return it to me then. Until I do come back, you may live here yourself. If I should die, you can simply take the house for your own. I have no children, so that there will be no one to dispute your ownership.' And with that, he left the capital. The samurai moved in, taking along with him the stock of rice and rice-plants he had been given. He was all on his own, but he had a supply of food. Men from the neighbourhood came to work as servants, and he gradually became thoroughly settled in the house.

All this had happened in the second month. He had half the rice-fields he had been given cultivated on his own account and allowed others to cultivate the remaining half. Their land was good, though not more so than usual. But the piece he cultivated for himself produced a bumper crop, so that he was able to cut and store a great deal of rice. From then on wealth seemed simply to fall into his lap, and he became immensely rich. Nothing was heard from the owner of the house, so that it too became the samurai's property. He had sons and grandsons, and people say everything went extraordinarily well for him.

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[1] A few miles south-east of Kyoto.

97. (7/6) *About banquets given by Lord Ononomiya, Lord Nishinomiya and the Minister from Tominokōji Lane*[1]

Long ago, an under-robe of fulled crimson material that was part of the present of women's clothes made by Lord Kujō[2] on the occasion of a banquet given by Lord Ononomiya was dropped by a careless servant and fell into the brook.[3] It was at once fished out and after being shaken to get most of the moisture out, it dried. The sleeve which had been soaked still had its original lustre and showed no sign of the wetting it had received. That was what fulled material was like in those days.

Another story relates how when an invitation was sent to Lord Ononomiya to come as guest of honour at a banquet given by Lord Nishinomiya, he replied that he was unable to come because age and infirmity would prevent him from making a formal entrance from the garden. He would come if it rained, since then that item of ceremonial would be admitted. If, however, there was no rain, he would be unable to come. Lord Nishinomiya therefore had a great many prayers said for rain, and they must have been successful, for on the day in question the sky clouded over in what seemed a perfectly normal way and there was a downpour of rain, so that Lord Ononomiya put in an appearance, entering through a side door. On the island in the pond stood a big tall pine tree that everyone who saw it said would be lovely with wistaria trailing over it. Though the banquet was being held in the first month, some extraordinarily attractive artificial wistaria flowers had been made and hung all over the branches of the pine trees. Things out of their season are not normally pleasing, but under the leaden sky and in the drizzling rain these flowers were a very fine and attractive sight. They were reflected in the water of the pond, and when the wind blew, the whole surface of the water seemed to be bending before it. It was a sight that made you feel this must be what people have in mind when they talk of 'waves of wistaria-blossom'.

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[1] These figures are respectively: (*a*) Fujiwara Saneyori, 900–70, son of Tadahira. He reached the level of Chancellor and Regent;

(*b*) Minamoto Takaakira, 914–82. Son of the Emperor Daigo and grandfather of Minamoto Takakuni. Married the daughter of Fujiwara Morosuke (see next note);

(*c*) Fujiwara Akitada, died 965, aged sixty-eight.

[2] Fujiwara Morosuke, 908–60, another son of Tadahira.

[3] A stream, and as mentioned later a pond and an island, were part of the normal layout of the garden of a Heian mansion.

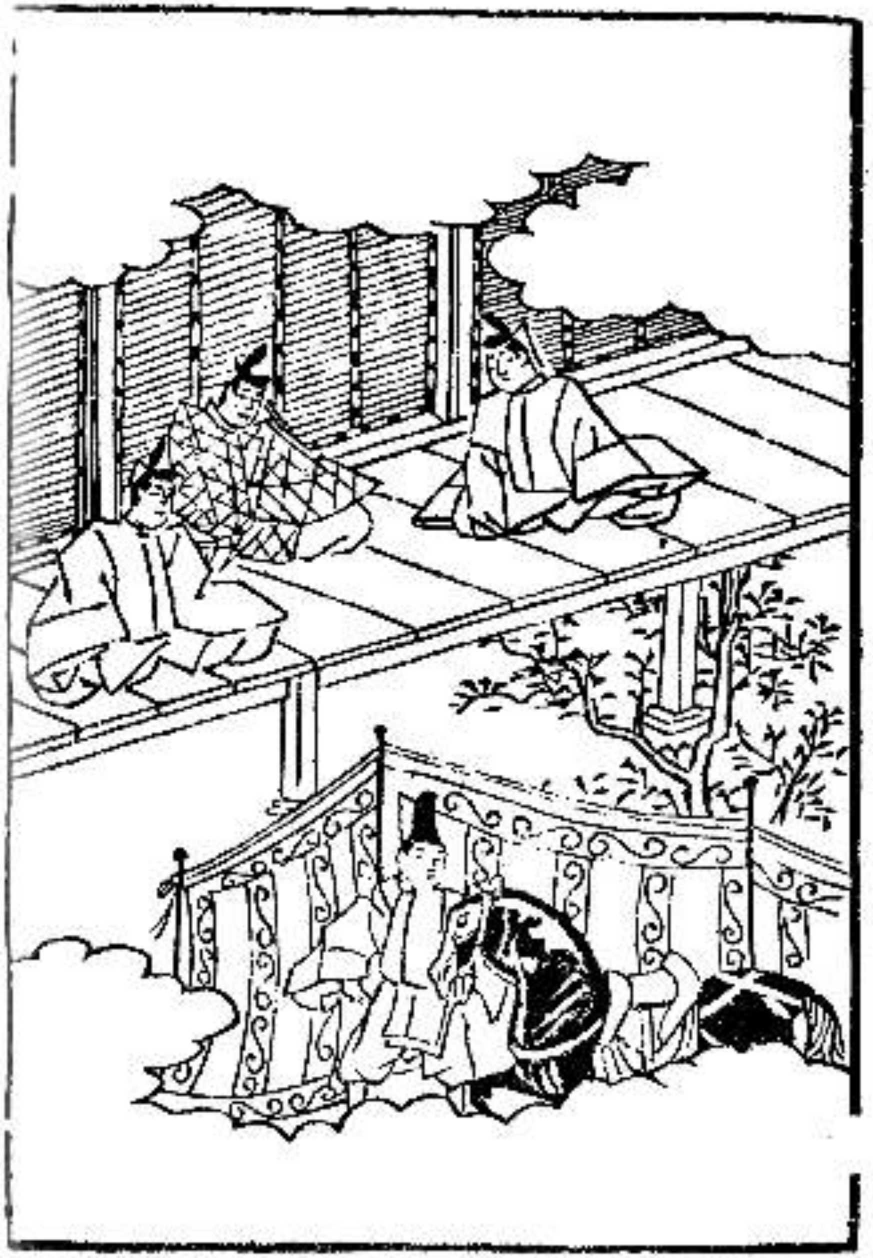

Fig. 91. Guests eagerly awaiting the gifts of horses at the end of Lord Tominokōji's otherwise rather meagre banquet (Story 97)

A banquet given the next day[4] by the Minister from Tominokōji Lane struck people as a rather poor affair, because his mansion was shabby and the arrangements he had made were very inadequate. As the banquet drew to a close at the end of the day, the time came for the distribution of gifts. The horses to be presented had been marshalled behind a canvas screen erected in front of the covered walk at the east side of the house, and their neighing echoed and re-echoed through the air. When the guests heard them, they said to each other, 'Those sound like splendid animals'. Suddenly the poles supporting the screen were kicked over and the horses emerged, dragging their grooms. They were black and chestnut in colour, over eight inches taller than the average horse, but so plump that they gave an impression of stockiness. Their foreheads showed white like a full moon, the hair there having been tied in a bunch. The watching guests burst out in such cries of admiration that the whole house rang with them. Not a single fault could they find in the horses, whether in their bearing or their faces, in the set of their tails or in their gait. So fine were they, indeed, that the poor quality of the entertainment which had been provided was forgotten, and everyone was satisfied. And that is why people have continued to talk about this banquet right down to the present day.

98. (7/7) *About the skilful archery of three imperial bodyguards, Norinari, Mitsuru and Norikazu*[5]

Again, long ago, when the Emperor Toba[6] was on the throne, the guard at the Palace of the Retired Emperor Shirakawa included three men, Miyaji Norinari, Yoshimitsu and Norikazu, who were expert archers. Their prowess became widely known and all three were appointed to the ranks of the personal bodyguard of the Emperor Toba. Whenever there were shooting tournaments, they never once missed their mark. The Emperor treated them very generously and

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[4] Which, if any, of these banquets were inaugural banquets (cf. note 4 on p. 155) is not clear. If Nishinomiya's banquet was an inaugural, it would have been held (according to Watanabe and Nishio) on the fourth of the first month. But they point out that *Uji shūi* appears to say that Tominokōji's banquet was held on the following day, i.e., the fifth. (It is possible, of course, that [illegible] means not 'the next day' but 'on some later occasion'.) The former, however, became Minister of the Left in 969, whereas Tominokōji became Minister of the Right seven years earlier, in 962.

[5] Nothing is known of these three bodyguards except that Norinari was appointed in 1130 to a post in the Bureau of the Imperial Stables. Variant readings for the names Norinari and Mitsuru (Yoshimitsu) are Norishige and Motomitsu.

[6] Reigned 1107–23.

took great interest in them. On one occasion he gave them a target about three and a half feet across and commanded them to bring it to him when they had shot away the second black ring. They received the target at ten in the morning and in the middle of the afternoon they brought it to him with the second black ring shot away. With three pairs of practice arrows between them, they had decided that it would waste time if they waited for the arrows to be brought back to them, and so they had taken turns at shooting, those who were not shooting running to fetch the arrows. By about three o'clock in the afternoon they had shot all round the second black ring, and having shot it away, took it to the Emperor. They say people raved about them as quite the equals of Yang Yu.[1]

99. (8/1) *About the Assistant Master of the Office of the Palace Table Mochinaga*[2] *and the outriders*

Again, long ago there was an Assistant Master of the Office of the Palace Table named Tachibana Mochinaga, who held the Archivists' Fifth Rank. Now when the Retired Emperor Toba made a progress to the Thousand Priest Service at the Hosshō-ji,[3] the Uji Minister of the Left[4] was in attendance. Ahead of him was the carriage of a high Court noble, and when the Minister of the Left came up from behind, this noble halted his own carriage. Accordingly, as they passed it, the Minister's outriders dismounted, all except Mochinaga, who remained on his horse. This caused some surprise, but the Minister continued on his way, and only when he reached home did he question Mochinaga about the incident. 'That gentleman's carriage was halted out of deference to me and so the leading riders in my escort all dismounted. If even inexperienced fellows like them dismounted, why didn't you?' 'How can you ask me that, sir?' said Mochinaga. 'The proper etiquette is for the person ahead, when someone of high rank comes up from behind, to turn his carriage to face his superior's carriage and wait with the ox unhitched and the shafts on their stand until the superior has passed. That's the proper thing to do. Now, it's true that the gentleman ahead of you stopped his carriage but he was facing away from you as you went by and that is not the proper way to behave. It seemed to me he was being very disrespectful, and I didn't see why on earth I should dismount for such a person. So I stayed on my horse. I wondered whether to go over and have a word with him, in case his rudeness was unintentional, but being an old man I restrained myself.' The Minister of the Left was at a loss what to do in the matter, and sent a message to the nobleman in question explaining what had happened and asking what he thought about it. The reply came back, 'This shows what an experienced retainer Mochinaga is'.

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[1] A Chinese archer of fabulous prowess in the state of Ch'u during the 'Spring and Autumn' period, 722–481 B.C.

[2] See *US* 72.

[3] A temple built by the Emperor Shirakawa at Okazaki in the western area of Kyoto.

[4] Fujiwara Yorinaga (see note 4 on p. 298). Since he was only three when Toba abdicated, the reference is plainly to some time considerably later. Both he and Toba died in the same year, 1156.

In former times, the ox was unyoked and a stand set between the shafts of the carriage, as if the occupant were going to alight. That was the correct thing to do, they say.

100. (8/2) *How Shimotsuke Takemasa*[1] *performed his duties for Lord Hosshōji*[2] *during a great storm*

Again, long ago Lord Hosshōji had an attendant[3] called Shimotsuke Takemasa. On one occasion when there was a gale and a torrential rainstorm and houses all over the capital were being damaged, His Excellency[4] happened to be in the Konoe Mansion[5] and heard someone shouting outside the front of the house. Wondering who it could be, he sent someone to investigate—and there, scurrying about directing operations, was Takemasa! He had a pronged stick in his hand and was wearing a straw raincoat and hat over an orange jacket and trousers, with a rope tied round him over his raincoat like a belt and another rope secured under his chin to hold his hat on—altogether, a fantastic and unique sight! His Excellency went to the front of the house to watch from behind the blinds, and he was so highly impressed that he made Takemasa a present of a horse.

101. (8/3) *About the holy man in the province of Shinano*

Long ago, there was a priest who lived in the province of Shinano. Having entered religion in such a remote country place, he had not been properly ordained, and felt he would like to go up to the

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[1] Figures also in *US* 60, where he is stated to be a *zuishin* (see note 5 on p. 99), and in *US* 188.

[2] Fujiwara Tadamichi (see *US* 62, note 3 on p. 231; also *US* 73 and 189).

[3] An official attendant (*toneri*) granted to him by virtue of his position.

[4] The Japanese word here, *denka*, originally denoted only an Imperial personage, but later came to be used of high-ranking officials such as Chancellors, and later Shoguns.

[5] A residence in Kyoto belonging to the northern branch of the Fujiwara, north of Konoe Street (and east of Muromachi Street).

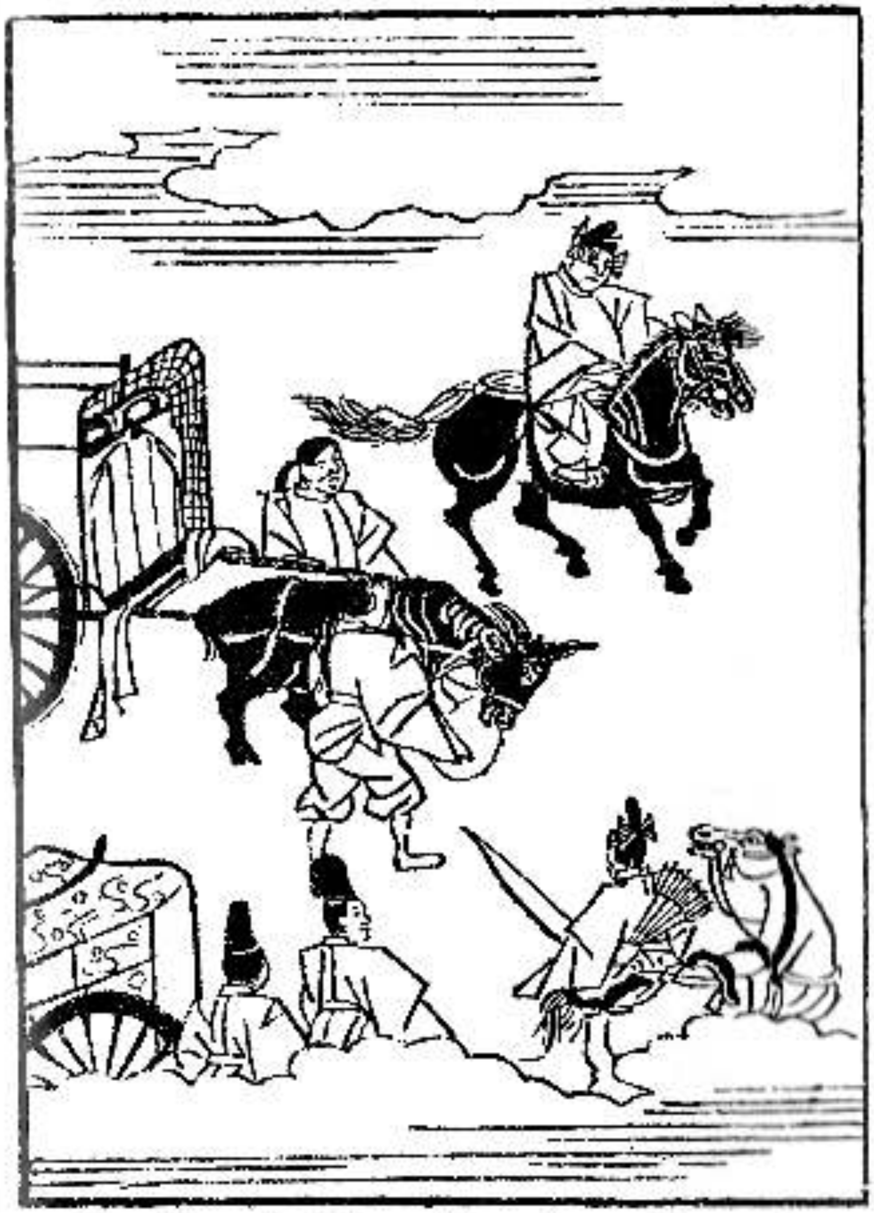

Fig. 22. The outrider Mochinaga refusing to dismount and show respect for a nobleman who has failed to observe correct etiquette (Story 99)

capital[1] and take his vows at the Tōdai-ji. Somehow he managed to arrange a visit and thus he was finally ordained.

Now he had intended to return to his native province, but he did not relish the thought of going back to such a pagan locality and he decided to stay where he was. He prayed before the Buddha at the Tōdai-ji that he might find some place where he could live in peace practising his rites, and looking all around, he espied a mountain that was just visible away to the south-west. 'That is where I'll live and practise my devotions', he decided, and he moved there. Deep in the heart of the mountain country, he lived a life of most sublime religious devotion and found himself as a result of his prayers the possessor of a small Buddhist image—one of the god Bishamon[2]—about the size that is kept in a small altar-cupboard.

He built a small chapel to house it and continued his devotions zealously, year after year. Now at the foot of this mountain there lived a low-class but very rich man to whose house the hermit's bowl would fly regularly, always returning loaded with food. One day, when he had opened the storehouse and was taking out some goods, this bowl came flying up to ask for alms as usual, but the rich man said, 'Oh, here's that bowl again! It's just too greedy for words!' and he threw it into the corner of the storehouse, unwilling to put himself out to fill it. The bowl lay waiting, but when the man had finished dealing with his goods, he went away and locked the door behind him, forgetting the bowl and leaving it empty inside the storehouse. After a while, the building began for no apparent reason to rock violently, and to the astonishment of those who were watching, it lurched to and fro and rose about a foot off the ground. 'What on earth is happening?' everyone shrieked in amazement. 'Ah, yes', said someone. 'We forgot to bring that bowl out. Perhaps that's what's causing it.' Just then, the bowl emerged from inside the storehouse, and the building, borne upon the bowl, rose higher and higher, ten or twenty feet in the air, and began to fly away, leaving the bewildered onlookers shouting and arguing about what had happened. As for the owner of the storehouse, there was nothing he could do, and he set off, accompanied by all his neighbours, to follow the storehouse and see where it went. On and on they saw it fly, until it came to the mountain where this holy man practised his rites, in the province of Kawachi; there it came to earth with a bump, right beside his hut.

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[1] 'Capital' either means 'the general area of the country in which the capital is situated' (roughly the same as *kamigata*) or perhaps refers to 'the southern capital', Nara.

[2] See note 1 on p. 257.

This was more puzzling than ever. But something had to be done, so the rich man went up to the holy man's hut and told him of the strange thing that had happened. 'The bowl always used to come regularly and I would send it away full. But today I was so busy that I put it into the storehouse and forgot to take it out when I locked up. The storehouse began lurching violently, then it flew through the air and came down here. Please let me have it back.' 'That certainly is strange,' said the hermit, 'but since the storehouse has flown here to me, I cannot return it to you. I haven't got such a place here, and it will be handy to keep things in. But you may take all its contents.' 'But how can I have anything taken back at such short notice?' said the rich man. 'There are five thousand bushels of rice piled up in it.' 'That is easy', said the hermit. 'I will transport them for you.' He loaded a bale of rice on to the bowl and sent it flying off, whereupon the remaining bales followed on behind like a skein of geese or a flock of sparrows. The rich man watched in amazement and felt such reverence for the holy man that he said, 'Do not send it all just now. Keep a thousand or fifteen hundred bushels of rice for your own use.' 'No, I cannot do that', replied the holy man. 'What can I do with it if you leave it here?' 'Then let me give you at least as much as you can use, say, fifty or a hundred.' 'But I shan't want that much', said the hermit, and he saw to it that the bales were all deposited back at their owner's house.

The hermit continued to live this life of devout religious observances. Now it happened that about this time the Engi Emperor[1] became seriously ill and despite the multitude of remedies that were tried—prayers of all kinds, incantations and sūtra-readings—he showed no sign of recovery. Then someone informed him, 'There is a holy man at Shigi[2] in the province of Kawachi who has for years past lived a life of religious devotion in total seclusion. He is a very saintly man, blessed with the power to work miracles. He can make his begging-bowl fly through the air, and without lifting a finger himself, he performs all kinds of extraordinary feats. If Your Majesty sends for him to say prayers, then you will surely recover.' 'Let us try him, then', said the Emperor, and he dispatched one of his archivists to fetch the hermit.

When the messenger arrived, he found that the holy man did indeed look most wonderfully saintly. He explained that he had come to convey an Imperial summons to the hermit to present himself at

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[1] See note 5 on p. 264.

[2] Shigi actually was, as the *Kojidan* and the *Shigisan engi* versions of this story say, in Yamato, but so near the border of Kawachi that the tradition recorded in *Uji shūi* and *Kohon* places it in that province.

Court forthwith. The holy man asked why he was being summoned, and showed no inclination to budge. The messenger described the circumstances of the Emperor's serious illness and asked him to pray for his recovery. 'I can do that here,' said the hermit, 'without going to the Palace.' 'But in that case, even if the Emperor recovered, how should we know that it was through your prayers?' 'What does it matter whether the Emperor knows or does not know whose prayers have made him well? All that matters is that he should recover.' 'But surely it will be desirable to have some sign as to which of all the many prayers said has been successful', persisted the messenger. 'Very well, then', replied the holy man. 'When I pray for His Majesty, I shall send a Sword Guardian Spirit. If he should see this spirit in a dream or in some other vision, then he will know that it comes from me; the spirit will be wearing a robe made of swords plaited together. But I cannot go to the capital myself.' The Imperial messenger returned and made his report. Three days later, at about noon, the Emperor was feeling a little drowsy when he suddenly noticed something glittering brightly, and on looking to see what it was, he decided that it must be the Sword Guardian Spirit of which the hermit had spoken. At once, he began to feel brighter, all trace of discomfort left him and he found himself completely recovered. There was universal rejoicing, and everyone agreed what a wonderful miracle-worker the holy man was.

The Emperor himself was deeply impressed by his magical powers and sent a messenger to offer him high rank in the priesthood, or a grant of land for his temple. But in reply to the Emperor's message, the holy man merely said, 'I have no desire for high rank. And if a place such as this were to receive a grant of land, it would only mean that there would be an Intendant[1] or some other official appointed, and then far from benefiting me, it would be a nuisance and tempt me to sinful thoughts of worldly things. I am happy to remain as I am.' And there the matter rested.

Now this hermit had an elder sister, who worried about what might have happened to him, since nothing had been heard of him for so many years after he had gone up to the capital to be ordained. She went to the capital herself to search for him, and inquired at the Tōdai-ji and the Yamashina-dera whether they had any priest living there whose name was Mōren Koin.[2] But she found no one who knew him, and despaired of finding him. Uncertain what to do, but determined not to go home until she discovered what had become of her brother, she spent the whole of that night praying before the Great Buddha at the Tōdai-ji, and begging him to reveal to her Mōren's whereabouts. Having dropped off to sleep, she had a dream in which the Buddha told her, 'The priest you are looking for is living on a mountain to the south-west of here. Go and look for him where you see a trail of cloud over a mountain.' She woke from her dream to find that it was nearly daybreak, and sat watching eagerly for the dawn to come. At last the grey light of dawn appeared, and as she looked out to the south-west, she could faintly make out the mountain, with a trail of purple cloud hanging above it. Joyfully making her way towards it, she found what she had expected—there was a chapel, for instance—and going up to a building which seemed to be occupied, she called out, 'Mōren Koin, are you there?' 'Who is that?' he replied, and came outside—to find that it was his sister from Shinano! 'What a surprise!' he said. 'What has brought you here to see me?' She told him what had happened, and adding, 'How you must have felt the cold! I have brought this for you to wear', she produced a present for him. It turned out to be a coat made of specially stout yarn, thick and closely woven and very hard-wearing. The hermit was delighted with his gift and put it on at once. Till then, his only clothing had consisted of one garment—and that made of paper! Now, as it was very cold, he wore his new coat underneath the other and felt very warm and comfortable. And so he continued his devotions for many years, and his sister the nun, instead of returning to her native province, stayed with him practising her devotions, too.

For many years the hermit continued to wear this coat constantly, till in the end it was worn to rags. The storehouse that had been carried there on the bowl was called 'The Flying Storehouse'. The ragged remnants of the coat were stored in it and indeed are still there. People lucky enough to obtain even a tiny fragment of these rags kept it as a charm. The storehouse, too, still stands, though it is now very dilapidated. Anyone who secured so much as a tiny fragment of wood from it as a charm, and people who fashioned their piece of wood from the storehouse into a figure of Bishamon never failed to become rich. And so as the word spread, other people tried to find contacts that would help them to buy a piece of the wood from the storehouse. Shigi is thus a place where the most wonderful miracles are worked, and even today it is full of pilgrims from morning to night. The figure of Bishamon there is said to be the very one that the holy man Mōren conjured up by his prayers.

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[1] I have translated *bettō* in almost all other cases as 'Abbot', but it seems desirable here to emphasize the idea of outside interference by using a term like 'Intendant' or 'Superintendent'.

[2] According to *Konjaku* and *Shigisan engi*, the name was Myōren (though the two do not write it in the same way).

102. (8/4) *About Lord Toshiyuki*[1]

Again, long ago the poet Toshiyuki was such a fine calligrapher that as many as two hundred people had ordered copies of the Lotus Sūtra from him. Then suddenly he died. He did not realize that he was dead, and when he found himself suddenly seized and dragged along in chains, he was greatly mystified, for surely not even the Emperor would have a man of his rank treated in this fashion. 'What does this mean?' he asked his captors. 'What crime have I committed, to be treated as badly as this?' 'I've no idea', replied one of them. 'I was told to come and arrest you, and that's why I'm taking you along. Have you ever made any copies of the Lotus Sūtra?' He told them of the ones that he had made. 'How many times did you copy it on your own behalf?' 'None on my own behalf. But I must have copied it some two hundred times for other people.' 'Apparently some complaint has been made about that, and judgment is to be given', said his guard, and he marched on without another word. Soon they were met by a column of some two hundred warriors, helmeted and in armour, and riding unspeakably hideous horses. These warriors were fearsome beyond words, so ghastly that no man could have faced up to them, with eyes that flashed like lightning and mouths that were like flames. The very sight of them made his blood run cold and his senses reel, but half-conscious though he was, his captors relentlessly dragged him along.

The warriors rode on ahead of him. 'Who are those soldiers?' he asked of his captors. 'Don't you know? They are the people who ordered copies of the Sūtra from you and so should have gained merit to ensure them a happy rebirth within one of the Heavens or in Amida's Paradise, or even in the human world. But while you were copying the Sūtra, you ate fish, and had relations with women, you made no attempt to keep yourself pure, and let your mind dwell on women. For that reason, all the merit from the sūtra-copying was lost, and they were reborn in this fierce and warlike form. Such is their hatred of you that they have petitioned for you to be summoned so that they can take their revenge. That is what you have been brought here for, even though it is not time yet for your proper summons.' At these words, he almost died of terror, his heart was like ice within him.

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[1] According to *Konjaku* a Tachibana, but in fact the reference must be to Fujiwara Toshiyuki (? —901 or 907). See Chapter 4, pp. 77 ff.

'But what are they asking to be allowed to do to me?' he asked. 'What a ridiculous question! They're going to take their swords and daggers and cut your body into two hundred pieces, one for each of them. Your heart will be split up among the two hundred pieces so that each piece of body will have its own heart—that way you will experience all the more pain and suffering as you are tortured. The agony will be worse than anyone could possibly find words to describe.' 'But how can I escape this fate?' 'I can't imagine how you could, and certainly I have no power to help you.' Toshiyuki walked on in a daze.

Further on they came to a large river, and he was astonished to see that its water flowed black, like thick ink. 'Why is the water in this river so inky black?' 'Don't you know? What you see flowing along here is the ink that you used in copying the Sūtra.' 'How does it come to be flowing along here as a river?' 'Sūtras copied sincerely and devoutly and free of all pollution are stored intact in the king's palace.[1] But those written, as yours were, when your mind harboured sinful thoughts and your body was defiled are thrown away out in the open fields, where the ink is washed off by the rain and forms a stream like this. This is the stream of ink from the sūtras you copied.' There are no words for the terror that Toshiyuki was now feeling.

'But is there no way for me to escape this fate?' he sobbed. 'I am sorry for you', said the guard. 'If this were only a case of some ordinary crime, I might think of some way to save you. But yours is a crime too awful to contemplate or even to name, so what can I do?' Toshiyuki could find no answer. As they went on, a hideous creature came running to meet them and rebuked the escort for being late in bringing the prisoner. Now they grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and dragged him on, till they came to a great gate. The gateway was jammed with a vast crowd of people flooding in from all sides. They were all suffering unbearable torments, some being dragged along like himself, others being forced to wear neck fetters or being bound with ropes. Looking through the gate, he could see the warriors who had come to meet him roaming about licking their lips, while their eyes flashed with rage; 'Hurry up and bring him here!' they seemed to be thinking, when they caught sight of him, and his knees felt as if they were buckling under him. 'Oh, what shall I do now?' he cried, and the guard whispered to him, 'Make a vow to copy the Sūtra in Four Books.[2]' At the very moment when he was passing through the gate, he made a vow to atone for his sins by making and dedicating a copy of the Sūtra in Four Books.

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[1] The reference is presumably to the palace or court of Yama (Emma). The *Konjaku* version speaks of *ryūgū*, the 'Dragon Palace'.

[2] The *Shikankyō*, i.e., the *Konkōmyōkyō*, the Suvarṇa Prabhāsa Sūtra.

Now they went inside, and he was hauled before the Court. 'Is that Toshiyuki?' asked the judge.[1] 'Yes, sir', replied his escort. 'Why are you so late in getting here with him, when there are so many complaints about him?' 'We brought him here without any delay, sir, the moment we had seized him.' 'What did you do in the world of men?' asked the judge. 'Nothing, sir,' replied Toshiyuki, 'except make two hundred copies of the Sūtra for people who asked me.' Here the judge said, 'By rights you still have a little of your allotted span of life remaining. But complaint has been laid against you that your sūtra-copying was defiled and tainted with evil. That is why you have been arrested. You will be handed over at once to those who have laid complaint against you, and they may do as they like with you.' As he spoke, the warriors that Toshiyuki had seen gleefully made ready to accept their victim. But at this point Toshiyuki, trembling with fear, pleaded, 'I had vowed to make and dedicate a copy of the Sūtra in Four Books, but I was summoned here before I had carried out my vow. That is such a grave sin that I find it all the more difficult to defend myself.' 'Is this true?' the judge exclaimed in surprise. 'If so, it is very hard on him. Look it up in the book.' Another man brought out a large register and began to search through it. All the things that Toshiyuki had ever done were recorded there, but there was not a single meritorious deed among them; there were nothing but sins. The vow having been made as he came through the gate, it was entered at the very end of the book. The man had looked right through the book and was about to give up when he suddenly said, 'Yes, here it is, sir. It is entered right at the end.' 'Then it is very hard on him', said the judge. 'This time you will be released for a period to allow you to fulfil your vow. After that we shall come to some decision.' The warriors, who had been waiting with flashing eyes, spitting on their hands in their eagerness to get at Toshiyuki, now vanished. 'See that he goes back to the world and fulfils his vow', ordered the judge, and Toshiyuki realized that he was being released. At that instant, he came back to life.

His wife and family had been lamenting his death for two days, but suddenly they felt as if they were coming out of a dream and opened their eyes to find him restored to life. Joyfully they gave him hot water to drink, and only then did he realize that he had been dead. Everything now came back to him as if he were looking into a crystal-clear mirror—the questioning and the scene at the court, and how by virtue of the vow he had made he had been released. He resolved that as soon as he had recovered his strength, he would live a clean life and with a pure heart make and dedicate a copy of the Sūtra in Four Books. The days slipped gradually by, and as time went on he regained his former health and planned as soon as possible to have the paper for the sūtra put together by the binder, and to have the lines drawn. But still he had not lost his former lasciviousness, and his thoughts were not directed to the sūtras or to the Buddha. What with visiting this woman and having an affair with that, or trying to write fine poetry, he was fully occupied and frittered his time away, with the sūtra still uncopied. At length his span of years must have been complete, and he died.

A year or two after his death, the poet Ki no Tomonori[1] had a dream in which he met someone who appeared to be Toshiyuki, at least Tomonori thought he was Toshiyuki—but he looked a ghastly sight, horrible beyond description. He repeated the story he had told while he was still alive, that he had been spared and restored to life because of a vow to copy the Sūtra in Four Books. 'But I was careless and gave the matter no thought,' he said, 'so that I still had not copied the sūtra when I eventually died. For this crime I am undergoing torments that I could not begin to describe. If you feel any pity for me, please find the paper that I meant to use for the sūtra, and ask the priest X[2] of the Mii-dera to copy the sūtra and dedicate it.' And he howled at the top of his voice. Tomonori woke from his dream in a cold sweat, and as soon as day broke, he went to find the paper and took it straight to the Mii-dera, to the quarters of the priest named in his dream. The moment the priest saw him, he said, 'I'm so glad. I had a message for you, and I was wondering whether to send someone or go to see you myself, so I am delighted you have come.' Tomonori did not at first tell the priest of his own dream, but asked what the message was. 'Last night,' said the priest, 'I had a dream and saw the late Lord Toshiyuki. Howling and sobbing, he told me that he had had an obligation to copy the Sūtra in Four Books, but that through his sloth he had been unable to carry out the copying and dedication. For that crime he was suffering the most excruciating torments. The paper for the sūtra was in your possession, he said, and he asked me to get it and undertake the copying and dedication of the sūtra. The full circumstances I would find out from you.' So pathetic was this tale that the two men sobbed bitterly as they sat there facing one another. Tomonori told of his own dream. 'I have been to fetch the paper and have brought it with me', he said, handing the paper over. The priest was deeply moved, and devoted himself whole-heartedly to copying and dedicating the sūtra personally. Later both Tomonori and the priest saw Toshiyuki again in their dreams; he seemed cheerful and his face no longer had the ghastly look it had had before. He explained that through the *merit* of the sūtra-copying he had now been spared some of his appalling sufferings.

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[1] King Yama (Emma-ō). See also *US* 44 and 84.

[1] One of the Thirty-six Poetical Geniuses. His dates are obscure, but he was one of the compilers of the *Kokinshū* (905) and is said to have died at the age of sixty soon after the completion of that work.

[2] The text leaves the name unspecified.

103. (8/5) *About the Avataṁsaka Service*[1] *at the Tōdai-ji*

Again, long ago there was a certain important service held regularly at the Tōdai-ji, known as the Avataṁsaka Service. A rostrum was set up in the Hall of the Great Buddha, on which the preacher sat, and he would exit from the back of the building, giving the impression that he had just vanished into thin air. One old man tells the following story: 'When the Buddha Hall was first built, an old man came along selling mackerel. The Retired Emperor who founded the temple[2] required him to stay and appointed him to preach at the service. The mackerel he was selling were placed on the sūtra table and they turned into the eighty volumes of the Avataṁsaka Sūtra. Now during his sermon he gibbered some words of Sanskrit. In the middle of the service, he suddenly vanished, right off the rostrum.' Another version of the story goes like this: 'An old man came along selling mackerel, carrying the fish on a pole over his shoulder. There were eighty of them, and then and there they turned into the eighty volumes of the Avataṁsaka Sūtra. This same wooden pole was stuck up in front of the verandah on the east side of the Hall of the Great Buddha, and immediately it put out branches and leaves. It is a silver birch. Now, as the temple flourishes or declines, so this tree flourishes or withers.' It is on the basis of this legend that to this day the preacher at this service descends from the rostrum in the middle of the service and goes out by the back door, just as if he had vanished into thin air.

Until thirty-four years ago this 'mackerel-pole' tree was green and flourishing. From that time it withered, though it remained standing, but recently it was burnt down, when the Taira fired the temple.[3] What a pity it is—so typical of this decadent age!

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[1] *Kegon-e*. The Tōdai-ji is a temple of the Kegon sect.

[2] The temple was actually founded some years before Shōmu's abdication in 748.

[3] In 1180. On the relevance of this passage to the dating of *Uji shūi*, see Ch. 5, pp. 87–9.

104. (8/6) *How a hunter shot a Bodhisattva*

There was once a holy man who had for many years performed his devotions on Mt Atago.[1] Never in all those years had he left his hut. To the west of him there lived a hunter who held the holy man in great reverence and regularly visited him to take him gifts. One day, when he had not been there for some time, he went with a basket of dried rice and other things. The holy man was very pleased and told him how anxious he had been at not having seen him for a few days. As they were chatting, he came over and sat down next to the hunter, then he said, 'A most wonderful thing happened recently. Perhaps it is my reward for the wholehearted faith I have had in the Sūtra over many years. For some nights past I have had a vision of the Bodhisattva Fugen,[2] riding on an elephant. Won't you stay tonight and see him yourself?' 'That is truly a miracle. Yes, I will stay and see him', said the hunter, and so that night he did not go home.

He questioned the holy man's serving lad. 'What is this that His Reverence is talking of? Have you seen this Bodhisattva too?' 'Five or six times', replied the boy. 'I wonder if I shall see him', thought the hunter, and he did not go to bed, but stayed awake, seated behind the holy man. It was a long night, being the twentieth day of the ninth month, and they waited tense with expectancy until what must have been well past midnight—when suddenly it was just as if the moon had risen above the peak to the east,[3] and though storm winds raged about the peak, the room seemed flooded with light and bright as day. As they watched, the Bodhisattva Fugen came slowly riding up on a white elephant, till he stood before the hut.

With tears in his eyes, the holy man gazed reverently at the Bodhisattva, saying to the hunter, 'Tell me, do you see the vision?' 'Certainly', replied the hunter. 'Why, this lad can see it too! Yes indeed, it is a marvellous sight.' But secretly he thought, 'I could quite understand it if no one but His Reverence had seen this vision, since he has devoted all these years to reciting the Sūtra. But it is very peculiar that people like this lad and myself have seen it, considering that we can't even tell whether a sūtra's the right way up or not. I'll just see if it is genuine, there can't be any harm in that.' Fitting a sharp-pointed arrow to his bow, he shot it as hard as he could and sent it whistling over the holy man's head as he lay prostrate before the vision. It appeared to hit the Bodhisattva in the breast, and as suddenly as if a lamp had been extinguished, the light disappeared. There came a roar that echoed around the valley, and someone could be heard scurrying off. 'What have you done?' cried the holy man, almost beside himself with horror. 'It's all very well for you to see a vision like that, Your Reverence,' said the man, 'but since a hardened sinner like myself could see it, I felt I'd better see whether it was genuine or not and took a shot at it. If it had been a real Bodhisattva, the arrow would not have pierced it, so it is clearly something highly suspicious.'

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[1] North-west of Kyoto.

[2] Samantabhadra. Lord of the fundamental law (ri), the dhyana and the practice of all Buddhas. He and Mañjuśrī (Monju) are the right and left hand assistants of Buddha representing ri and chi (wisdom) respectively. He rides on a white elephant, is the patron of the Lotus Sūtra and has close connections with the Kegon Sūtra. (Adapted from Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 374.)

[3] Fugen's region is the east.

Next morning they followed a trail of blood for well over a hundred yards and there at the bottom of the valley they came across the dead body of a large badger, with an arrow right through its chest. For all his saintliness, the holy man was stupid and so had been tricked. The other man, though only a hunter, had had his wits about him, and so had killed the badger and shown up its trickery.

105. (8/7) *How a High Priest of the Senju-in met an immortal*[1]

Long ago, the High Priest Jōkan,[2] Abbot of the Tendai Sect, who resided in the Senju-in, in the Western Precinct of the Hiei monastery, had for years devoted the whole of every night to reading the Sonshō Dhāraṇī.[3] All who heard him found it most inspiring. A Taoist immortal named Yōshō who happened to fly over his quarters and heard him reciting the dhāraṇī came down and settled on the rail of the verandah. Mystified, the High Priest asked him who he was, and in a thin, piping, voice he replied, 'I am Yōshō the immortal, and I've come because I heard you reciting the Sonshō Dhāraṇī as I was passing overhead'. The High Priest now opened the door and invited him in, whereupon he flew inside and sat down opposite his host. After they

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[1] A *sennin*, who by observing (Taoist) practices and a certain dietary regimen (see, for instance, *US* 143)—but also in the Japanese case usually by achieving a certain degree of holiness in a Buddhist sense—has become immortal and is able to fly. Two translations that have been suggested for the term are 'sylphman' and 'transcendental'.

[2] See *US* 90 and 91.

[3] A spell said to have been taught to Indra when he went to the Buddha to plead for some means of saving a certain prince who was fated to fall seven times into the Realm of Beasts. It was very commonly recited as a protection against harm.

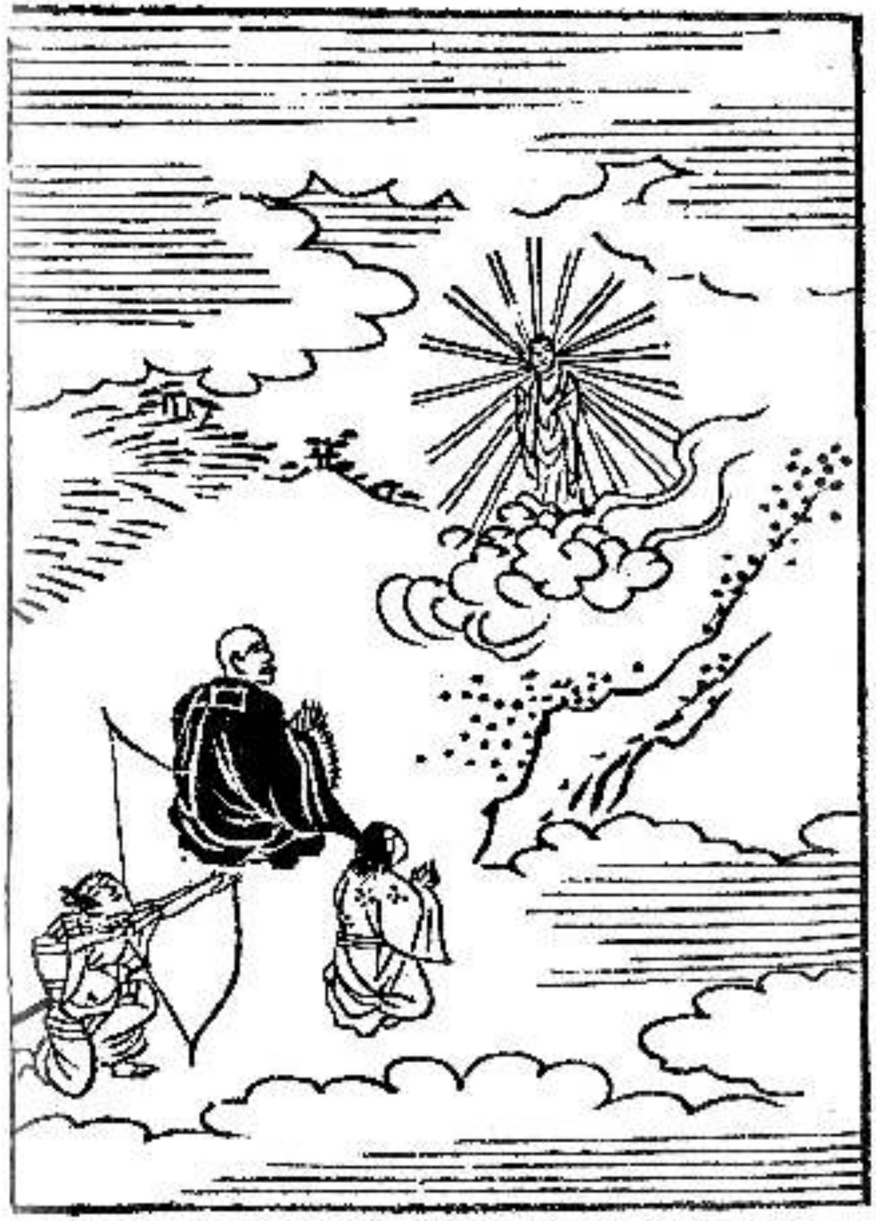

Fig. 23. The hunter shooting at the apparition of the Bodhisattva Fugen to test its authenticity (Story 104)

had chatted about the events of bygone years, Yōshō stood up and said, 'Now I must be on my way.' But he was unable to do so, for he was held down by the aura of the human being. 'Please hold the censer near me', he said, and when the High Priest brought the censer close to him, he was carried skywards by the smoke. Through the years the High Priest made a practice of holding up his censer and letting the smoke rise. This immortal had once been a disciple of Jōkan, but had suddenly disappeared while engaged in his devotions. Jōkan had long wondered about his disappearance and now that his disciple had come to visit him again, Jōkan was so moved that it constantly brought tears to his eyes.

106. (9/1) *How the Imperial Bodyguard Michinori*[1] *learned magic*

Once, when the Emperor Yōzei[2] was on the throne, one of his personal bodyguards, Michinori by name, was ordered to go down to Mutsu,[3] and on the way he stopped for the night at the house of a district governor in a place in Shinano called Hikū.[4] After entertaining him to a good dinner, his host the district governor withdrew, along with his retainers. Being unable to sleep, Michinori quietly got up and walked about, and came upon a place partitioned off by standing screens. There were clean mats on the floor, a light was burning, and everything was very pleasingly arranged. There must have been some concealed incense burners, for a fragrant smell hung in the air. Captivated by the charm of the room, he peeped right in, and found the sole occupant to be a lady of about twenty-seven or twenty-eight. As she lay there all alone in bed, she looked strikingly beautiful and elegant.

The moment he saw her, he could hardly contain himself. There was no one about. The room was not at all dark, because there was a lamp outside the lady's screen. Michinori felt he was being a little unfair to the district governor in having designs on his wife, particularly when the governor had entertained him so well and had been so friendly to him, but the sight of the woman was too much for him, and he could not refrain from getting into bed with her. She did not make a scene, instead she just lay there smiling, with her hand over her mouth. Michinori was simply delighted. As it was about the tenth of the ninth month, they neither of them had much on, only a single robe. Her perfume was exquisite. Removing his robe, he attempted to take the lady in his arms. For a while she resisted him, but she did not make too much of a fuss, and eventually she yielded to his embraces. But now Michinori suddenly found his private parts itching, and put his hand down to feel them—only to find that his penis was gone. In great alarm he felt all over that area, but it was just like groping in his beard—there was no trace of a penis at all. This so upset him that the lady's beauty was quite forgotten. While he was frantically groping around, she lay there with a little smile on her face, which puzzled him still further, and in the end he quietly got up and went back to his own bed, where he felt once again for his penis, but could find no trace of it. Utterly thunderstruck, he called one of his close retainers and, without explaining what had happened to him, told the man about the beautiful woman, saying, 'I've been in her room, what about you?' The man went off highly pleased, to emerge a little later looking completely bewildered. 'The same thing has happened to him', thought Michinori, and he induced another man to go, who also came out shortly afterwards with a baffled and far-away look in his eyes. He sent off as many as seven or eight of his retainers in this way, and all came back with the same look.

By now it was very late, and Michinori thought to himself, 'It was very nice of our host to show us such hospitality last night, but in view of this weird turn of events, I feel like getting away as soon as possible'. And he hurriedly left the house before it was properly light. They had gone about half a mile or so when there was a shout from behind and someone came racing after them on horseback. He galloped up to them holding a parcel wrapped in white paper, and they reined in their horses to wait for him. It proved to be a retainer who had attended them in the house they had just left. 'What is this?' asked Michinori. 'It is a gift which the district governor instructed me to give you, sir. How did you come to leave things like that behind? We did as people should do when they have guests and got breakfast ready for you, but you were in such a hurry to get away that you even dropped these, so I gathered them up to give to you.' 'Well, what are they?' said Michinori, picking up the parcel—and inside, wrapped up like so many mushrooms, he found nine penises. He was dumbfounded, and so were his eight retainers, as one by one they inspected the penises. Yes, they were all there, nine of them! All at once the penises vanished, and the messenger immediately spurred his horse and rode away. At that very instant Michinori and his servants all shouted, 'I've got it back, I've got it back!'

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[1] Nothing is known of Michinori's life.
[2] Reigned 877–84.
[3] In the extreme north-east of Japan.
[4] Location unknown.

Arrived in Mutsu, Michinori took charge of some gold and then on the return journey to the capital, he again stayed at the house of the same district governor in Shinano. This time, he gave the governor lavish presents of gold and horses and eagle feathers. The governor was delighted, but asked why he was doing this. Michinori came closer and said, 'It's not very easy for me to tell you this, but when I first came and stayed here, something very queer happened that I should like to ask you about'. After having been given so many presents, the district governor felt he could hardly evade the issue, and so he related exactly what had happened. 'When I was a young man,' he said, 'the governor of one of the remoter districts in this province, though well on in years, had a very young wife, and when I visited her in secret I lost my penis just as you did. It was such a mysterious business that I did all I could to get friendly with the district governor and managed to learn how to make people's penises disappear. If you want to learn the art, you'd better make a special journey down here—at the moment you're on an Imperial mission, and you ought to hurry back to the capital.' Michinori agreed, and having delivered the gold at Court, he obtained leave of absence and went back to Shinano.

He took with him a variety of appropriate gifts for the district governor, who was very pleased and made up his mind to do his utmost to teach him. 'This is something you cannot learn unless you take it seriously. You must first prepare yourself by a week of religious abstinence.' Michinori did the ritual purification as prescribed, then when the day came, he and the district governor went off by themselves deep into the mountains. They came to the bank of a big river, where the governor set him various tasks to perform and made him take oaths of unspeakable wickedness. The governor went away upstream, after having instructed Michinori that he must take up in his arms whatever came floating down from higher up the stream, even if it should be an ogre or something of that sort.

Presently, torrents of rain and gusts of wind began to come from upstream, while the sky grew dark and the river rose higher. A few moments later, a great serpent appeared from upstream, with a head so big that a man could barely have encircled it with his arms; its eyeballs looked like lumps of metal, its back looked as if it had been painted dark-blue, the base of its neck showed crimson. Despite his instructions to take in his arms whatever might come, he cowered in the grass, paralysed with fear. Soon the district governor came back and said, 'Well, did you take hold of it?' He confessed that he had not, and explained the way he had felt, and how it had prevented him from taking hold of the serpent. 'What a disappointment!' said the governor. 'If that's what you do, you won't be able to learn this art.' But he promised to give Michinori one more trial, and went away again. Shortly after, an enormous boar appeared and came rushing at Michinori with its fur bristling with rage, sparks flying as rock after rock was crushed under its weight. He was frantic with fear, but he steeled himself, for he realized that it was now or never, and running up to the boar, he seized it in his arms—only to find himself clasping a three-foot billet of rotten wood. He felt thoroughly angry with himself, and very mortified at the thought that the first creature must have been the same sort of thing, and he cursed himself for not having taken it in his arms. Just then the governor returned to ask what had happened. When Michinori told him, he said, 'You have missed your chance of learning the art of making a penis disappear. But it looks as if you will be able to learn another art, that is, how to change ordinary things of no particular value into something else. I will teach you that.' When he had learned this art, Michinori returned to the capital, bitterly regretting that he had been so stupid.

At the Palace, he made wagers with the other members of the Emperor's bodyguard that he could do things like turning boots into puppies and making them run around, or turning a straw sandal into a carp three feet long and making it jump about on a table. Word of his tricks came to the ears of the Emperor, who summoned him to the Black Door gallery[1] and had himself taught the art. The Emperor used to make miniature Kamo Festival processions go across the top of his screen of state.

107. (9/2) *Concerning portraits of the Venerable Pao-chih*[2]

There once lived in China a holy man called the Venerable Pao-chih, a man of such saintliness that the Emperor[3] sent three artists to paint portraits of him. Their instructions were that each of the three was to paint a portrait since, if only one did so, it might not be a good likeness. The three painters went to the holy man's house and informed him that they were there by Imperial command. They were asked to wait a while, then Pao-chih came out to meet them dressed in priestly garb. All three unrolled the silk for their paintings and were standing there side by side ready to begin when the holy man exclaimed, 'One moment, I have a different form, which is my true form. Do not paint me until you have seen that.' They immediately stopped painting and watched him as he cut open the skin of his forehead with his thumb-nail and pulled the edges of the cut apart—to reveal the face of a golden Bodhisattva. One of the artists saw him as an eleven-headed Kannon, another as the normal 'Holy' Kannon,[1] and each depicted him as he saw him. The Emperor was very surprised when he received their portraits, and sent a special messenger to question Pao-chih. But he had vanished without a trace. From this time on the story went around that Pao-chih had been no ordinary mortal.

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[1] A kind of corridor or gallery (entered through a black door) near the bodyguards' quarters on the north side of the Seiryō Palace.

[2] Died A.D. 509, aged ninety-seven.

[3] Wu-ti of Liang, a great patron of Buddhism.

108. (9/3) *How a girl from Tsuruga, in Echizen, was aided by Kannon*

There was once a man living at Tsuruga, in the province of Echizen, who in one way or another just managed to make a tolerable living for himself. He had only one child, a daughter who was the apple of his eye. Wanting to ensure her future, he found a husband for her, but this husband could not settle down, and though her father kept trying, marrying her off as many as five times, none of the husbands could settle down, so that in the end he gave up in despair and made no further efforts to find a husband for her. Behind the house where they lived he built a chapel in which he enshrined a statue of Kannon, beseeching her aid for his daughter. Not long after the statue had been dedicated, he died. The death of her father was grief enough, but when it was followed almost immediately by the death of her mother as well, the girl was near to distraction. Yet no lamentations could bring them back.

Having no land or other property, the girl tried various means of making her way in the world, but what security could there be for an unmarried girl living alone? While she still had some of her parents' goods, she had four or five servants, but when nothing remained, she was left without servants either. She often found difficulty in getting enough to eat, and when she did happen to get hold of some food, she prepared it herself. With tears in her eyes, she prayed to Kannon, 'I beg you to use the power that my father put such trust in, and stand by me.' And then she dreamed that an aged priest came out from this chapel behind the house and addressed her in these words, 'I feel so sorry for you that I intend to find a husband for you. I have sent for him, and he will arrive here tomorrow. You are to do as he tells you.' With that, she woke up and, sure that it must have been Kannon helping her, she bathed and went into the chapel, where with eyes filled with tears she reported to the Bodhisattva what had happened. Confident that the dream would come true, she began to clean up the house in preparation for the man's arrival. The house had been built on a grand scale, and since the death of her parents it was a little out of keeping with her reduced circumstances to go on living there. But it was only the house that was on a grand scale; she herself was content to live in one small part of it. She had not even any mats to spread on the floor.

Towards evening, there was a clatter of hooves and along came a number of horsemen, who peered into the house. She could see that they were travellers looking for a place to stay the night. 'Hurry up, now', said the leader of the party. 'Dismount and go inside.' They all trooped into the house, chattering to each other. 'A fine place, this. It's a big house.' 'There's no owner here that we can ask permission from, so let's just make ourselves at home, shall we?' The leader, she could see, was a handsome man of about thirty. He had twenty or thirty retainers, and with all the servants, the party evidently numbered some seventy or eighty people. Seeing them sit down on the bare floor, she wished that she could offer them mats of some kind, and felt ashamed at not having such things to offer them. The master of the party sent for some of the mats that the baggage was wrapped in, and these were spread out on top of some fur rugs, then a space was curtained off and he settled down. By the time the commotion had died down, it was already dark. Yet there was no sign of the visitors having a meal, and she concluded that they probably had no food with them. 'If only I had some to offer them', she thought. Late at night, she suddenly heard someone she took to be a member of the party of travellers calling to her, 'Madam, please come here. I should like a word with you.' 'What do you want, sir?' she said, moving toward him without getting up from her knees. Finding nothing to stop him, the man abruptly stepped into her quarters and took her into his arms. 'What are you doing?' she cried, but he was clearly not going to brook any refusal, and besides she remembered what she had been told in her dream, so that she did not feel she ought to protest.

This gentleman turned out to be the only son of an intrepid general who had formerly lived in the province of Mino. He was a man of the same sterling character as his father, and on the latter's death he had inherited a large fortune. But he was a widower, having lost his wife, whom he loved dearly, and though many proposals of marriage had been made to him, he had not remarried, being determined not to do so unless he found someone who bore a resemblance to his late wife. He was now on his way to Wakasa, where he had some business to attend to. After he had settled in and while it was still daylight, he had peeped into the part of the house that the orphaned girl was living in, for it was not screened off, and he had been curious to know who was there. And what had he seen there but a lady who might almost have been his own wife! With brain reeling and heart pounding wildly, he had longed for night to come quickly so that he might see what she looked like close to. And that was why he had entered her part of the house.

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[1] *Hijiri no* (i.e., *Shō*) *Kannon.*

In her speech, and in every other respect, she was the very image of his late wife. He was astonished that such a thing was possible, and delighted that he had made this journey, for if he had not decided to go to Wakasa he would never have met this girl. He was to have spent some ten days in Wakasa, but he was so anxious about this girl that he promised over and over again that he would leave at dawn and be back the following day. Seeing that the girl looked cold, he gave her his robe to wear. She was left with about five of his retainers and with their servants, so that in all there were some twenty people in the house, but she had no food to give them and no fodder for their horses, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do. Just at this very time, she had an unexpected visitor—the daughter of a woman who had been employed in her parents' kitchen. The girl had known vaguely that this woman had a daughter, but the daughter had never come to the house and it had been rumoured that she had made a good marriage and was in very comfortable circumstances. Not recognizing the visitor, the girl asked who she was. 'Oh dear!' replied the visitor. 'It is my fault that you do not know me. I am the daughter of one of the servants in the kitchen at the time when your late mother was alive. For many years I have been intending to find some opportunity to visit you, and today I've thrown everything else aside to come. If your life here is so hard—well, my house isn't very comfortable, but won't you please come occasionally and spend a few days with me? You see, I'd very much like to visit you regularly, but I live some way away and I'm afraid that I shan't be able to manage it.' She asked who these men in the house were. 'A gentleman stayed the night here and then went off on his way to Wakasa', said the girl. 'He said that

he would be back tomorrow and so he'd leave them here till then. But they didn't bring any food, and I haven't any to give them. I feel very sorry for them, because it's already getting on for midday and I haven't been able to do anything about a meal.' 'Is this a gentleman you feel an obligation to entertain?' 'Not especially, I think. But it would be wrong of me not to worry about these people staying here without anything to eat. I can't just ignore them.' 'There is no difficulty', said the visitor. 'What a good thing I came today! I will go and make suitable arrangements.' And with that, she went away.

The girl felt sure that the unexpected arrival of this woman just when she was in a most humiliating situation and her promise to help could only have been the doing of Kannon, and she joined her hands and prayed more fervently than ever. In no time, the woman returned with servants bearing all kinds of goods—plenty of food, and even a supply of fodder for the horses. The girl could find no words to express her thanks. When the woman had looked after the men and given them plenty to eat and drink, she went in to see the girl. 'Really, it is just as though my mother had come to life again', the girl told her, with tears in her eyes. The woman cried herself, and said, 'For years I have been wondering how you were faring, my lady. But we have to make our way in this world and I was not able to do as I wanted. And now today I came and found you in this predicament, so how could I fail to be concerned about you? When will this gentleman who has gone to Wakasa be back? How many attendants does he have with him?' 'Well, I'm not sure, but he should arrive tomorrow evening. Including these men here, he has about seventy or eighty servants.' 'Then I will make the necessary preparations.' 'How can I possibly ask you to do that, when you have already made me so happy by giving me all this unexpected help?' 'From now on,' said the woman, 'there is nothing at all that I would not do for you', and with these reassuring words she left the house. Before going, she arranged for meals for the men that evening and the next morning. The girl was completely overwhelmed, and spent the rest of the day praying to Kannon.

The next day, the men waited expectantly for their master's arrival. It was about four in the afternoon when he came, and no sooner had he arrived than the servant-woman came bustling in with servants carrying great quantities of food, much to the girl's relief. The man wasted no time, but came straight in and lay down with her, telling her how he had missed her, and promising to take her away with him the next morning. She was a little apprehensive, and yet she had confidence in the advice of Kannon, who had appeared to her in a dream and told her to entrust herself to the young man; and so she did whatever he said. The servant-woman sent someone to her home to get something ready for the men when they set out next morning, and bustled about so much that the girl felt rather badly about it and wished that she could give her some present. But she had nothing to give, except a skirt of unglossed crimson silk that she had been keeping for use in case of need. She decided to give the woman that, and putting on the silk skirt that the young man had taken off, she sent for the servant-woman and presented her with the crimson one. 'Through all these years,' she said, 'I did not even know that you existed, and then when I least expected it you came to see me and enabled me to avoid being put to shame. For that I shall be eternally grateful. I have been trying to think of some way to show my gratitude, and I should like you to have this very small token of my feelings.' The woman would not take the gift. 'Oh dear no, I couldn't possibly take it. On the contrary, I've been thinking of giving you some clothes, because it would be so humiliating for you if your husband should happen to notice the state of yours.' But the girl insisted. 'For years I have been living in hopes of some "waters to entice me",[1] and now this gentleman has asked me to go with him', she said. 'I don't know what the future has in store, but I am going away with him, so please accept this as something to remind you of me.' 'I shall never forget your kindness', said the servant-woman, and she eventually consented to accept the gift. This conversation was in fact overheard by the young man, who was lying in bed nearby.

At cock-crow next morning, he wasted no time in getting out of bed, ate the breakfast that the servant-woman had left ready, then had his horse saddled up and brought out from the stables. He was just about to lift the girl on to it when she said, 'No one can foretell when he will die, and it may be that I shall never again worship here', and just as she was, in travelling clothes, she washed her hands and went into the chapel behind the house to pray to Kannon. There, hanging across Kannon's shoulders, she saw something red. Puzzled, she examined it, and found it to be the skirt she had given to the

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[1] A reference to a poem by Ono no Komachi (*Kokinshū*, Book 18, No. 938). Once, when she was growing old, the poet Yasuhide asked her to go with him to his official post in Mikawa 'to see the scenery'. She replied jokingly, as if she were being asked to become his lover:

I that am lonely,
Like a reed root-cut,
Should a stream entice me,
Would go, I think. (Waley's translation)

servant-woman. 'Why, I thought it was a servant and now I see it was Kannon all the time', she said to herself. The tears rained from her eyes, and though she tried to control herself, she could not, but lay there sobbing, prostrate before the statue. Hearing her sobs, her husband came running in in astonishment and asked her what was the matter. She was quite hysterical. 'What has happened?' he said, looking around, and just at that moment he caught sight of the red skirt hanging across Kannon's shoulders. 'Whatever is that?' he asked. The girl told him all about the unexpected visit from the servant-woman and the way she had helped, and explained that this skirt hanging across Kannon's shoulders was the one that she thought she had given to the woman. Almost before she had finished, she burst out sobbing again, and the young man himself was moved to tears when he realized that this was the very skirt that his wife had presented to the woman while he was feigning sleep and listening. Some of the more sensitive among his retainers, too, wept in reverence for the Bodhisattva. The chapel was now locked up, and the party left for Mino.

From then on the girl and her husband remained devoted to each other. He took no other wife and they had many children. They frequently visited Tsuruga and many, many times paid homage to Kannon. They sent men to inquire both in the immediate neighbourhood and further afield whether anyone knew of such a person as this servant-woman. But no trace of her was found, and they never heard from her again. Thus it can only have been the doing of Kannon. Both the young man and his wife had a happy and prosperous life, reaching the ripe old age of seventy or eighty. They had many sons and daughters, and were only parted by death.

109. (9/4) *How Kūsuke*[1] *had an image of the Buddha dedicated*

There was a priest named Kūsuke who rather fancied himself as a soldierly man. He lived with another priest who was a close friend.[2] He let it be widely known that he wished to have an image of the

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[1] Unidentifiable.

[2] Watanabe and Nishio suggest that the Japanese here might mean either that he was a friend of Kūsuke's or that he was a friend of the author's. They favour the latter, in view of the wording of the end of the story, which might suggest that the author heard the story at first hand. However, there are so few cases of this kind of self-obtrusion by the author that I prefer to interpret the opening as meaning the priest was a friend of Kūsuke's.

Buddha made and dedicated, and the people who heard about it thought he would be paying a sculptor to make the image. Kūsuke did call one, and said to him, 'I want a three-foot image made. These are the goods I shall give you in payment'; and he brought them out and showed them to the man, who was very pleased. But just as he was getting ready to take them away, Kūsuke said to him, 'I feel that if you are paid first and any delay occurs in the making of the image, I may lose my temper and you would feel irritated by my complaints, so that the merit of having the image made would be wasted. These presents are very good ones. I want you to leave them here, in a sealed box, and make the image here too. Then you can take all the things away when you have finished it.' The image-maker was not very pleased at this, but since Kūsuke was going to pay him very well, he did as he was told and got on with the image. Kūsuke now said, 'If you were making the image at home, you would certainly be having your meals there. So I'm sure you won't be asking for anything to eat here, will you?' and he did not offer the man a bite. The image-maker raised no objection to this and took his meals at home. He would come early in the morning and spend the whole day working at the image, returning home in the evening. After several days of working like this, he said to Kūsuke, 'In order to have the image lacquered and to buy foil for the gilding, I have borrowed on the security of the goods I am eventually to receive in payment. I am trying to produce a very fine image for you. But I should prefer not to have to borrow. If you would pay me at least the cost of the lacquer in advance, I could put the gold-foil on and pay the lacquer worker.' But Kūsuke replied, 'Why are you asking me to do this? Didn't we come to an agreement about everything at the start? It's best for you to get the lot in one payment. You shouldn't ask for it piecemeal'; and he refused to hand over the goods, so that the image-maker had to borrow from other people.

But in the end the image was finished, and having put in the eyes, he asked for his fee, so that he could go home. Kūsuke cast about for some ruse, then he said to his two little daughters, 'Just today we will serve the image-maker a meal,' and he sent them out to fetch all the things needed. He too put on his sword and went out as if he were going shopping, leaving his wife alone with the sculptor. The latter finished the eyes of the Buddha and said to himself, 'When the priest comes back, I'll have a quick bite to eat, then I'll get to see those things he has kept sealed away in a box and take them off home', and he was just going over in his mind the various uses he would put them to when the priest came sneaking back. His eyes flashing angrily, he

shouted, 'Someone's seducing my wife! Hey, hey! This is terrible!' and he rushed at the image-maker with drawn sword, as if to cut him down. Fearful of having his head split open, the image-maker jumped up and ran, with Kūsuke hard on his heels, slashing at him again and again but deliberately missing, chasing him but letting him get away. 'The villain's slipped out of my hands. I meant to have his damned head. That sculptor fellow was a seducer, that's clear! But I'm sure I'll catch up with him some day,' he shouted, glaring after the man. And with that he went back home.

Once he had got away, the image-maker heaved a sigh of relief and reflected how lucky he was not to have had his head split open. 'If he hadn't looked so fierce and vowed to catch up with me some day, I might have thought he had acted like that in a fit of temper. But I'm sure it was more than that, because he threatened if he ever comes across me again to have another go at cutting my head off.' And deciding that no amount of goods was worth risking his life for, he did not even bother to fetch his tools, but went deep into hiding. The people he had borrowed from to pay for the gilding and lacquering of the image sent messengers to press him for payment, and he managed somehow to clear his debts.

Kūsuke now began talking of how to go about dedicating this fine image he had had made. It amused some people to hear him talking like this, though it disgusted others. At any rate, Kūsuke planned to choose a lucky day and have the image dedicated, and by borrowing from the owner of the house where he lived and from friends, he scraped together enough to enable him to order a meal for the preacher officiating at the ceremony. The day came, the preacher was sent for and arrived at the house.

As he alighted from his carriage and entered the house, Kūsuke was there to meet him and was sweeping the reception room. 'What are you doing this for?' asked the preacher. 'How could I possibly fail to do this service for you, sir?' said Kūsuke, and writing his name on a tag, he gave it to the visitor. When the preacher expressed his surprise, Kūsuke said, 'The reason I am giving you this, sir, is that beginning today I'm going to be your servant.' Next he had a very fine horse brought out, and told the preacher that as he had nothing else, he was going to give him this horse to repay him for his services. He also produced a package containing a very fine robe of grey silk, which he showed to the preacher, telling him that this was his wife's contribution. The preacher was all smiles and felt very satisfied. The food which had been prepared was set before him, but just as he was about to begin eating, Kūsuke said, 'Would you mind performing the dedication ceremony first, and having your meal afterwards?' The preacher raised no objection and mounted the platform, where he carried out the ceremony with all the more care for knowing the excellence of the gifts he was to receive. His audience found him most inspiring, and even Kūsuke had tears brought to his eyes. The ceremony over, the preacher struck a gong, and coming down from the platform, made to set about his meal. But Kūsuke came up to him and said very obsequiously, 'What a wonderful sermon, Your Reverence! In future I shall always look to you for guidance. As I am now your servant, I've come to clear away, and I'll eat up what you've left.' And without even giving him time to put down his chopsticks, Kūsuke said, 'I think I'd like to have this horse to take little rides on', and he led it away again. When the robe was brought, the preacher felt sure that he would at least be given that. But Kūsuke said, 'Let me have that for winter wear, sir,' and took it himself, adding, 'and now goodbye, sir.' The preacher went away feeling like a man who had seen himself become wealthy—but only in a dream!

I am told that he had been invited elsewhere but had chosen to go to Kūsuke's instead, because he had understood he was to be presented with a fine horse and things of that sort. Can any merit have been acquired in a case like this, even though an image of the Buddha was dedicated? It is very doubtful.

110. (9/5) *How Tsunemasa's*[1] *retainer had some Buddhist images dedicated*

There was once a man named Hyōdōtayū Tsunemasa, who lived on the manor of Yamaga[2] in the province of Chikuzen. Now he happened to have a guest staying with him for a few days. Word had got around that one of Tsunemasa's retainers, a man named Masayuki, was planning to have some Buddhist images made and dedicated, and such a noisy celebration party was going on in Tsunemasa's part of the house that the guest sent someone to ask what the noise was all about. He was told that in honour of the fact that Masayuki was having some images made and dedicated, his master had provided a spread,

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[1] Unidentifiable.

[2] Although Watanabe and Nishio in their headnotes (like Nakajima) call this a 'manor' (*shō*), their long supplementary note on pp. 465–6, discussing the location of this place (Ōga) and the identity of its owner, shows that it is mentioned in e.g. *Heike monogatari* as *Yamaga no jō* (= castle). Chikuzen was in Kyushu.

and Masayuki's fellow-retainers were having this rather noisy party. 'I've entertained about a hundred people today,' said Tsunemasa, 'and I will be bringing something along for your master to have tomorrow.' 'Do people always do this when they're having images dedicated?' 'Whenever country people are going to hold a dedication ceremony, they do this sort of thing for four or five days beforehand. Yesterday and the day before, Masayuki on his own account invited in neighbours and friends and relatives.' 'How interesting!' observed the guest, when his man reported to him. 'Well, I suppose I must wait till tomorrow.' And with that he had to rest content.

The next morning, he waited impatiently until Tsunemasa arrived. 'Ah, here's my feast!' he thought. 'Here you are, I hope you'll like this', said Tsunemasa. 'Ah, I was right', thought the guest. There was nothing special about the food, but great piles of it were brought in and set before him. A couple of quite passable trays of food were set out for the guest's retainers, and there was even a generous spread provided for the lower servants and maids. There was also a great mound of food for the preacher at the dedication ceremony to sample (the office of preacher was to be undertaken by a priest in the suite of the guest).

As the meal proceeded, this priest who had been invited to officiate said, 'I gather that I am to officiate tomorrow, but I haven't been told which Buddhas they are I'm to dedicate. There are so many, after all. I must know that before I can preach my sermon.' Tsunemasa saw that this was reasonable and called 'Is Masayuki here?' A man stepped forward who was evidently the one having the images dedicated—a red-bearded fellow of about fifty, tall though with a slight stoop. He was wearing thigh-length boots[1] and had a sword at his waist.

At Tsunemasa's command, he came and stood just outside, in the garden. 'What Buddhas is this gentleman to dedicate?' 'How should I know, sir?' 'What do you mean? Who else would know? Or is it really that someone else is having the images dedicated, and you are just making the arrangements?' 'No, sir, I am having them dedicated myself.' 'Then how is it you don't know which Buddhas they are?' said Tsunemasa. 'It's the man who made the images who ought to know,' said Masayuki. The whole thing seemed rather peculiar, but Tsunemasa thought that perhaps Masayuki was speaking the truth and had forgotten the names of the Buddhas. 'Where does the image-maker live?' he asked. 'In the Eimei-ji,[1] sir.' 'Not far away, then', said Tsunemasa. 'Ask him to come here.' Masayuki went away and fetched the image-maker, who turned out to be a fat priest of about sixty, with a broad flat face.

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[1] Nakajima differs from other modern commentators in taking the word *mukabaki* here as meaning some kind of breeches (cf. *momohiki*).

He did not look a very intelligent fellow as he came and stood alongside Masayuki. 'Are you an image-maker?' asked Tsunemasa. 'Yes, sir.' 'Did you make these Buddhas for Masayuki?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How many did you make?' 'Five, sir.' 'What Buddhas did you make, then?' 'I don't know, sir.' 'What do you mean? Masayuki says he doesn't know. If you don't know, who does?' 'How should the person who makes the images know? There is no reason why he should.' 'Then who will know?' said Tsunemasa. 'The gentleman who is conducting the ceremony. He's the one who ought to know.' By now everyone was crowding around and roaring with laughter. This made the image-maker lose his temper, and shouting, 'You don't know what you're talking about, sir', he stalked off.

On further inquiry, Tsunemasa discovered what had happened—Masayuki had simply given instructions to 'make some Buddhas', and the image-maker had carved five figures with plain round heads and not even a hood on them, like a roadside deity.[2] He was leaving it to the preacher dedicating the images to give them specific names and say which was this Buddha and which that. It was very funny, of course, to hear the way these people answered, but listening to them, I felt[3] that perhaps it did not matter so long as the images earned them some merit. This is the sort of queer behaviour that you get from common people.

111. (9/6) *How a man obtained a pardon by composing a poem*

Long ago, a certain Governor of Ōsumi province,[4] in the course of his administrative duties, found that one of his district officials was being lax in his duty, and sent for the man with the idea of punishing him. The degree of punishment in cases of dereliction of duty always

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[1] Location obscure. There seems to be some doubt even whether this is a temple name, since it is written in *kana* and the symbol for *ji* is the voiced form of *chi*, not of *shi*.

[2] See *US* 1 (note 2 on p. 135).

[3] The phrasing at this point seems to indicate that this incident was something the author himself had experienced (though the words I have translated as 'listening to them' could just possibly also mean 'that's the story I heard').

[4] Named in Book 9 of the *Shikashū* (and also in the *Jikkinshō*), where a slightly different version of this poem appears, as 'Sakurajima Tadanobu'. This man lived in the second half of the tenth century. Ōsumi was in southern Kyushu.

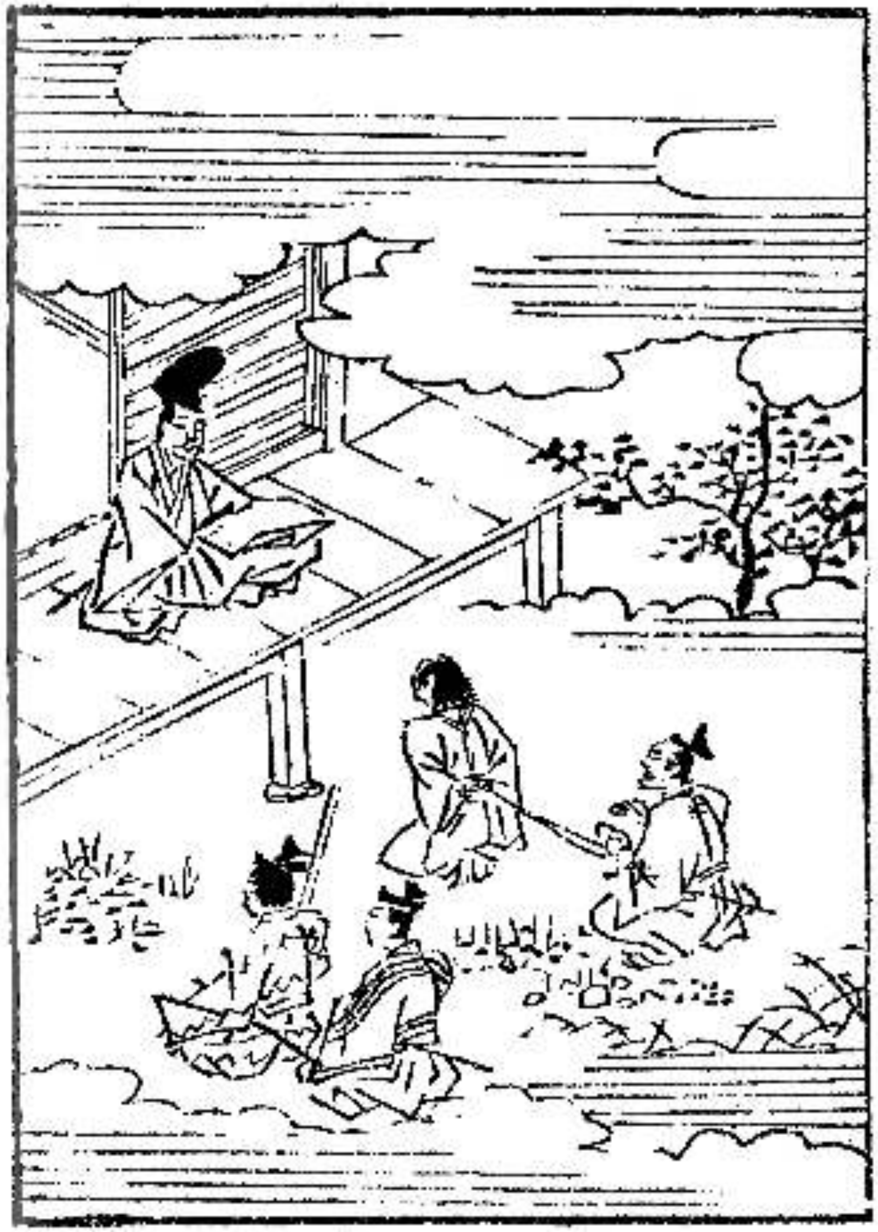

Fig. 24. The Governor of Ōsumi offering the delinquent but aged district official his freedom if he composes a suitable poem (Story 111)

depended on the gravity of the offence, and this man was to be punished severely because he had been guilty of laxness not once but repeatedly. One of the Governor's men reported, 'The prisoner you sent for has been brought in, sir'. All the usual preparations had been made—there at hand were the men who would hold the prisoner down by sitting on his buttocks, the scourge, and the man who was to wield it—and now the proceedings began with two of the Governor's men dragging the district official into his presence. He turned out to be a very old man, with never a strand of black among his snow-white hair.

He looked so pathetic that the Governor felt very loath to have him flogged and tried to think of some excuse for pardoning him. But he could find none. When he ran through the list of his offences and questioned the official about them, he had no reply but to plead his age, and the Governor, casting about for some way to pardon him, said, 'You are a thorough scoundrel. But could you make up a poem?' 'Yes, sir', the old man replied. 'But it won't be a very good one.' 'Get on with it, then', he was told, and without any hesitation, the official quavered:

Full many a year
Upon my head the snow
Has been collecting
Now that I see the scourge
I feel the icy chill of fear.'

The Governor was deeply touched and liked the poem so much that he let the old man go.

People certainly need to have some feeling for the artistic.

112. (9/7) *How the son-in-law of the Abbot of the Daian-ji*[2] *had a dream*

Long ago, the daughter of the priest who was Abbot of the Daian-ji in Nara was being visited in secret by a certain young Archivist. Being extremely fond of her, he occasionally stayed on during the day. On one occasion when he was taking a nap in the afternoon, he dreamed that he heard the whole household, servants and all, suddenly begin wailing and making a great hubbub. Mystified, he left his wife's room to see what it was about, and found every single person in the house,

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[1] The reference to white hair as snow is enhanced by a pun on *shimoto* 'scourge' and *shimo* 'frost'.

[2] One of the Seven Great Temples of Nara. 'Abbot' here is in the Japanese *bettō* (see note 1 on p. 404).

including the priest and the nun who were his parents-in-law, holding a big earthenware vessel and howling. Watching closely to see why they were doing this, he realized that every one of the vessels contained molten copper. This boiling liquid, which you could hardly have swallowed even if a demon were to try to make you, they were drinking with relish, howling bitterly all the time. Some even had barely finished drinking their bowlful before they asked for more. Every single one of them, even the servants, was drinking the stuff. The young man's wife, who had been in bed with him, was called away by a maid, and she got up and went out. Feeling anxious about her, he took another look and saw the maid fill a silver bowl with molten copper and hand it to her. She took it and drank it off, sobbing all the time in her lovely soft voice, while smoke poured from her nose and eyes. As he stood watching in horror, the maid was told to offer some to the guest as well, and she brought him a bowl on a tray. 'Am I to drink that?' he thought, aghast, his brain reeling—at which point his dream came to an end.

He woke up to find that the maid had brought him some food. From his father-in-law's quarters came a buzz of voices and the noise of a meal in progress. 'They must be feasting at the expense of the temple funds, that must be why I had that dream', he reflected sadly and with a sense of disgust. Even his affection for his wife had evaporated, and making the excuse that he did not feel well, he refused the food and left the house, never to visit it again.

113. (9/8) *How a confidence trickster*[1] *married off his son*

Long ago, a certain confidence trickster had a young son whose face was quite extraordinarily ugly, with features that looked as if they had been all squashed up together. Just when his parents were feeling worried about how to give him a start in the world, they heard that a certain rich family had a daughter who was the apple of their eye and whose mother was looking for a good-looking young man to be her husband. They sent word to the rich man that 'a certain gentleman acknowledged to be a real Adonis[2] had expressed a desire to become his son-in-law'. The rich man was very happy to accept the proposition, and an auspicious day was chosen for the wedding to take place. On the appointed night, the trickster and his family assembled, the young man being dressed up in borrowed clothes, with his face covered so that even in the bright moonlight it would not be visible; he seemed quite normal, and everyone thought him very elegant.

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[1] *Bakuchi.*

[2] *Ame no shita no kao yoshi.*

After he had visited the girl in this way for several nights,[1] the time came when he would have to stay on in the girl's bed even after daybreak. The tricksters racked their brains to think up some scheme; then one of them climbed up into the roof of the rich man's house and trampled noisily on the ceiling of the room where the bridal pair were abed, meanwhile shouting sternly and menacingly, 'Hey there, you they call an Adonis!' The people of the house rushed about in confusion asking each other what was happening. The terrified bridegroom wailed, 'I am told that people call me an Adonis. Whatever can be happening?' Three times the call came, and eventually he answered. 'Why did you answer?' they asked. 'I couldn't help it', he replied. The 'demon' called out again. 'For three years the daughter of this house has been in my possession. What do you think you are doing, visiting her like this?' 'I didn't know about you, sir, when I came to visit her,' cried the bridegroom. 'Spare me.' 'This is very, very annoying', said the demon. 'I have one more thing to say before I go. Which would you rather part with, your life or your good looks?' 'What shall I tell him?' wailed the bridegroom. 'What do good looks matter, so long as you have your life?' said his parents-in-law. 'Tell him, "Take my good looks."' He did as they said, then the 'demon' shouted, 'Right, then!' and made a great noise of sucking. The son-in-law suddenly put his hands to his face and grovelled on the floor shouting, 'Oh! Oh!' The 'demon' meantime walked away.

When they brought torches to see what had happened to the bridegroom's face, they found that his features looked all bunched up together. Tearfully, the bridegroom complained, 'I ought to have told him to take my life. How can I get on in the world with a face like this? You never once saw my face before this happened. It was a mistake ever to have come to a place possessed by such a frightful demon.' His father-in-law was full of sympathy for him. He promised him some of his wealth to make it up to him, and lavished every attention on the young man, to the latter's great satisfaction. Since the house seemed to be unluckily situated for the young man, his father-in-law had a fine house built elsewhere for him to live in, and he enjoyed a life of luxury.

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[1] See note 5 on p. 200.

114. (10/1) *How the Ban Major Counsellor*[1] *set fire to the Ōten Gate*[2]

Long ago, during the reign of the Minoo Emperor,[3] the Ōten Gate was destroyed by a fire, a blaze which had been set deliberately. The Major Counsellor Ban Yoshio laid information at Court that it was the doing of the Minister Minamoto Makoto,[4] and the Emperor was on the point of condemning him when the matter came to the ears of Lord Chūjin,[5] who at the time had entrusted the affairs of state to his younger brother, the Nishi-Sanjō Minister of the Right,[6] and was in retreat at Shirakawa.[7] Lord Chūjin was so alarmed that he took an ordinary post-horse and without stopping to put on formal Court dress, rode right to the northern guard-post of the Palace[8] and went before the Emperor himself. 'I feel sure that the man who laid this information must be telling malicious lies', he said. 'It is not right for Your Majesty to take such drastic action on the basis of that alone. In a matter such as this, Your Majesty should act only after the informer's story has been fully examined and proved true or false.' Persuaded by this argument, the Emperor had an investigation made which showed that the Minister's guilt was not proven. The Emperor therefore ordered Lord Chūjin to inform the Minister that he was free, and he left the Palace.

The Minister of the Left, stunned with grief at being so unjustly accused when he had committed no crime, was sitting in formal Court dress on a straw mat in his garden, calling on Heaven to aid him. As the messenger—the Chief Archivist Middle Captain[9]—galloped up to bring Makoto news of his acquittal, the whole household echoed with lamentations, for everyone thought that he had come to announce immediate punishment for the Minister. But when he announced that the Minister was free and went away again, the place was once more filled with the sound of weeping—this time, however, the tears were of happiness. Although he had been acquitted, the Minister of the

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[1] Ban Yoshio; see also *US* 4.

[2] The gate just inside the Palace compound (north of the Suzaku Gate) leading to the hall where government officials assembled for the transaction of business.

[3] Seiwa. Reigned 858–76.

[4] Minamoto Makoto, 810–68, was the son of the Emperor Saga.

[5] Fujiwara Yoshifusa, 804–72.

[6] Fujiwara Yoshisuke, 813–67.

[7] North-east of Kyoto.

[8] On the north side of the Palace compound.

[9] *Tō no chūjō*. One of the two Chief Archivists was from the Guards, the other was a Controller.

Left thereafter studiously avoided taking any further official post, for, as he said, 'If I take another Government post, I may well find myself once more unjustly accused of some crime'.

One day in the previous autumn, one of the Imperial Attendants[1] from the Military Guards of the Right who lived at the eastern end of Seventh Avenue was on his way home late at night when, just as he was passing the Ōten Gate, he heard people whispering. Concealing himself at the side of the covered passageway, he saw someone scrambling down one of the pillars, and as he watched in astonishment he recognized the Ban Major Counsellor. He was followed by his son and then by a manservant named Toyokiyo.[2] At a loss to know what they had been doing up in the gate, the attendant watched, and the moment they reached the ground, all three took to their heels and headed as hard as they could go southwards, in the direction of the Suzaku Gate. The attendant continued on his way home, and had just reached the junction of Second Avenue and Horikawa Street when there was a great commotion in the main road, with people shouting 'Fire! Over towards the Palace!' He looked round, and sure enough it did indeed seem to be in the Palace, so he ran back—to find that half the Ōten Gate was on fire. He now realized that the men he had seen had been up in the gate for the purpose of setting fire to it. But he did not venture to tell anyone, since that would have had such serious consequences for them. Later, the story went around that it was the Minister of the Left who had perpetrated the outrage and that he was to be punished for it. The attendant was horrified to think that the Minister had been accused when the real culprit was someone else. But it was not an affair on which he felt he could speak out, and though he was very sorry for the Minister, he remained silent. When he heard that the Minister had been acquitted, he felt very reassured to know that an innocent man was not after all going to suffer.

The ninth month came, and one day the little son of the Ban Major Counsellor's steward and the attendant's boy had a quarrel which ended up in screams and tears. When the attendant came out and tried to stop them, out came the steward as well. Before the other's eyes, he dragged the children apart and sent his son indoors. Then, seizing the attendant's boy by the hair, he threw him down and stamped on him until he was half-dead. 'This was only a children's squabble between my son and his,' thought the boy's father, 'but

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[1] *Toneri.*

[2] Watanabe and Nishio quote from *Sandai jitsuroku* a passage which mentions as an accomplice of Ban Yoshio's one Ki no Toyoki. In the Ban Dainagon Scroll, the name is given as Tokiyo.

instead of making any attempt to find out what it is about, he singles my boy out and tramples on him unmercifully. That's more than I can stand for', and in a rage, he shouted, 'What are you being so cruel to this child for?' 'What did you say?' snarled the steward. 'A petty official like you, a paltry Imperial Attendant—why, I could knock you down and there isn't a thing you could do about it. My master's the Ban Major Counsellor, so I could get away with anything, I don't care how serious an offence it might be. You don't know what you're talking about, you lout.' Boiling with rage, the attendant shouted back, 'What's that you say? Do you think your master the Major Counsellor is so high and mighty? I'll have you know that it's only thanks to me your precious master's still somebody at all. He soon wouldn't be, I can tell you, if I were to open my mouth.' The steward suddenly checked his mounting anger and went indoors. Meanwhile a crowd of people had collected to watch the quarrel and had heard what the attendant had said. Unable to guess what he had meant, they avidly discussed the incident at home and in public, until the story eventually became widely known and reached the ears of the Emperor, who sent for the attendant and questioned him. At first he was reluctant to talk, but when threatened with punishment himself if he refused, he revealed the whole story. Later the Major Counsellor was questioned, and after the true facts had been brought to light, he was banished.

He had planned to set fire to the Ōten Gate and fix the blame on the Minister Makoto, so that he would be punished and Ban himself, being Senior Major Counsellor, would be made a minister. How bitterly he must have regretted it when his plans went awry and he himself was punished!

115. (10/2) *How Koresue*[1] *learned the tune 'Hawking'*[2] *from Myōsen*[3]

Again, long ago, the only man to whom knowledge had been passed down of the tune called 'Hawking' was the sometime official Tendai preacher[4] Myōsen. Two days before the Retired Emperor Shirakawa was due to go on a hawking expedition, Myōsen, who had his quarters in one of the 'three rooms'[1] at the Yamashina-dera,[2] said, 'Do not close the gate tonight. There may be a visitor.' They waited, and sure enough, a man came in. He turned out to be Koresue. 'Is it the tune "Hawking" that you want to learn?' asked Myōsen. 'That's right', replied Koresue. Myōsen at once admitted him to his room and taught him the tune.

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[1] Ōga Koresue, a flute master from Nara. Died 1094, aged sixty-nine.

[2] A T'ang tune said to have been regularly played when the Emperor made a progress out into the countryside. The accompanying dance was a mime of hawking.

[3] Son of Fujiwara Akihira (for whom, see US 99).

[4] A priest who has participated as a preacher in the Nara 'Three Services', the *mie*, viz. the Yuima-e at the Kōfuku-ji, the Saishō-e at the Yakushi-ji and the Gosai-e at Court.

116. (10/3) *How the Emperor Horikawa*[3] *had Myōsen play the flute*

Again, long ago, in the reign of the Emperor Horikawa, a gathering of Nara priests was summoned for a ceremonial reading of the Mahā-prajñā Sūtra, and among the priests who came to Court was Myōsen. On this occasion the Emperor himself was playing the flute, and made use of a variety of modes. But each time he changed the mode, Myōsen never missed the note in his chanting. When the astonished Emperor sent for him, he came and knelt in the garden. On the Emperor's command, he came and sat on the verandah. 'Do you play the flute?' asked the Emperor. 'I can play a little', he answered. 'I thought as much', said the Emperor, and he handed Myōsen his own flute to play. He gave such a superb performance of the tune 'Ten Thousand Years'[4] that the Emperor was lost in admiration, and without more ado presented him with the flute. The flute in question is still preserved, and I understand that it is in the possession of Yukikiyo, the chief priest of the Yahata Shrine.[5]

117. (10/4) *How some thieves broke into Jōzō's*[6] *room at the Yasaka-dera*[7]

Again, long ago, in the Tenryaku period,[8] a gang of thieves broke into Jōzō's room at the Yasaka-dera. But all they did was to crouch down on the floor, torches flaring, swords drawn, eyes wide open

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[1] The meaning of this phrase is obscure.

[2] Yamashina-dera is another name for the Kōfuku-ji.

[3] See note 1 on p. 241.

[4] Another tune of Chinese origin.

[5] The Iwashimizu Hachimangū, south of Kyoto. On the mention found in some texts of *Uji shūi* at this point and its significance for the dating of the work, see Chapter 5, pp. 86–8.

[6] 891–964. Son of Miyoshi Kiyoyuki. Famed for his magical powers, he was employed in 939 to attempt by performing certain magical rites to bring about the defeat of the rebel Taira Masakado.

[7] Otherwise known as Hōkan-ji. What remains of it is now part of the Yasaka (i.e., Gion) Shrine, at the eastern end of Shijō.

[8] 947–57.

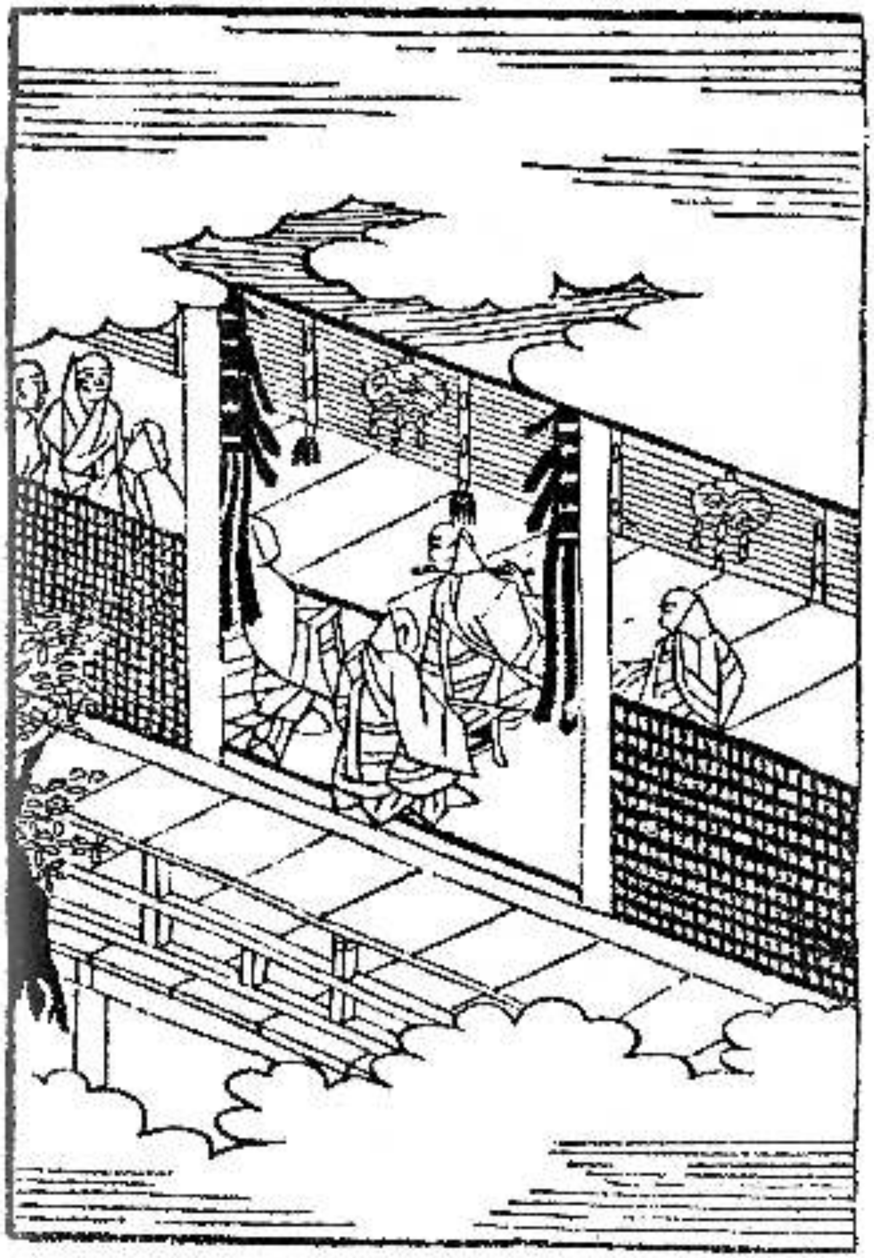

Fig. 25. Myōsen summoned before the Emperor after his marvellous chanting to the Emperor's flute accompaniment (Story 116)

and staring. And that is how they remained for several hours, until dawn began to break, when Jōzō reported the affair to the main Buddha of the temple and suggested that they might now be released. Then the thieves are said to have run off empty-handed.

118. (10/5) *About Sadayū, Governor of Harima*[1]

Long ago, Kin'yuki, Governor of Harima,[2] had a son whose name was Sadayū and who lived somewhere near Fifth Avenue. He was the father of the present-day Akimune.[3] While on his way to Awa with the governor of that province, Satonari,[4] Sadayū died. Now he was a relative of a man known as the Former Governor of Kawachi,[5] who had an ox with amber-coloured spots. Someone borrowed this ox and hitching a carriage to it, drove in the direction of Yodo.[6] But on the Hizume Bridge, the ox-driver guided it badly and ran one wheel of the carriage over the edge, with the result that the whole carriage was dragged over and plunged down from the bridge. The ox, sensing that the carriage was falling, stood with its legs apart and firmly braced. The traces snapped and the carriage was smashed to pieces below, leaving the ox standing by itself on the bridge. No one was hurt, since the carriage was empty. 'What a fantastically strong ox!' commented the bystanders admiringly. 'Any ordinary ox would have been dragged down with the carriage and come to grief.'

So the owner of this ox gave it special care. Then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, it disappeared. The Former Governor had no idea why, and searched anxiously for it, but it was nowhere to be found. Thinking it might have got loose, he sent men to look for it, not only nearby but also further afield. But it had vanished, and he was greatly distressed by the loss of this very fine animal. And then one day he dreamed that he was visited by Sadayū. He went out to greet him, puzzled to know what Sadayū was doing there when he was said to have fallen into the sea and been drowned. 'I am living to the north-east of here,' said Sadayū, 'and every day I leave the spot and go to the foot of the Hizume Bridge to be tortured. What's more, my load of sin is so great that my body is too heavy for any vehicle to bear me. It is too painful for me to go on foot, so I have been going on that amber-spotted carriage-ox of yours, because it's such a strong beast. Seeing how anxious you are to find it, I will return it in six days' time, at about ten o'clock in the morning. You needn't do any more about trying to find it.' At that point, the Former Governor woke up. As the days went by, he told several people about his dream.

On the sixth day, at about ten o'clock in the morning, the ox appeared from nowhere and wandered in through the gate of the Former Governor's house, looking as if it had had a gruelling time. It seemed to be in great distress, lathed in sweat, and with its tongue hanging out. The Former Governor told people, 'Sadayū's spirit must have been present when the ox stood firm while the carriage crashed down off the Hizume Bridge. Evidently he saw how strong it was and borrowed it to ride on. The very thought of such a thing made my blood run cold.'

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[1] Very little is known about him.

[2] Died 1033. The *Konjaku* version of this story gives his family name, Saeki.

[3] Nothing is known of this man.

[4] Mentioned in *Honchō Seiki* (by Fujiwara Michinori, died 1159) as Governor of Awa in 1087.

[5] Identity obscure.

[6] The confluence of the Kamo, Katsura, Uji and Kizu Rivers. The Hizume Bridge is just north of it.

119. (10/6) *How a man from the Eastland put a stop to human sacrifices*

Long ago, there were in the province of Mimasaka[1] in the Sanyō Region two deities named Chūsan and Kōya, the latter a snake and the former an ape.[2] It was the practice at the annual festivals to these deities for living sacrifices to be made. The victim would be one of the young girls of the locality, chosen for the beauty of her features, her long hair, pale complexion, neatness of appearance and charm of manner. These festivals have been celebrated regularly, from ancient times down to the present day. Now the daughter of a certain family had been designated as the next victim to be sacrificed, and her parents were beside themselves with grief. The bond between parents and children is determined by the karma of some previous life, so that the girl's parents could hardly have failed to care for her, even if she had been ugly. But this girl was so very beautiful in every way that they loved her dearly, more than life itself. Yet there was no hope that she would be spared, and as the months sped by their hearts were heavy. Shorter and shorter grew the girl's span of life, and with the realization that they had but little time left to be together with their child, they began counting the days, lamenting loudly from morning till night.

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[1] One of the eight provinces of the Sanyōdō. Part of modern Okayama Prefecture.

[2] The shrines to the deities Chūsan daimyōjin and Kōya are at the villages of Ichinomiya and Ninomiya respectively. They are each mentioned on several occasions in the *Sandai jitsuroku* in the period 860–75.

Now just at that time a certain man from the Eastland chanced to come along, and in the course of his wanderings in the district, called at the house of this family. He was a ferocious warrior who lived by hunting, immensely strong and quite fearless. For instance, even wild boar—which are fearsome animals indeed, when they are enraged—had no terrors for him, and it was nothing unusual for him, when the fancy took him, to kill them for his food.

In conversation with this man, the girl's father told how every day that passed was filled with sadness and grief for him, since his only daughter had been selected as a living sacrifice to the local deities. 'Oh, the misfortunes that befall us in this life! What sins did I commit in a former life, that I should be born here to suffer this fate? My daughter herself complains bitterly at being forced to die such a horrible death. It is so sad! You see—and I do not say this because she is my daughter—she really is extremely beautiful.' 'And she is the one who will soon have to die, is she?' said the man from the East. 'Nothing is more precious to us than life. It is only the desire to preserve our lives that makes us fear the Gods. Do not give them a victim for the next sacrifice, entrust your daughter to me instead. After all, that is no worse than having her die—and how could you bear to look on while your only daughter was being chopped up alive and scattered around as mincemeat? What a shocking thing that would be! Instead of having to endure that, you might just as well give her to me.' He spoke so earnestly that the girl's father said, 'Certainly it would be better than watching her die in this horrible way', and he gave the girl in marriage to the hunter.

When the Easterner went to meet the girl, he found her very beautiful and charming. Half-reclining, and with a far-away look, she was practising her handwriting, her sleeves wet with falling tears. Sensing someone nearby, she shook her hair down over her face. He could see from her wet hair and her face bathed in tears that she was deep in sadness, and the presence of a visitor seemed to make her more shy than ever; she looked truly charming as she lay with her head turned slightly to one side, so dignified and refined and beautiful that one would not have taken her for the child of a rustic. As he watched her, the Easterner felt an overwhelming tenderness towards her.

And so he made up his mind that whatever the cost—even if it were to cost him his life—he simply must take the girl's place. 'I have a plan', he told her parents. 'Would you be willing to die for her sake?' 'Of course!' they answered. 'If it means losing our lives for her sake, then so be it! What would there be to live for, anyway? You must certainly do whatever you think best.' 'Then you must hang votive ropes all around, as a sign that you are carrying out a purification in preparation for the festival, and at all costs prevent people from getting in. Also, you must under no circumstances reveal my presence here.' And so the hunter stayed in the house for several days, enjoying great happiness with his new wife.

Meanwhile he selected two especially intelligent dogs from among those he had trained for years in the mountains, and capturing some live monkeys, he trained the dogs intensively every day at tearing monkeys to pieces. Dogs and monkeys are natural enemies, in any case, and after his relentless training the dogs would spring at a monkey the moment they saw it and savagely tear it to pieces. Day after day, too, he would polish his magnificent swords, sharpening single-edged blades and making ready longer double-edged weapons, while again and again he kept saying to his wife, 'Oh, what karma of a former life is causing me to die in your place? And yet, when I remember that it is to save you, I do not grudge my life at all. I only feel so sad and miserable at the thought that I must say goodbye to you.' The girl for her part said, 'What a marvellous thing it is that a complete stranger like you should come here and show such love for me!' Many times they spoke in this way to each other, and they were sad and sick at heart.

Time went by and the day of the festival came. The chief priest of the shrine came at the head of a large noisy crowd to fetch the girl, a newly-made long wooden chest was sent into her house, and her parents were instructed to put the sacrificial victim into the chest in the usual way and hand her over. The Easterner now said, 'Just do exactly as I say', and unbeknown to the crowd, he lay down in the chest himself, with the dogs on either side of him. 'Now, my beauties,' he told them, stroking them lovingly, 'I want you to repay me for all the care I've given you and risk your lives for me.' Growling, they crept under his arms, and the three of them settled down on the bottom of the chest. All the swords he had spent so long polishing and sharpening were put in with him, then the lid was closed, the chest was bound round with cloth and sealed, and the girl's parents had it carried out of the house, pretending that it was their daughter inside. It was borne in an imposing procession to the shrine, preceded by a noisy crowd waving spears and branches of *sakaki* and bells and mirrors. When the girl heard all the clamour, she felt deeply touched by this man's action in taking her place as the victim, and at the same time she was worried about what might happen to her parents if anything untoward should occur. Her parents, however, only said, 'It is our desire to preserve our lives that makes us fear the Gods and the Buddha. Since you would have died anyway, there is no longer anything to be afraid of. One fate is as good as the other, so let us die this way. Death no longer has any terrors for us.' The sacrificial victim was borne to the shrine, where with great solemnity a priest recited a Shinto ritual, then the gate to the sanctuary was opened, the chest pushed inside and the gate locked once more, while the chief priest and his various subordinates all lined up outside in order of rank to watch.

Meanwhile the Easterner stealthily bored a hole in the chest with the point of a sword, and through the hole he now spotted an enormous ape some seven or eight feet tall, seated in the place of honour. Its face and rump were red, the rest of it a dazzling white, as if it were wearing a coat of plucked cotton-wool, and its fur stood straight up. To the left and right of it were more and yet more apes, some two hundred of them squatting in a row. Each looked a little different from the others, as they sat there red-faced and arching their eyebrows, all screeching and chattering noisily. A huge chopping-block had been set out, with a long carving-knife on it, and around it a number of what appeared to be jars filled with vinegar, wine and salt.

After a few minutes, the great ape in the place of honour came up, untied the bindings on the chest and made to open the lid. As he did so the other apes all came flocking round, and precisely at that moment, the hunter shouted, 'Go for him, dogs!' Out sprang the two dogs and seized the largest of the apes, dragging it down and pinning it to the ground as they tried to tear the life out of it. Now the man leaped out of the chest, his hair all dishevelled, and drawing a gleaming sword, forced the ape on to the chopping-block, where he held his blade at the ape's throat and shouted, 'Now, you brute, you see what you get when you kill people and eat their flesh. Listen! I'm going to cut your accursed head off and feed it to the dogs.' The ape was purple in the face and its expression was quite hideous. Weeping in desperation and frantically wringing its hands, it blinked furiously and showed its gleaming white teeth in a snarl. But the hunter showed it no mercy. 'For all these years you have eaten people's children and deprived them of their posterity. And now the time has come to repay you for that by cutting off your accursed head. Come on!' he shouted. 'Just try to kill me. I shan't complain.' But he was in no hurry to cut off the ape's head. Meanwhile, all the other apes were being chased by the two dogs and had taken refuge up trees, where they set up a tremendous commotion, screeching and yammering so loudly that the mountains rang with it and the very earth seemed as if it would turn over.

And now the god took possession of one of the priests and announced, 'Henceforward, I shall never again demand living sacrifices. I renounce them forever. I have learned my lesson about killing people. I shall never again take life. Further, let no one do anything to this man for having treated me in this way, nor harm the family of the girl who was to have been the sacrifice today. I shall start afresh and act as a guardian deity to her descendants throughout the ages to come. But I beg you, be quick and ask him to spare my life. Oh, whatever shall I do! Save me!' In astonishment, the chief priest and his assistants and a great mass of people crowded into the shrine, clamouring excitedly. 'Surely he's right', they called. 'Please do not refuse the god pardon, for he has given his promise.' But the Easterner said, 'Do not let him go like this. He has taken human lives, and I want to give him something to be sorry about. What happens to me is of no consequence. It won't matter if I am killed.' And he refused to let the ape go. Just when it seemed that the ape was about to have its head cut off, the chief priest, in desperation, seeing no other way out, offered up the most solemn vows, and prayed to the god, who replied, 'Henceforth I swear never, never to do such a thing again.' 'Very well, then,' said the hunter, 'never do it again', and with this admonition he let the ape go. And so from that time on, no more human beings were offered as living sacrifices.

The man returned to the girl's home and shared many years of happy married life with her. Their circumstances left very little to be desired, since he came from a very good family. From that time on, it was only wild boar and deer that were used for living sacrifices in that province.[1]

120. (10/7) *About Prince Toyosaki*[2]

Long ago, there lived a certain Prince Toyosaki, the fifth son of the son of the Kashiwabara Emperor.[3] He held the fourth Court rank, and the offices of Minister of Justice and Governor of Yamato Province. Being a man of great experience and character, he knew just what would be good policy or bad policy in the conduct of government, and whenever an official appointment ceremony was to take place, he would make forecasts, for instance that this man would be appointed Governor of such-and-such a province and that man, though his application was amply justified, would receive no appointment, assigning the candidates for the many vacant governorships according to the importance of the provinces. So many people who heard his forecasts found on the morning after an appointment ceremony that the Prince's guesses had proved to be accurate that he was recognized as having a genius for guessing the appointments, and people began to flock to his house even before the ceremony. Those who he said would be appointed were delighted, though the people who were told they would not be appointed went away grumbling, 'Whatever's this old dodderer of a prince talking about? It looks as if he's been worshipping some roadside deity and gone off his head.' When he was wrong in his forecasts and some other person was unexpectedly chosen instead, people used to criticize the appointment as a bad one. As a result, the Emperor would want to know what predictions the Prince had made about appointments, and would send someone who was on intimate terms with the Prince to find out. This was, I think, in the time of the Tamura and Minoo Emperors.[1]

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[1] The *Konjaku* version says simply that no more living sacrifices were offered.

[2] A descendant of Prince Toneri, who was one of the compilers of the *Nihongi*.

[3] Kammu, so-called after the place of his burial. (Note that Nomura and Nakajima both read this name 'Kashiwara'.) Kammu became Emperor in 781 and died in 806.

121. (10/8) *About the sudden death of an Archivist*

Long ago, in the time of the Emperor En'yū,[2] the Palace had burned down and the Emperor was occupying the Palace intended for his retirement. A large crowd of courtiers were seated at table in the audience chamber[3] having dinner when a certain Archivist named Sadataka[4] rested his forehead on the table and appeared to be fast asleep and snoring. But some time went by and it began to appear that something might be wrong, for he remained with his head down on the table, while a rattling noise came from his chest. The Prime Minister, Lord Ononomiya,[5]—at that time he was still only a Chief Archivist Middle Captain—said to an official of the Bureau of Palace Equipment and Upkeep, 'I can't understand why the Third Secretary of the Ministry of Ceremonial is asleep. Go and rouse him.' But when the official went to do so, Sadataka remained huddled up and did not move. The puzzled official ran his hands over him, then announced, 'What an awful thing to happen! He's dead.' Every single one of the Courtiers in Attendance and the Archivists present was panic-stricken and ran off in headlong flight. 'We cannot leave the body here like this', said the Chief Archivist Middle Captain. 'Here! Go and find men from some of the ministries to take it away.' 'Which guard-post should we take it out by?' 'The one on the east side', he replied. Everyone in the Palace now crowded round to see the body taken out through the eastern guard-post. Meanwhile, it was carried out on one of the mats from the audience chamber through the western guard-post, so that nobody was able to view it. As it was being carried out through the gate, Sadataka's father, a man of the Third Court Rank, met the party and took the body home. 'What a good thing they managed to avoid having everyone see the body!' people said.

Some three weeks afterwards, Sadataka appeared to the Chief Archivist Middle Captain in a dream, looking exactly as he had before his death; with eyes full of tears, he came up and said, 'I am deeply grateful to you for concealing my shame when I died—I shall never forget it. If you had not employed that ruse and had me carried out from the west side, I should have had a crowd of people gaping at me and my dead body would have become a shameful spectacle.' And he wrung his hands and wept for joy.

122. (10/9) *About Ozuki Masahira*[1]

Long ago, there lived a Director of the Bureau of Statistics named Ozuki Masahira. He had a son named Mochisuke who was a Doctor of Mathematics at the University.[2] (This son was the father of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics Tadaomi and the grandfather of Tomochika, Governor of Awaji and a Secretary to the Great Council of State,[3] with the Fifth Rank.) Mochisuke was evidently destined for great things if he lived, and his rivals wished that he could somehow be got rid of. 'If he is in the field,' they reasoned, 'no one else is likely to have much chance for a post as Director of the Bureau of Statistics, as Assistant Director or Director of the Bureau of Taxation, or as Secretary with the Fifth Rank. In the first place, those are offices

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[1] I.e., between the years 850 and 876, the period of the reigns of Montoku and Seiwa. Tamura and Minoo are the names of these Emperors' mausolea.

[2] 959–91.

[3] To which only Courtiers in Attendance (*tenjōbito*) and high Court nobles (*kugyō* or *kandachime*) were admitted.

[4] A Fujiwara. His death took place in 981.

[5] Fujiwara Saneyori (see note 1 on p. 282).

[1] Died 999.

[2] Mochisuke died 1066, aged seventy-seven. 'Doctor of Mathematics' is *san-hakase*; there were two such officials in the Daigakuryō.

[3] A fourth-grade official of the Dajōkan. The post in question usually merited only the Sixth Rank.

that have traditionally been held by his family, and on top of that he has such a brilliant mind and such a fine character that he is steadily building up a great reputation, even though he still only holds the Sixth Rank. So he'd better be out of the way.' Now as a result of a divine revelation which he had received, Mochisuke consulted a diviner, who gave him a list specifying a number of days on which he should exercise the strictest caution. Following these instructions, Mochisuke had the gate securely locked and observed a period of ritual seclusion. However, one of his enemies secretly engaged a diviner to cast spells that would kill him. 'He is observing ritual seclusion,' this diviner said, 'so this must be a day of ill-omen for him. If we choose a day like this to put our spells on him, they're sure to work. So take me to his house, and call him out. He's not likely to open the gate while he's in ritual seclusion, but I only need to hear his voice for my spells to be effective.' And so Mochisuke's rival took the diviner to Mochisuke's house and hammered on the gate. A servant came out and asked who he was. 'I've come on urgent business', said the rival. 'I know you are observing strict seclusion, but just open the gate a crack and let me in. My business is extremely important.' The servant went back into the house with the message, and returned with Mochisuke's reply: 'It is quite impossible. Who in the world would disregard his own safety? I can't let you in. Please be quick and go away.' 'All right, then,' the rival persisted, 'you needn't open the gate, but at least put your head out of the door of the house, then I can speak to you personally.' Mochisuke must have been fated to die, for he stuck his head out of the house and called, 'What do you want?' whereupon the diviner, hearing his voice and seeing his face, did all he could to bring his spells to bear. When asking to see Mochisuke, his rival had claimed to have an important message for him, but now he could think of nothing to say except, 'I'm going away to the country, so I've come to let you know. Hurry up and go indoors again.' 'What a crazy thing to do!' said Mochisuke, 'calling me out like that for such a trivial thing!' And he went back into the house. In no time his head began to ache, and three days later he died.

So you see, when in ritual seclusion you should never see people who don't belong to your household or talk to them in a loud voice, because it serves as a guide for anyone casting spells, like this diviner, and so is something to be very much afraid of. The man who had engaged the diviner to cast spells shortly after met with an accident himself and was killed. 'It must be a punishment for his crime', people said. 'What a shocking affair!'

123. (10/10) *How a pirate was converted and became a priest*

Long ago, there was an extremely old gentleman in holy orders[1] who practised his devotions in Settsu. Once, when someone told the story of an encounter he had had with pirates, the old priest chimed in with the following tale: 'When I was a young man, I was very comfortably off. I had everything I could possibly want in the way of food and clothes, and used to spend my time sailing. They used to call me Awaji no Rokurō, the pirate-catcher.[2] Now one day, near an island off the coast of Aki,[3] we were approached by a single ship. There were no other ships in sight. The master of the ship seemed to be a handsome fellow of twenty-five or twenty-six, and besides him there were only two or three young men to be seen. There would probably be some good-looking women aboard, I thought. By chance, I caught a glimpse through a chink in the blinds and I could make out a number of hampers—the ship was well laden! Yet there was no one aboard to offer any real resistance, and there it was sailing along in company with us! On the roof of the cabin sat a young priest, intoning a sūtra. When we headed out to sea, they did the same. When we made for the island, they followed. When we stopped, so did they. Evidently they did not realize we were pirates.

It struck me as so peculiar that I felt I'd better investigate, and I hailed them: "Who are you, following our boat everywhere like this? Where are you bound for?" "We're on our way from Suō[4] to the capital on urgent business", they replied. "Not having anyone to protect us, we felt scared, so we've attached ourselves to you." "What fools!" I thought, and I called out, "We are not going up to the capital. We are waiting for some people, and when they come we are going down to Suō. So what's the good of saying you'll go with us? You want to go with some ship that's bound for the capital." "We'll arrange about that tomorrow, then. But for tonight we'll stay with you", came the reply, and they anchored along with us under the lee of the island.

Everyone agreed that this was the opportune moment to go and relieve the ship of its cargo, and we all boarded her. The occupants rushed around in panic, scarcely able to grasp what was going on. Every scrap of cargo was transferred to my ship, then my crew began throwing all the men and women into the sea. The master wept floods of tears like so many crystal beads from a broken rosary, and wrung his hands in desperation, imploring us to take everything, but spare his life. "My aged parent in the capital is critically ill and has asked to see me once more," he wailed. "A messenger travelled day and night to bring me this news, and I'm in a great hurry to get to the capital." He could scarcely get the words out, and kept his gaze riveted on me, all the time wringing his hands frantically. "Stop this fellow's chatter. The usual way—be quick about it!" I said. It was simply horrible to see him staring at me and sobbing hysterically. I was sorry for him and felt I was being very cruel, but I told myself that there was no room for that sort of feeling, and into the sea he went.

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[1] Reischauer's term for *nyūdō*, 'Priestly Nobleman', does not seem quite appropriate in this case. Note an apparent contradiction here in that though a *nyūdō*, the gentleman is said in the title to have 'left his home' (*shukke*).

[2] The name is evidently an ironic title that the pirate gave himself, since *tsuibushi* means something like 'constable', an officer charged with the apprehension of criminals.

[3] Modern Hiroshima Prefecture.

[4] In modern Yamaguchi Prefecture.

The puny young priest of about twenty on top of the cabin roof, with a box slung round his neck containing the sūtra that he had been reciting day and night, was seized and flung into the sea. As he went in, he struggled wildly to grab the box, then, floating on the water, he lifted his arms and held it up as he bobbed up and down. There seemed to be something uncanny about this priest taking so long to die, and with an oar we banged him over the head and jabbed him in the back to push him under. But he continued to bob up and down on the surface, holding the sūtra out of the water. Watching carefully, since it was so mysterious, I noticed that behind and in front of the priest as he floated in the water there were two or three beautiful young boys with white wands in their hands and with their hair tied in bunches on each side of their heads. I could see one with his hand under the priest's head and another supporting his arms as he held the sūtra high out of the water. "Look at that", I shouted to my companions. "Who are those boys with the priest?" "Where? Where? There's no one there at all", they answered. I could see the boys clearly. With them around him, the priest did not sink into the water, but remained afloat. Unable to make it out and anxious to investigate, I thrust out a pole and told him to hang on to it, and in this way I pulled him in. "What are you doing that for?" shouted the others. "That's a crazy thing to do." "Never mind about that!" I told them, "this priest is one person I'm not going to kill." And I hauled him into the boat. As he came nearer, the boys vanished.

I questioned him. "Are you from the capital? Where are you going?" "I am from the country", he replied. "I've been a priest for some time without ever managing to be properly ordained, and when I told

the master of this ship how anxious I was to find some way of getting up to the capital, he invited me to go along with him, saying that he had a friend on Mt Hiei and would arrange things through him." "Who are those boys who were holding your head and your arms? What about them?" "When did I have any such boys with me? I know nothing about any boys." "Well, you had one supporting your arms as you held up the sūtra. Why did you hold up the sūtra box when you were so close to drowning?" "Once I had resigned myself to the thought of death, I had no regrets about losing my life", said the priest. "But I did feel that if I was to die I should like to keep the sūtra dry for just a few minutes longer—that's why I held it up. My arms didn't feel tired, in fact they felt wonderfully light and seemed to get longer, so that I was able to hold it right up out of the water. I felt sure that I was going to die—I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for saving my life." And he wept, till even my pagan heart was touched with reverence. "Do you want to go home?" I asked. "If you want to go on up to the capital and be ordained, I will escort you." "I no longer want to be ordained. I just want to return home", he said. "I'll see that you get home, then", I told him. "But how is it that I saw those boys as I did?" He was deeply moved at this miracle and tears streamed down his cheeks. "I have been reciting the Lotus Sūtra ever since I was seven years old, and throughout the years no misfortune has ever befallen me. When I was so frightened just now, I recited it and so I suppose the ten rākṣasīs[1] must have come to my aid." These words, brought home to me, pagan though I was, the wonder and the miraculous power of Buddhist Scripture, and I was obsessed by a desire to accompany this priest to some mountain temple.

So the two of us went together, taking a small stock of food but ignoring all the other goods, which we left to the crew of my ship. "Are you mad?" they asked me, trying to make me change my mind. "How can you get converted to religion so suddenly? Has some evil spirit got into you?" But I paid no attention to them, I discarded my bow and my quiver and my swords, and I went with the priest to the mountain temple where his master lived, and took holy orders. There I perform complete recitations of the Sūtra and visit different places in the neighbourhood to carry out religious exercises. I had already been aware of the callousness of my life of crime and I had felt a slight stirring of true faith from the moment I threw into the sea that man who pleaded so desperately and cried so pathetically. And when on top of that the rākṣasīs came to help this priest, it came home to me more than ever how wonderful the Lotus Sūtra is and how much I longed to recite it. So I made a sudden break, and entered religion, as you see.'

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[1] Kishimojin (once a demon who devoured her children, cf. *US* 91, but saved by the Buddha), and nine other female divinities who protect the Lotus Sūtra.

124. (11/1) *About Aotsune ('Sir Evergreen')*[1]

Long ago, during the reign of the Emperor Murakami,[2] there was a certain scion of an old princely family who was Master of the Office of the Left Division of the Capital. Though he was fairly tall and very much the aristocrat, he looked on the whole rather stupid, and there was a certain awkwardness about him. The back of his head bulged out like a stirrup, so that the strings of his cap swung free and did not even touch his back. His face had a greenish pallor, as if it had been painted with a flower dye,[3] his eyes were sunken, and he had a very prominent bright-red nose. His lips were thin and colourless, and when he smiled his teeth protruded, showing the red of his gums. His beard was red, too, and grew very long. He had a very nasal voice, so loud that when he spoke the whole building shook. He walked with a jerky movement of his body and his shoulders. Because of his green complexion, the young gentlemen of the Court jokingly called him Aotsune no Kimi ('Sir Evergreen'). The young men mocked him so cruelly at every turn that the reports reaching the Emperor's ears could no longer be ignored, and he issued a stern reprimand. 'It is very unfair of you to make fun of this gentleman. His father the Prince would surely bear me ill-will if I were not to put a stop to such behaviour now that it has come to my attention.' The courtiers felt rather abashed at this, and came to an agreement that they would give up making fun of Aotsune, vowing as follows: 'In view of His Majesty's disapproval, we swear that henceforth anyone using the name "Aotsune" shall pay a forfeit by entertaining the rest of us to wine and fruit and whatnot.' But it was not long after they had taken this vow that Lord Horikawa,[4] who was at that time still only a Courtier in Attendance,[5] got a back view of the gentleman in question as he was walking along one day, and forgetting his promise, blurted out, 'Where is

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[1] Minamoto Kunimasa, grandson of the Emperor Daigo. [2] 946–67.

[3] A dye made from the flowers of a plant called *tsuyukusa*. Though its colour is stated in dictionaries to be *hanada-iro*, i.e., a dark blue, the meaning here is clearly 'greenish', since it is described as [illegible].

[4] Fujiwara Kanemichi, died 977, aged fifty-three.

[5] I.e., he had not yet attained the Third Court Rank.

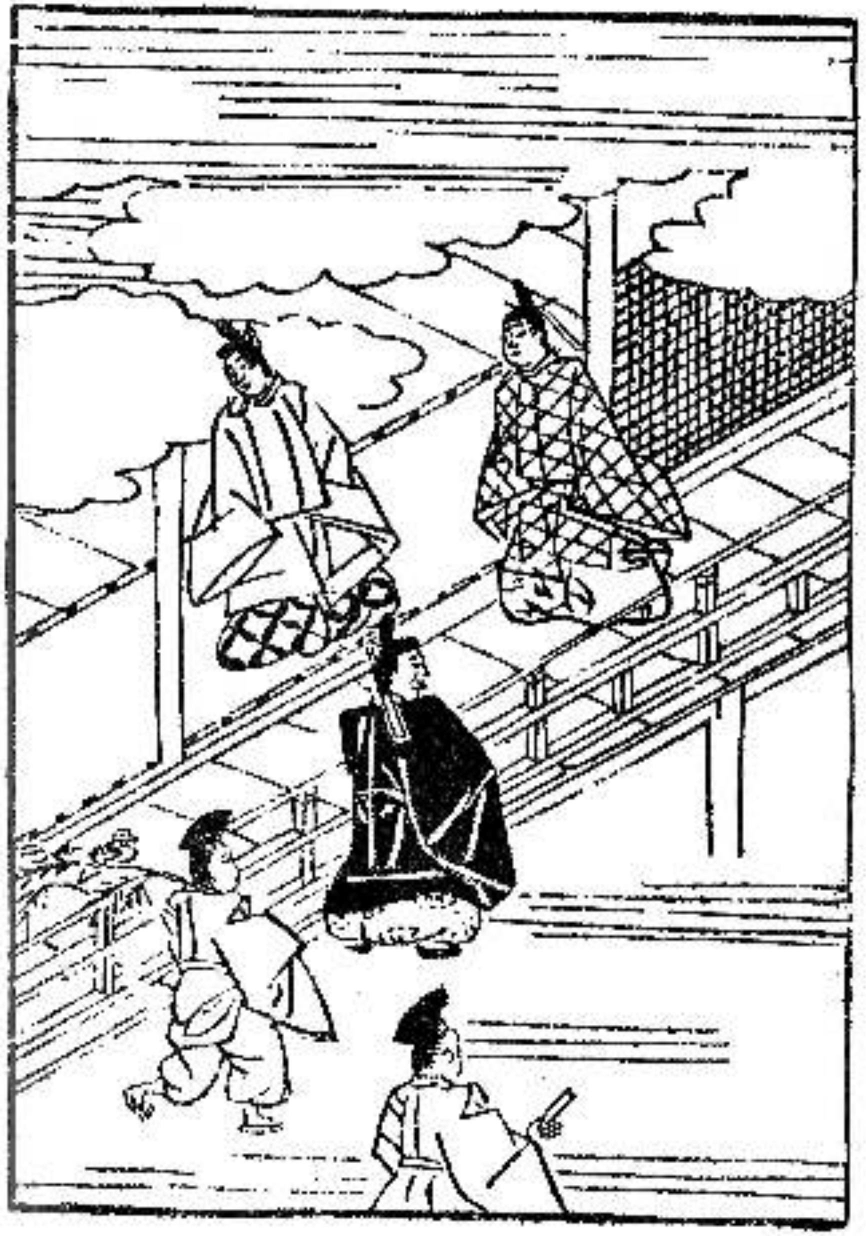

Fig. 26. Lord Horikawa paying his forfeit for using the nickname 'Sir Evergreen' (Story 124)

old[1] Sir Evergreen going?' The other courtiers crowded round, all talking to him at once. 'It's too bad of you to break your promise like this. Now you must do as we all agreed. Hurry up and send for some wine and fruit and pay forfeit.' He brushed their complaints aside and refused to do as they said, but they were so insistent that eventually he said, 'Very well, then, I'll pay my forfeit for saying "Aotsune"—let's say, the day after tomorrow. I want you all to be there then, all you gentlemen of the Court and Archivists.' And with that he walked out. When the day arrived there was not a single absentee, for everybody was anxious to see the Lord Middle Captain from Horikawa pay his forfeit, and the courtiers were all sitting in their places waiting when he appeared. He was in informal dress, his face radiant, his clothes exquisitely perfumed, and he fairly oozed charm. Below the beautiful long skirt of his robe could be seen the edge of a green under-robe, fulled to a lustrous sheen, while his trousers were also of green. He had dressed his three attendants[2] in green hunting-coats and skirts. One carried a green-painted tray bearing celadon porcelain plates heaped with greenish-yellow *boke* fruit.[3] Another brought in four or five wild pigeon attached to a stick of bamboo, while the third brought in sake in celadon porcelain jars, with green paper over the tops. At the sight of these three attendants coming one after another into the audience chamber with these things, the courtiers burst out together in one great shriek of laughter. The Emperor heard them and wanted to know the reason for such a commotion in the audience chamber. 'Kanemichi used the name "Aotsune", Your Majesty,' said one of the ladies, 'and he's paying the forfeit that they insisted on. That is what they are laughing about.' Curious to see what the forfeit was, the Emperor went to his daytime apartment and took a look through the lattice-work screen. Now he realized what the laughter was about, for Kanemichi, himself dressed in green, was paying his forfeit with foods that were all green in colour, brought in by servants who were likewise dressed in green. His Majesty himself found it a harmless and very amusing joke.

From then on, since no one made any serious attempt to reprimand them, the courtiers made fun of Aotsune more than ever.

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[1] I have attempted by the use of this slang expression to convey the effect of the Japanese *Ana Aotsune-me*.

[2] Or escorts (*zuijin*).

[3] A kind of pear.

125. (11/2) *How Yasusuke was a thief*

Long ago, the Governor of Tango, Yasumasa,[1] had a younger brother called Yasusuke who had been promoted to the Fifth Rank while still only a Lieutenant in the Military Guards.[2] He was the leader of a gang of thieves. Behind his house, which was south of Anegakōji Lane and east of Takakura Lane,[3] he had had a storehouse built, with a deep well-like pit under it. Yasusuke used to call in vendors of all sorts of things such as swords, saddles, armour, helmets, silk and other cloth, and buy their wares at the price they asked, then he would instruct a servant to pay them. 'Please come with me to the storehouse at the back', the servant would say, and the vendor would go with him in the expectation of being paid. The servant would then invite the man inside the storehouse, push him into the pit and appropriate his goods. No one who took goods to Yasusuke's house ever came away again, and though other vendors were a little suspicious, there was no one to reveal the secret, since the victims were all dead and buried.

This was not the total of Yasusuke's crimes, for he used to go all over the capital committing robberies. Although vague rumours of this got around, for some reason Yasusuke always managed to avoid being arrested.[4]

126. (11/3) *How a priest put Seimei*[5] *to the test*

A white-haired old priest once came to Seimei's house in Tsuchimikado Street[6] accompanied by two young lads of about ten. When Seimei asked him who he was, he replied, 'I came from the province of Harima, and I want to learn to be a master of divination. I heard that you are particularly expert in that art, sir, and I've come to you to learn a little about it.' 'The priest seems to be an astute fellow', thought Seimei. 'He's come here to test me. I mustn't put on a bad show for him. I'll have a little fun with him.' He concentrated as hard as he could, and making mudras[7] with his hands in his sleeves, he secretly cast a spell, praying, 'The lads with this priest must be his familiars. If they are, let them disappear.' Then, addressing the priest, he said, 'Please go away now. Later, on some auspicious day, I will teach you whatever you say you want to learn.' 'I am very honoured, sir', said the priest, joining his hands and raising them to his forehead respectfully. Then he hurried away.

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[1] For Yasumasa, see also *US* 28.

[2] Literally 'who had received the cap'. His post was one which normally carried the Sixth Rank.

[3] Anegakōji was an east–west lane south of Second Avenue and Takakura was a north–south lane in the eastern half of the city.

[4] According to *Sonpi bunmyaku*, he was arrested and committed suicide in prison.

[5] See also *US* 26 and 184.

[6] An east–west street just south of First Avenue.

[7] Originally the hand and finger positions of Buddhist statues, each with its own significance; here it means similar positions associated with Shingon magic.

Just as he was leaving, however, he stopped and began looking around in likely places such as the carriage-shelter, then he came up to Seimei and said, 'Both the lads who were with me have disappeared. I shall not go away until you give me them back.' 'My dear sir, what a queer thing to say! Why should I take away someone else's attendants?' 'You have every justification, my lord', said the crestfallen priest. 'But please let me have them back.' 'Very well, then', said Seimei. 'I took great exception to your bringing your familiars here to test me. You may put other people to this sort of test, but you can't treat Seimei like that.' He appeared to be reciting some incantation, and before long the two lads came running in from outside the gate and went up to the priest. The latter now admitted that it was true he had been testing Seimei. 'It is easy to make use of familiars,' he said, 'but to make the familiars that someone else is using disappear is a feat that is beyond me. From now on I wish to be your pupil.' And producing a name-tag from inside his robe, he gave it to Seimei.

127. (11/3 pt. ii) *How Seimei killed some frogs*

This diviner Seimei on one occasion visited the High Priest of Hirosawa,[1] and in the course of the conversation some young priests asked him, 'It is said you can make use of familiars. Are you able to strike a man dead on the spot?' 'Not very easily, but I could do it if I really tried', he replied. 'Now, things like insects I could certainly kill, without any elaborate magic. But it's a useless accomplishment, because I don't know how to bring them to life again, so that it would be a sinful thing to do.' Just then, five or six frogs hopped across the garden toward the pond, and one of the priests said, 'Just kill one of those, then we can see how it is done, sir.' 'What a wicked idea! Still, since you're testing my powers, I will demonstrate how to kill one', said Seimei, and plucking some blades of grass, he appeared to be reciting

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[1] Died 998, aged eighty-four. The son of an Imperial prince. Hirosawa is the name of a pond in Saga, to the west of Kyoto. This same man also appears in US 176, where he is called the High Priest Kancho, of the Henjo-ji.

some spell and then threw the grass at the frog. When the grass landed on it, the frog fell flat and lay there dead. The sight made the priests blanch with horror.

I expect that when there were no servants in the house Seimei employed familiars, for even without any servants the shutters got raised and lowered and the gate closed.

128. (11/4) *How the Governor of Kawachi, Yorinobu,*[1] *attacked Taira Tadatsune*[2]

Long ago, when the Governor of Kawachi, Yorinobu, was Governor of Kōzuke, there was a warrior in the Eastland named Taira Tadatsune who gave not the slightest heed to Imperial commands, and in order to bring him into submission Yorinobu raised a large force and marched on the place where Tadatsune was living. He found, however, that the house was built on the opposite side of a creek which extended far inland. To go round the creek would take seven or eight days, but if a direct crossing were made an attack could be mounted that same day. Tadatsune had had all ferry-boats taken away and concealed, so that there was no way to cross.

The troops stood on the beach, convinced that they would have to follow the shoreline round till they reached the other side. But the Governor of Kōzuke said, 'Going right round by the seashore to attack the enemy will take several days. Meanwhile he may get away or prepare some good defence against our attack. If we attack before today is out, he will be taken by surprise and thrown into confusion. But all the boats have been removed and hidden. What can we do?' His men replied, 'There is no way for you to cross, sir. You will have to go round before you can attack.' 'Surely there must be someone among my troops who knows a way', said Yorinobu. 'This is the very first time I have been in the Eastland. But in my family tradition there is some mention of a path that leads straight across under this creek, some kind of dike about ten feet wide. The water is said to be no deeper than would come up to the underbelly of a horse. This path must be situated somewhere in this area. But surely there must be someone among all these troops who knows it. If so, let him go first and I will follow him over.' So saying, he urged his mount on toward the water, whereupon four or five horsemen who presumably knew the path rode down into the sea and began steadily to ford the creek, followed by the rest of the force, some five or six hundred horsemen. Sure enough, the water did only come up to the horses' bellies.

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[1] Son of Tada Mitsunaka (see US 44). He is variously said to have died at the age of sixty in 1029 or at the age of eighty-one in 1046.

[2] He rebelled in 1028 and was defeated in 1031, dying in the same year.

Among all this great number of soldiers, there had been no more than a handful[1] who knew this path. The others as they crossed whispered to each other in great awe, 'We didn't know of this path at all, we'd never even heard of it. This is the very first time the Governor has been in this district and we come from families who have lived here for generations, but we'd never even heard of the path and he knew about it. That's the kind of thing that makes him such a first-class soldier.' Tadatsune was meanwhile calmly getting his army ready. 'Yorinobu will have to make a detour round the creek to get here,' he thought, 'because the boats have all been hidden, and as for the ford, I am the only one who knows anything about that. He will not be able to cross directly. And while he is going round by the shoreline, I shall be able to make some preparations or get away. He won't find it easy to attack me.' Suddenly the servants around the house came running in in great agitation, and in voices that shook with fright shouted, 'Lord Kōzuke is here. He has led a great army over a ford across the creek. What will you do, sir?' 'So my plans have gone wrong and I'm on the point of being attacked', said Tadatsune. 'Here's how I'm going to get ready and greet him.' And he at once wrote his name on a tag as a sign of surrender, held it up in a letter-holder,[2] and sent out a retainer in a small boat to meet Yorinobu and present the tag to him. The watching Yorinobu ordered a servant to accept the tag. 'If he has sent his name-tag like this with a statement admitting his guilt, that means he has surrendered', he said. 'In that case, we ought not to press home the attack.' Taking the letter, he turned his horse, and his whole army retired. Thereafter he gained a greater reputation than ever as a man of exceptional distinction.

129. (11/5) *How the Retired Emperor Shirakawa's*[3] *guards held a mock provincial governor's procession*

Again, long ago, when the Retired Emperor Shirakawa was living in the Toba Palace,[4] his guards were commanded to organise a mock

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[1] The text says 'about three'. I have changed this to avoid the contradiction with the 'four or five' mentioned earlier. [2] A kind of forked stick. [3] Abdicated in 1086.

[4] A detached palace built in 1087 in Toba, just south of the city. Used first by Shirakawa and then by Toba.

procession representing a provincial governor on the way to his province. Hisataka,[1] the Director of the Bureau of Buddhism and Aliens, was to play the role of the governor, wearing semi-formal Court dress.[2] The other fifth-rankers were to be outriders, and officials of the various divisions of the Guards were to be quiver-bearers. Since the Retired Emperor was going to watch, everybody dressed up in brocade and Chinese embossed silk, each one determined not to be outdone by any other. The Lieutenant of the Gate Guards of the Left, Minamoto Yukitō,[3] was particularly anxious to shine, and afraid that some of the effect would be lost if he were to put in an appearance too soon, he went to the house of a friend near the Palace and instructed one of his retainers to go and keep an eye on the procession from near the Palace. Time went on and the retainer still had not come back. 'Whatever can the delay be?' Yukitō wondered as he waited. 'The show was due to start at eight o'clock in the morning, and however much delay there was the procession ought to be going past between twelve and two.' Just then he heard someone at the gate shouting, 'Oh, it was such a fine sight! such a fine sight!' He thought the man was talking about the procession as it approached the Palace. But the man went on, 'Lord Hisataka was absolutely splendid as the Governor.' —'The Fujiwara Officer of the Left Gate Guards wore brocade'— 'The Minamoto Lieutenant of the Military Guards wore an embroidered robe with a gold pattern.'

Not understanding what all this was about, Yukitō called out, 'Hey, you there!' and in came the man who had been sent 'to keep an eye on the procession', fairly beaming with pleasure. 'There has never been a spectacle like it, sir', he said. 'The Kamo Festival is nothing compared to this. The sight as they all moved past the Imperial viewing-stand was almost too much for the eye to take in.' 'What is happening now, then?' asked Yukitō. 'It is all over, sir.' 'What? Why didn't you come and warn me?' 'What do you mean, sir? You told me to go and keep an eye on the procession, and keep an eye on it I did, sir—never so much as blinked.' Yukitō was quite speechless.

Presently, the following communication came from the Retired Emperor: 'Yukitō's absence from the parade is outrageous. Put him under house arrest.' And there he remained, they say, for about three weeks, until the Retired Emperor finally heard the whole story, which he found very funny. Then Yukitō was released from confinement.

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[1] Identity unknown. The name is given in *Jikkinshō* as Hisanori.

[2] See note 1 on p. 206.

[3] Mentioned in the *Honchō seiki* under the year 1089.

130. (11/6) *About the Archivist-and-Sometime-Respondent*[1] *and the dragon in Sarusawa Pond*

Again, long ago there was a priest in Nara known as the Archivist-and-Sometime-Respondent Ein. Having a long red nose, he was called 'the big-nosed Archivist-and-Sometime-Respondent', and later, since that was too long, 'The Nosed Archivist'. In the end, he came to be referred to always as 'the Nosed Arch.'.[2]

Once, when a young man, he set up a notice by Sarusawa Pond to announce that on a certain date a dragon would soar up out of the pond. It caused a great stir and everyone was determined to see this sight—the young, the old, the noble—in fact everyone who passed that way. The Nosed Archivist was secretly amused, thinking it a fine joke. 'Everyone is getting excited about something that's nothing but a trick on my part. What fools!' he said to himself. But he pretended to know nothing about it, so as to carry the hoax through to the end. Time went by, the month he had specified came round, and people began flocking in to Nara, for the rumour had spread throughout Yamato and even into Kawachi, Izumi and Settsu. 'Why are they flocking in like this?' Ein pondered. 'There must be some explanation. I don't understand.' But he went on pretending to know nothing about the matter. On the appointed day, the roads were completely jammed with jostling crowds.

At the stated time, Ein thought to himself, 'This is no ordinary business. Even though it is only a trick on my part, there must be something more to it than that. I'd better go and see—perhaps the thing will happen after all.' And pulling his robe over his head, he made his way to the pond. It was quite impossible to get near. He went up to the top of the steps of the Great South Gate of the Kōfuku-ji and waited expectantly for a dragon to soar. But none did, of course—how could there have been one? The sun went down.[3]

Darkness fell, and since he could not simply stay where he was, he began to make his way home. He had just come to a single-log bridge when he met a blind man crossing from the other side. 'Oh, this is dangerous. His eyes are dim (i.e. he's blind)', exclaimed Ein. At once the blind man retorted, 'No, you're wrong. What you mean is "It's nose-dark" (i.e. you can't even see the tip of your nose).' The story is that he had no idea Ein was called 'Nosed-Arch.', but had come out with this about 'nose-dark' because of Ein's talk of eyes being dim, and it had amusingly enough fitted in with Ein's nickname.

131. (11/7) *How a woman was given Kannon's curtain at the Kiyomizu-dera*

Long ago, there was a certain woman with no means of livelihood who persistently went to worship at Kiyomizu. Years went by, however, without any sign of an answer to her prayers. Her poverty grew worse and worse until in the end she drifted aimlessly away from the place where she had always lived and became a vagabond. Crying bitterly, she wailed reproachfully to Kannon and begged: 'Whatever my karma in previous lives, I beseech you to grant me some small favour.' Then one night as she lay prostrate before the statue she dreamt that she received this message from Kannon: 'You are so persistent that I feel sorry for you. Yet you do not merit any favours at all, which grieves me deeply. You are therefore to have this', and with that she saw the curtain that had hung before the statue being placed in front of her, carefully folded up. Waking from her dream, she saw by the light of the votive lamp the curtain lying folded up before her, just as it had been in the dream. 'So Kannon really does have nothing to give me but this', she reflected, and saddened by the full realization of her lot, she cried, 'I will not accept this. If I had any means at all, I should like to embroider the curtain for you with brocade. But I cannot leave here with nothing but your curtain as a gift. I am giving it back to you.' And she pushed it through the lattice-work dog-screen and left it.

Later she had a second dream. 'It is very wrong of you to reject and hand back what I wish to give you', she was told, and a second time she was given the curtain. When she awoke to find it there as before she cried bitterly and once more returned it. Three times she returned the gift in this way, and each time it was given to her again. In the end she was warned that to return it yet again would be an insult, and fearing that some priest of the temple who did not know the circumstances might suspect her of having stolen the curtain, she put it into the front of her robe and left the temple while it was still dark.

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[1] A priest who as a layman had been an Archivist and had had the experience of taking part as a Respondent (i.e., with the function of answering the doctrinal questions posed) at the following services: the Yuima-e and the Hokke-e at the Kōfuku-ji and the Saishō-e at the Yakushi-ji. The reference here may be to a priest who took part in Uji.

[2] The three forms of his nickname are in Japanese *Ōhana no kurōdo tokugō*, *hana-kurōdo* and *hana-kura* (*kura* is the first part of the word *kurando*, now pronounced *kurōdo*).

[3] This story is the basis of Akutagawa's *Ryū*, which is a good example of his technique of keeping his readers guessing. He does not say there was a dragon, but at the same time he does not, like the original, say that there was not.

Wondering what to do with the curtain, she spread it out to examine it, and it occurred to her, since she had no decent clothes, to make herself a robe out of it. Once she had done so and began wearing the robe, everyone seeing her, men and women alike, treated her sympathetically, and she received many gifts from people who were utter strangers to her. Even when involved in lawsuits with important people, she would go with this robe on to present her case to some nobleman who was a complete stranger and always she would win her case. In this way, she received gifts from people and gained the love of a good man and lived a very happy life.

And so she kept the robe carefully, always taking it out to wear when there was some crisis in her affairs and always finding herself successful.

132. (11/8) *How Norimitsu*[1] *cut down some thieves*

Long ago, there lived a former Governor of Mutsu named Tachibana Norimitsu, the father of a former Governor of Suruga, Suemichi.[2] Although not from a military family, he was highly respected, and possessed quite extraordinary physical strength. He was very well thought of.

Once, in his young days, when he was an Assistant Captain in the Military Guards and an Archivist with the Fifth Rank,[3] he was on his way from his post in the Palace to visit a lady and, armed only with a sword and attended by only a single page, he was walking southward along Omiya Street[4] when he thought he saw someone standing under the outer wall of the Palace, and he felt a thrill of apprehension as he passed by. Since it was very late, and the moon, which would not be full for about a week yet, was low down by the western hills, the Palace wall, on the western side of the road, was in deep shadow and it was not easy to spot anybody standing by it. But then he heard a voice over by the wall calling to him. 'Hey, that fellow going by out there—stop! There are some noble young gentlemen here and you can't pass.' 'I was right', thought Norimitsu, and quickening his pace, he walked on. 'You there, do you think you can get away like that?' he heard the voice say, and someone came running after him. Looking down at the ground, he could not make out any shadow of a bow, but he could see the glint of a sword, and thankful that his assailants were not armed with bows, he took to his heels in headlong flight.

As they pursued him, he half expected his head to be cut off any minute. Suddenly he darted to one side and his pursuer, running so fast that he could not stop, went on past him. Norimitsu let him go by, then drawing his sword he slashed at the man, who fell face downward, his skull split in two. Just as Norimitsu was congratulating himself, another man dashed up shouting, 'What have you done with him?' There was not even time for Norimitsu to sheathe his sword. He simply tucked it under his arm and ran. 'This fellow knows what he's about', cried the newcomer, and rushed after him. He had a better turn of speed than the previous man and Norimitsu realized that he could not hope to trick him in the same way. Suddenly he crouched down and the other man was running so fast that he tripped over him and fell headlong. Instantly Norimitsu was up and on him, and before he could get up, Norimitsu had split this second assailant's head open.

That, he thought, would be that—but there had been three of the men, and now the remaining one shouted, 'I'm not letting you get away like that. You've done far too much already!' and began doggedly to chase Norimitsu, who felt sure that now he would be killed, and prayed to the Gods and Buddhas to save him. Holding his sword as if it were a spear, he suddenly turned to face his onrushing assailant, and carefully choosing his mark, ran at him and struck. The man tried to retaliate with his sword, but he had gone up so close to Norimitsu that the sword did not even slit his coat. Since Norimitsu had held his own sword like a spear, the other man was caught on it and it went right through him. When Norimitsu pulled it out by the handle, the man collapsed face upward on the ground, where with one slash Norimitsu severed his sword-arm from his shoulder.

Norimitsu now hurried away from the scene, and listened for signs of any other men, but hearing no one, he ran around to the Middle Gate[5] and entered the Palace compound, where he stood waiting under a pillar, wondering what had happened to his page. Just then the page came back up Omiya Street in tears, and greatly relieved when Norimitsu called him, the lad came running up and was sent to Norimitsu's duty-post to fetch a change of clothes. Having changed, Norimitsu gave the now blood-spattered robe and trousers which he had been wearing to the page with instructions to hide them, made him promise not to say a word about what had happened, cleaned up his blood-stained sword, and then with an air of complete unconcern returned to his post and went to bed.

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[1] His exact dates are not known, but there is evidence in contemporary records that he was active in the first thirty-five years of the eleventh century. His son Suemichi died in 1060.

[2] Figures in UM 27.

[3] *Eji no kurōdo*. Note that he was a *goi no kurōdo*, i.e., his appointment to the Fifth Rank was not the kind of dead-end or 'consolation prize' described in note 2 on p. 176.

[4] This ran along the east side of the Palace.

[5] Nakamikado, the main gate on the eastern side of the Palace compound.

The whole night long he was in a ferment of apprehension lest it should come out that he was responsible for the deaths of these men. Next morning the place buzzed with excited talk about the affair. 'There are three big fellows lying out in Ōmiya Street near the Ōi Gate,[1] all cut down within a few yards of each other. It must have been quite a swordsman who did that! You might think they'd killed each other, but you can see they were all killed by the same kind of stroke. It could have been some enemy[2] of theirs who did it. But they look very much like thieves.' 'Come on', said the courtiers. 'Let's go and see for ourselves', and off they went. Norimitsu would have preferred not to go but he was afraid that it would arouse suspicion if he did not, and so, reluctantly, he accompanied them.

They all piled into carriages and drove off to the scene of the killings, where they found that the bodies had not been moved. Nearby was a bushy-bearded man of forty-odd, standing in a cocksure attitude and pointing this way and that as he held forth. He wore a skirt of plain material, a rather shabby lined hunting-jacket of dark blue, and an undershirt of badly-faded yellow silk. He had boots on over monkey-skin socks and wore a sword with a scabbard covered in bristling boar's fur.

While they were wondering who he was, a lackey came hurrying up to them and said, 'That man says he was attacked by some thieves and killed them himself.' Norimitsu was very glad to hear of the man's boasts, but a courtier who was riding in the front of his carriage ordered the lackey to bring the man over so that they could question him about the affair. The lackey hurried off and returned with the man, who turned out to have bushy side-whiskers, a jutting upturned chin and a long pendulous nose. A red-bearded fellow, with bloodshot eyes, he knelt on one knee with one hand on the hilt of his sword.

'We want you to tell us what happened', said the courtier. 'I was going along the road about midnight last night,' he replied, 'when just as I was passing this spot, three men came chasing after me, yelling, "Hey you, do you think you can get by us?" They looked to me like thieves, so I faced up to them and floored them all. But now I've seen

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[1] Another name for the Ikubo Gate, the gate south of the Middle Gate. (See preceding note.)

[2] Someone who wished to avenge some insult or injury.

them this morning, I realize that they were people who perhaps had some grudge against me and so must have tried to get their own back by killing me. So I split the scoundrels' heads open, as you see.' As he told his story, he kept getting up and sitting down and pointing with his fingers. 'And then, and then . . .?' people asked, and he became more and more excited over his tale. By now, with someone else taking the responsibility, Norimitsu was able to hold his head up and look around. He had been secretly afraid that it would be obvious that he had killed the men, but since someone else had come forward claiming to have done it, he left him to take the responsibility. That is the story as he told it to his children in his old age.

133. (11/9) *How a priest falsely stated that he would drown himself*

Again, long ago there was a priest who announced that he was going to drown himself in the Katsura River.[1] First he spent one hundred days at the Gidarin-ji[2] reciting the Ritual of Repentance.[3] The roads were packed with people who came from far and near, and there was a constant stream of carriages back and forth bearing ladies who wished to get a glimpse of the holy man.

What they saw was a slender priest of thirty-odd, who never looked anyone in the eye. His eyes closed, he would occasionally speak the name of Amida Buddha. The rest of the time he was simply moving his lips, evidently likewise in invocation of the Buddha. Occasionally, too, he would heave a sigh and survey the faces of the crowd, and the mass of people who were trying to catch his eye would all push this way and that and jostle each other.

Early in the morning on the appointed day, he was already in the temple, and the other priests, who had entered before him, now filed out in a long procession. At the very end came our priest, wearing a paper robe and stole, and riding in a cart. He was saying something or other, for his lips were moving. He avoided everyone's eyes, and from time to time heaved great sighs. The spectators ranged along the road as he passed scattered rice over him like showers of hail. 'Look here, I can't stand that. It gets into my eyes and up my nose', the holy man kept calling out, 'If you want to show good will, put it into a paper bag or something and send it to where I live.' In spite of this, the lower-class people still joined their hands and adored him. But some of the more intelligent people whispered to each other, 'Why does he say that? Seeing that he is going to plunge into the water soon, it's very peculiar for him to be saying things like "Send it to Gidarin" or "I can't stand that, it gets into my eyes and up my nose".'

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[1] Runs through the western outskirts of Kyoto, then turns east to join the Kamo.

[2] East of the edge of the city, at the end of the street leading east from the Middle Gate (i.e., Nakamikado Street).

[3] A penitential service over the sins of the six senses (eye, ear, nose, tongue, body and mind), at which the Lotus Sutra was recited.

On and on they drove, until they came to the end of Seventh Avenue. Here even bigger crowds had collected to pay their respects to this holy man who was going to drown himself than there had been in the capital—more people than there were stones in the river-bed. The cart was driven to the river-bank and the shafts set on a stand. 'What time is it?' asked the holy man. 'It is past four o'clock', replied the priests accompanying him. 'It is too early yet for me to go to Paradise', he said. 'Wait a little, till the sun goes down.'

People who had come from some distance grew tired of waiting and began to go home, so that not many spectators were left by the river, only a few who were determined to watch till the end. Among them was a priest who said, 'I don't understand this. How can one fix a time for being reborn in Paradise?'

Eventually the holy man stripped to his loincloth, and facing west, went splashing into the river. He did not plunge right in, however, but floundered about with his foot hooked in a rope on the gunwale of the boat. His disciples unhooked the rope and he fell in head first, spluttering and gurgling. A man who had come down off the bank and was standing in the river to get a good view took the holy man's hand and pulled him up. The holy man wiped the water from his face and coughed up the water he had swallowed, then he turned toward the man who had pulled him up and, wringing his hands in gratitude, cried, 'I am deeply indebted to you. I shall remember you when I am in Paradise.' With that, he scrambled up the bank, and as he did so, all the people in the crowd and the little boys picked up stones from the river bed and pelted him with them. Still wearing nothing but a loincloth, he ran off downstream along the river-bank with the whole crowd taking turns at flinging stones at him, till in the end his head was split open.

It is likely that it was this same priest who they say sent some melons from Yamato to a friend and wrote on the outside of the accompanying letter 'The holy man who once went to drown himself'.

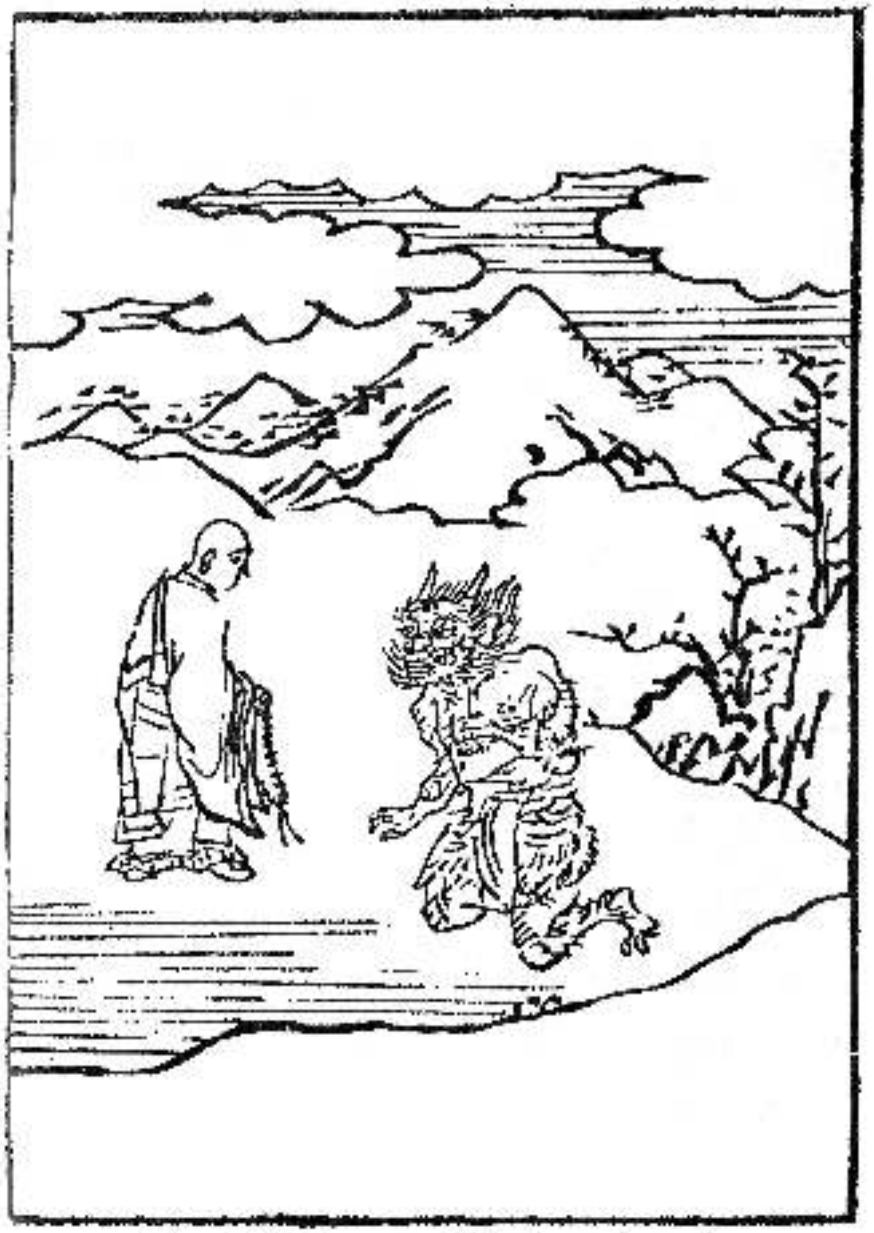

Fig. 27. Nichizō's encounter with the demon (Story 134)

134. (11/10) *How the Venerable Nichizō*[1] *met a demon in the mountains at Yoshino*[2]

The Venerable Nichizō from the mountain temple at Yoshino was once wandering about deep in the heart of the Yoshino mountains performing his rites when he encountered a demon. It was seven feet tall, with a body that was dark-blue all over and with fiery-red hair. Its neck was scraggy and the bones of its chest stuck out sharply, its belly was distended and its legs were thin. It was wringing its hands in despair and wailing loudly.

'What is the matter?' asked Nichizō, and the demon replied, in a voice choked with tears, 'A long time ago—some four or five hundred years—I was a man. But I died bearing ill-will to someone and so now I am a demon, as you can see. Well, I got what I wanted and killed my enemy. I have killed everyone in his family—his children, his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren and his great-great-grandchildren—and now there is no one left to kill. So now I should like to find out in what form they have been reborn, in order to kill them again. But I cannot trace all their re-incarnations, and I have no way of killing them. The flames of anger still burn within me as before, but my enemy's descendants have died out, so that I am left alone to endure this unbearable agony, consumed by the scorching fires of my everlasting anger. But for such feelings, I might have been reborn in Paradise or in some Heaven. Because I bore such exceptional malice, however, I have been reborn in this form and must suffer agonies throughout untold millions of kalpas—oh, what an unbearably sad fate! The malice I bore to others has in the end come back on myself. My enemy's descendants are no more, but my life is never-ending. Had I known before that this would happen, I should not have continued to bear malice.' As he was speaking, he wailed and sobbed bitterly. Meanwhile, flames gradually began to shoot out of his head. Then he walked off into the recesses of the mountains.

Nichizō, they say, was so moved that he performed a variety of rites on behalf of the demon to help nullify his sins.

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[1] A celebrated practitioner of esoteric Buddhism, one of the figures whose biographies appear in the *Honchō shinsenden*. He died in 985 at an age reported to be over one hundred. A member of the Miyoshi family, he was as a priest first called Dōken but a miraculous revelation led to the changing of his name to Nichizō.

[2] Yoshino is noted, along with the adjacent Ōmine range, as a centre of the occult practices known as *shugendō*.

135. (11/11) *How the Governor of Tango, Yasumasa, on the way to his province, met the father of Munetsune*

Again, long ago, when the Governor of Tango, Yasumasa,[1] was going down from the capital to his province he met a white-haired old warrior by Mt Yosa.[2] The old man had halted his horse under a tree just off the road. The Governor's retainers shouted, 'Why hasn't this old man dismounted? This is outrageous. Pull him off and give him a dressing-down.' Here the Governor intervened to say, 'Judging from the way he sits that horse, he's the kind of warrior that's worth a thousand men. He's no ordinary man. You are not to reprimand him.' And the procession rode past. A few hundred yards further on they were met by Munetsune the Crackshot, a Lieutenant in the Left Division of the Outer Palace Guards,[3] with a large body of troops. As the Governor greeted him, Munetsune said, 'I expect you will have met an old man hereabouts, sir. That is my father, Heigodayū.[4] He's a countryman through and through and doesn't know his etiquette, so I expect he behaved very rudely.' When Munetsune had gone, Yasumasa is reported to have said, 'It's just as I thought'.

136. (11/12) *About the merit of entering religion*

Again, long ago there was a Roadside Guardian Deity in Tsukushi[5] called the Guardian Deity of Tōsaka.[6] One night an itinerant priest was sheltering in this deity's shrine when at about midnight he heard someone ride by with a great clatter of hooves. 'Is the deity there?' a voice asked. As the priest listened in amazement, a voice from within the shrine replied, 'I am here'. Still more astonished, the priest went on listening. 'Are you going to the Muzō-ji tomorrow?' 'No. What is going to happen?' 'Don't you know? Tomorrow Brahmā and

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[1] Figures also in *US* 28 and 125.

[2] The pass between Tamba and Tango.

[3] *Ōya no saemon no jō Munetsune*. A Taira. According to *Sonpi bunmyaku*, he died in 1079, aged forty-two, but there is obviously some mistake. There is mention of a 'Saemon no jō Taira Munetsune' in *Nihon kiryaku*, under the year 1031.

[4] Taira Muneyori. His nickname means 'the Taira Fifth Son of the Fifth Rank'. He was reckoned, along with Minamoto Yorinobu (see *US* 128), Fujiwara Yasumasa and Taira Korehira, as one of the four greatest warriors of his time (*shitennō*).

[5] Modern Kyushu.

[6] The location of this place, and of the Muzō-ji, is obscure.

Indra and all the devas[1] and the Dragon God[2] are meeting at the Muzō-ji because a new Buddha is supposed to be appearing there.' 'I hadn't heard that. Thank you very much for telling me. How could I possibly miss that? I shall make a point of going.' 'Right, then, the ceremony will be at 10 a.m. tomorrow. Be sure to come. I look forward to seeing you.'

When he heard this, the priest thought to himself, 'I was planning to move on tomorrow, but I must see this first', and the moment dawn broke he went to the Muzō-ji. There was no sign of any new Buddha, however. It was much quieter than usual, and no one was about. 'There's more to this than meets the eye', he thought, and he remained before the Buddha, waiting for ten o'clock to come. As he sat there wondering what was wrong, for in a little while it would be ten o'clock, an old man of about seventy walked up, leaning on a stick. His back was so bent that he looked even shorter than he was, and he wore a soft cap pulled carelessly on to his head, which except for a few white hairs here and there was bald. Behind him was a nun carrying a small black tub containing something that the priest could not identify. Together they went into the temple, where the man prostrated himself two or three times before the Buddha and vigorously rubbed his great long rosary of soapberry beads, then the nun placed the little tub she was carrying at his side and went off saying, 'I will call His Reverence.'

Soon a priest of about sixty arrived, and after making obeisance to the Buddha, he asked why they had sent for him. 'I am so old that I may die any day, and so I wish to shave these few remaining white hairs and become your disciple,' said the old man. Rubbing his eyes, the priest said, 'This is a real miracle. Let us make haste, then, let us make haste.' It turned out that the tub contained hot water, and having washed the old man's head, the priest shaved it and administered the vows, then with further obeisance to the Buddha, he went away. After which, nothing else out of the ordinary happened.

So you see, it was out of rejoicing over this old man's entering the priesthood that a throng of heavenly deities had gathered—that's what was meant by the talk of a new Buddha appearing. It is nothing new that when a person enters religion he earns merit according to his circumstances. But this incident helps us realize how much greater is the merit earned when a young person in the prime of life finds true faith and enters religion in the manner appropriate to his circumstances.

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[1] All the deities belonging to the [illegible], the eighteen heavens of form and the four of formlessness.

[2] Again, a deity (*nāga-rāja*) who protects Buddhism.

137. (12/1) *How Bodhidharma*[1] *observed the religious practices of some Indian priests*

There was once a monastery in India with a large number of residen priests. When the Venerable Bodhidharma visited it and watched the priests at their devotions, he found in some rooms a variety of rites being performed, such as meditation on the Buddha or recitation of the sūtras. In one, however, he found only two aged priests, a good eighty or ninety years old, sitting playing checkers. There was no image of the Buddha and no sign of a sūtra. They were doing nothing but play checkers. Leaving the room, Bodhidharma made inquiries of another priest, who told him, 'Those two old priests have done nothing but play checkers ever since their young days. Never do you hear them even mention the Law of Buddha. For that reason the other priests here have nothing but contempt for them and refuse to have any contact with them. They do nothing in return for the offerings they receive. They behave as if they held some other faith than Buddhism.'

Bodhidharma felt on hearing this that there must be some explanation, and he went and sat down beside these old priests to observe the way they played checkers. One of them was standing up, the other was sitting down. Suddenly Bodhidharma saw the first one vanish, which puzzled him very much, but now the priest who had been standing suddenly reappeared and sat down, while the one who had been sitting down suddenly vanished, then, as Bodhidharma watched, reappeared. Now Bodhidharma knew he was right, and said, 'I was told that you did nothing but play checkers, but I see that you are holy men who have gained enlightenment. May I ask what is the reason for what you are doing?' 'We have done nothing but this for years', they replied. 'But when black wins we say that worldly passions have conquered and we grieve, when white wins, we say that enlightenment has conquered, and we rejoice. In all our games we hope for black, that is worldly passions, to lose and for white, that is enlightenment, to win. And through the merit gained from these games we have achieved enlightenment.' Leaving the room, Bodhidharma told the other priests what he had learned, and everybody now regretted having for years been contemptuous of these two priests, and came to have great reverence for them.

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[1] Known in Japan as Daruma. Born an Indian prince in the fifth century A.D., he went to China, where he founded the Ch'an (Zen) sect.

138. (12/2) *How the Bodhisattva Deva*[1] *went to visit the Bodhisattva Nāgārjuna*[2]

There once lived in Western India a holy priest called the Bodhisattva Nāgārjuna, a man of the most profound wisdom. There lived in Central India a holy priest called the Bodhisattva Deva, who had heard how profound was the wisdom of Nāgārjuna and went to Western India to meet him. As he stood at Nāgārjuna's gate about to ask admittance, one of Nāgārjuna's disciples came up and asked him who he was. Deva replied that he had come from far off in Central India, braving all manner of dangers and difficulties, because he had heard how profound was the wisdom of the Great Teacher, and he asked the disciple to convey this information to his master. When the disciple gave the message to his master, Nāgārjuna filled a small box with water and sent it out. Deva understood his meaning, dropped into the water a needle which he took from the collar of his coat and sent the box back. When he saw this, Nāgārjuna was greatly startled. 'Quick, let him in', he said, he had the room swept out, and Deva was shown in.

The disciple was mystified. When his master had sent Deva some water, he had thought it a way of saying, 'You must be tired after having come such a long way. Please quench your thirst.' But when the man had returned the water with a needle in it, the Great Teacher had been startled and shown great reverence towards him. This he found difficult to understand, and so later he asked his master what it meant. 'When I gave him some water,' answered Nāgārjuna, 'it meant "My wisdom is like the water inside a small box, and I wish you to float on this water the wisdom which has made you endure a journey of ten thousand leagues to visit me." The holy priest was instinctively able to divine my meaning, and in sending the water back with a needle in it, he meant, "With my wisdom, which is of no more account than a needle, I shall plumb the depths of the great sea of your wisdom." Though you have been my followers for years, you were not able to see what I meant and had to ask. This holy priest had come here for the first time, and yet he knew my meaning. That is the difference between possessing wisdom and not possessing it.'

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[1] Daiba bosatsu. Celebrated, along with his teacher Nāgārjuna as founder of the Mādhyamika (Middle Doctrine) School, which later, in China, became the Three Treatises (in Japanese, Sanron) School.

[2] Ryūju bosatsu. Died 294 B.C.

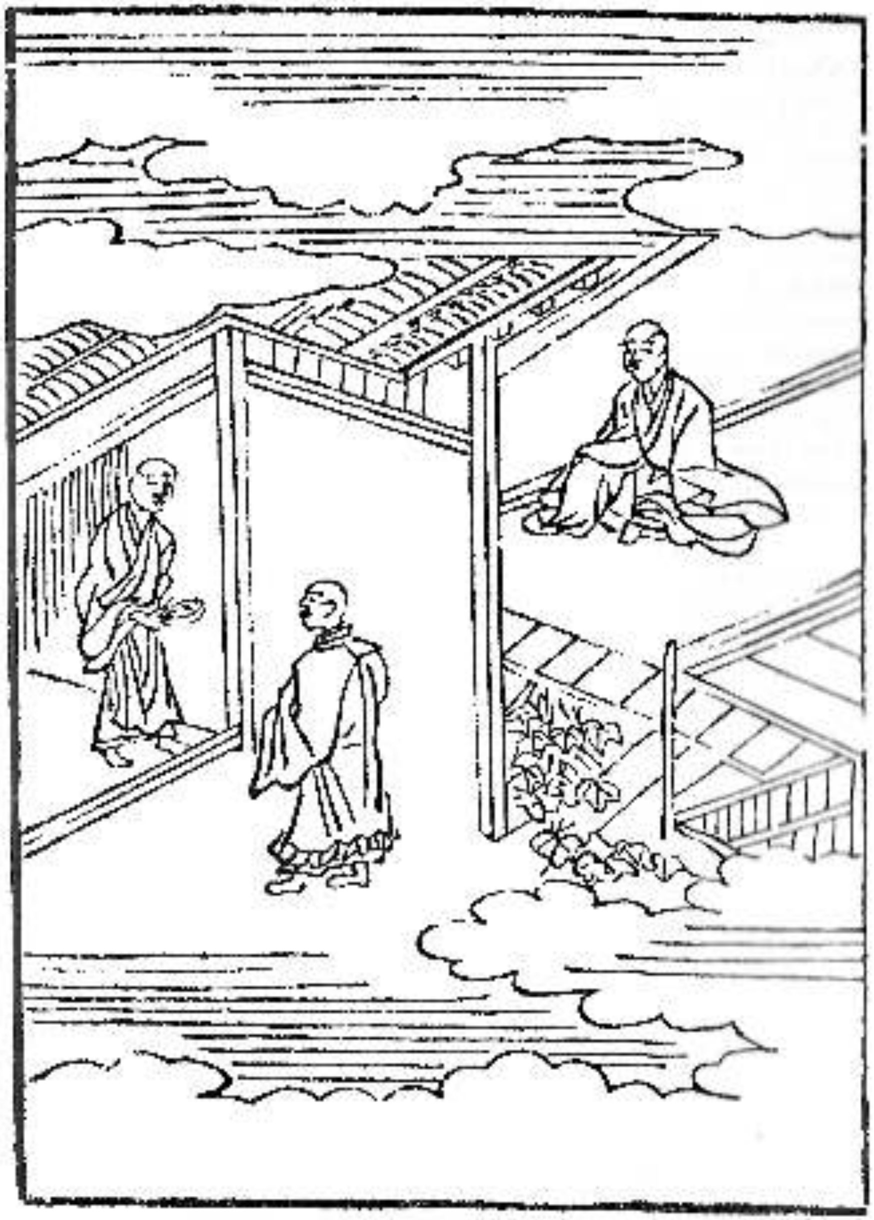

Fig. 28. Nāgārjuna sending out a box filled with water to test his visitor Deva (Story 138)

Deva, they say, now acquired knowledge of the scriptures from Nāgārjuna 'to the last drop', as if he were pouring water from one vase to another. He then returned to Central India.

139. (12/3) *How the High Priest Jie*[1] *postponed a ceremony of ordination*

While the High Priest Jie, that is Ryōgen, was Abbot of Tendai, he was on his way one day to a ceremony of ordination (it was a normal day for the ceremony, the usual preparations had been made and people were awaiting his arrival) when he suddenly turned and went back to his quarters. His attendants were unable to fathom why he had done this, and all the participants in the ceremony and other priests criticized him severely. 'When a ceremony as important as this has been arranged for a particular day, it is not right for the Lord Abbot to postpone it at the last moment and for no special reason.' A Yokawa dignitary was sent to inform all the candidates from all parts of the country who were anticipating being ordained that the ordination ceremony that day was postponed, that fresh arrangements would be made and the ceremony would be held on another day. 'Why has His Reverence called off the ceremony?' he was asked. 'I have no idea', said the messenger. 'He simply told me to rush over and give you his message.' The crowd dispersed, wondering what it was all about.

And then at about two in the afternoon a gale blew up and the South Gate[2] suddenly collapsed. Now people realized that the reason the Abbot had postponed the ceremony was that he had foreseen this happening—and they were ecstatic in their praise of him, knowing now that if the ceremony had proceeded, hundreds of people would have been killed.

140. (12/4) *How His Eminence the Secretary*[3] *found a Buddhist-priest-cum-diviner wearing a paper hat and tore it up*

There was once a person known as Jakushin, His Eminence the Secretary. A man whose religious faith was firm as a rock, he considered that the most meritorious act one could perform was to build chapels and pagodas, and he used to go around soliciting donations for this purpose. Once he was in Harima to fetch some timber when he came across a Buddhist-priest-cum-diviner who had on a paper cap and was performing a Shinto ritual of purification. In great agitation Jakushin dismounted and went up to the man to ask him what he was doing. 'I am performing a purification ritual', he was told. 'What have you got that cap on for?' Jakushin asked. 'I'm just wearing it for a short while during my purification rites, because the gods of the purification hall[1] abhor Buddhist priests.' At this Jakushin broke into loud lamentations and set upon the diviner, who was absolutely dumbfounded. 'What are you attacking me for?' he cried, breaking off his ritual. Equally bewildered were the people who had engaged the diviner to perform the ritual. The holy man seized the cap and tore it to shreds, wailing in distraction, 'How can you, a disciple of the Buddha, bring yourself to break His commandments and even for a moment do things that will condemn you to the Hell of Unceasing Torment—just because, you say, the gods of the purification hall abhor Buddhist priests? What a tragedy! Here, the best thing you can do is to kill me.' And Jakushin clung to the man, weeping and wailing. 'What you say is quite true', said the diviner. 'But it is not easy to get by in this world, and so I tell myself when I do this job that there is no alternative. Without this kind of employment, how could I support myself and feed my wife and children? You need very strong faith to become a holy man. I feel very unhappy about the world to come, since I act like a layman even though I am outwardly a priest. But I'm only doing it because that is how things are in this world.' 'That may be so', said Jakushin. 'But how can you put a cap on the head of the Buddhas of the Three Worlds?[2] If you are so overwhelmed by misfortune that you do this, I will take the contributions I have collected for building a chapel and give them to you. There is more merit in bringing one man to enlightenment than in building chapels or temples.' Sending his disciples to fetch all the donations that he had collected for the purchase of timber, he presented everything to the diviner. Then he returned to the capital.

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[1] See note 1 on p. 236.

[2] The main gate.

[3] 'Secretary' here is in Japanese *naiki*, an official of the Ministry of Central Affairs. His name before he took orders in 986 was Yoshishige Yasutane, mentioned in Chapter 1 as compiler of *Nihon ōjō gokuraku-ki*. He was also the author of the celebrated work on Japanese gardens, *Chiteiki*. He died in 997.

[1] *Haraedo*, said to be equivalent to *haraedono*.

[2] I.e., the head of a priest. The three worlds are those of the past, present and future.

141. (12/5) *About the miraculous powers of the Devotee of the Scripture Eijitsu*[1]

Long ago, at the time when the Kan'in Minister[2] was still only a Middle Captain of the Inner Palace Guards (though he already held the Third Rank), he had severe attacks of ague. Told that a Devotee of the Scripture named Eijitsu who lived at a place called Shimmei[3] was very successful at exorcizing the spirits that cause ague, he visited him to have prayers said. He had not got further than Aramikawa[4] when an attack of ague came on, but since the temple was not far away and he could not go back now that he had come this far, he struggled on to Shimmei, where he had his carriage drawn up beneath the eaves of Eijitsu's quarters and sent in word of his arrival. 'I have recently been eating garlic', came the reply. But the Middle Captain said, 'I insist on seeing Your Reverence. I am in no state to go away now.' 'Then please come in at once', replied the holy man. The closed shutters were removed, a new mat spread, and the Middle Captain was invited in.

Eijitsu took a bath, and after a while came out to greet his visitor. He was a tall gaunt man, with a very saintly look. 'I have a bad cold', he said. 'And so on my doctor's instructions I have been eating garlic. But since you have honoured me with this visit I did not feel I could refuse to see you. The Lotus Sūtra will be equally efficacious whether I am clean or not, so I will recite it to you. There can be no harm in that.' He rubbed his beads and came closer, which was very reassuring. With his hand on the Middle Captain's forehead, he rested the head on his knee and began to intone the Duration of Life chapter[5] in a most beautiful voice, more beautiful almost than one could have thought possible. The sound of his slightly husky voice as he recited the sūtra was most moving. Eijitsu wept and wept, the tears streaming down his face. At this point the ague subsided and the Middle Captain, completely cured, once more felt in good spirits. He left Eijitsu's room with fervent promises of undying friendship. From that time on, it is said, Eijitsu's fame as a miracle-worker grew and became more widespread.

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[1] *Eijitsu jikyōsha* (or *jikyōja*). A priest of the Enryaku-ji. On the association of magical powers with devotion to Scripture and particularly to the Lotus Sūtra, see note 1 on p. 50 in Chapter 9.

[2] A Fujiwara. Although numerous texts of *Uji shūi* include a note here calling him Fuyutsugu, one identifies him as Kinsue. The latter, found also in *Kojidan*, is correct. Kinsue, 956–1029, held several ministerial positions, culminating in that of Prime Minister. He was made Middle Captain in 976 and received the Third Rank in 981. (Middle Captains were usually of the Fourth Rank.) He founded the Kan'in branch of the Fujiwara, named after his residence.

[3] *Kojidan* speaks of Eijitsu as living in a mountain temple called Shimmei, west of Kyoto. *Hokke genki* mentions him as a priest of the Shimmei-ji. Both these works write the name of the temple alike, but with a different second character from that used in *Uji shūi*.

[4] The Kamiya River, a river that flows from the north-west of Kyoto and ultimately joins the Katsura. Note that *Kojidan* calls this the Kaya (written phonetically in *Man'yōgana*) River.

[5] The full title is 'Duration of Life of the Tathāgata'. This is Chapter 16 of the Lotus Sūtra (Chapter 15 in the Kern translation).

142. (12/6) *How the High Priest of the Kannon'in Temple*[1] *cured the Venerable Kūya's*[2] *crippled elbow*

The Venerable Kūya once called on the Minister from the First Ward[3] with a message, and while he was waiting in the office at the Minister's house, the High Priest Yokei happened to come in. In the course of conversation, the High Priest said to him, 'How does your elbow come to be twisted like that?' 'I have been told that it happened when I was young—my mother seized me in a fit of anger by the left arm and flung me down', said Kūya. 'Since I was only a small child at the time, I have no recollection of it. What a good thing it is the left arm! If it had been the right. . . !' 'You are a most saintly and holy man and they say even that you are the son of an Emperor. It would therefore be a great honour for me if I were to say prayers to cure your crippled elbow. May I?' 'I should be very pleased. It would indeed be a miracle. Please say the prayers,' said Kūya, and he went over to the High Priest. Everyone in the mansion came crowding around to watch. Then the High Priest performed incantations, while smoke came from the top of his head, and after a time the twisted elbow gave a loud click and was straightened out, till it was the same as the right elbow. With tears streaming down his face, Kūya prostrated himself three times in salutation, while the onlookers all gasped in admiration, and some were even moved to tears.

That day Kūya was accompanied by three young holy men. One of them used to collect ropes. He would pick up old pieces of rope which had been dropped on the road and mix them with plaster to repair damage in the walls of old chapels. A second used to collect melon-rinds and after washing them give them to people in prison. The third used to collect scraps of used paper that he found blowing about and remake them into fresh paper on which he copied Buddhist scriptures. The holy 'waste-paper merchant' was presented by Kūya to the High Priest as a reward for straightening his elbow. The High Priest was very pleased and made the young man his disciple, under the name of Gikan. The whole story is most extraordinary.

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[1] Yokei became Abbot of Tendai in 989 and died in 991, aged seventy-three.

[2] Or Kōya, 903–72. Though of high birth (son of a prince, perhaps even of an Emperor), he became famous as an itinerant preacher spreading the doctrine of faith in Amida among the common people. He came to be called the Holy Man of the Market Place, or the Holy Man of Amida.

[3] Minamoto Masanobu, died 993, aged seventy-four.

143. (12/7) *About the Venerable Zōga's*[1] *behaviour when he visited the Dowager Empress from the Third Ward*[2]

There once lived on Tamu Peak[3] a holy man of great eminence named the Venerable Zōga. He was an extraordinarily bold and stern man who had nothing but contempt for worldly fame and success and deliberately behaved in a most crazy fashion.

When the Dowager Empress from the Third Ward wished to become a nun and sent for him to administer the vows to her, he replied, 'That is wonderful. I will certainly do it', and went to her Palace. His disciples had fully expected him to lose his temper and hit the messenger, and they were thunderstruck when he unexpectedly raised no objections to going. When his arrival was announced, the Dowager Empress was greatly pleased and called him in for the ceremony to begin. A great crowd of priests and high-ranking courtiers were present, and even a representative from the Emperor's Palace. They found the holy man most saintly-looking, despite the fearsome glint in his eyes, but he seemed to be feeling unwell.

Summoned before the Dowager Empress, he went up to her screen of state and, as was customary when people take orders, she held up her beautiful long hair for him to cut off. Her ladies-in-waiting sobbed and sobbed as they stood just inside the room watching. When he had finished cutting her hair and was about to leave, the holy man called out in a loud voice, 'Why did you insist on having me come? I can't think why. Was it because you'd heard I've got a big you-know-what?[4] It is bigger than other people's, certainly, but it's all wilted and floppy now, like a bit of silk.' At this everyone present—the ladies-in-waiting attending the Empress, the high Court nobles and other courtiers, and the priests—stood aghast, their mouths agape and their eyes like saucers. Need it be said how the Dowager Empress felt? Gone was any atmosphere of holiness. People broke out in a cold sweat and nearly fainted with horror.

And now as the High Priest was leaving, he folded his arms inside his sleeves and said, 'What with being well on in years and having a bad cold and not having got over a persistent bout of diarrhœa, I ought not to have come. But since Her Majesty asked specially for me, I made the effort to come. I cannot hold out any longer, though, so I must be on my way.' On his way out, he squatted down on the verandah of the western wing of the building, pulled up his clothes and emptied his bowels, exactly like pouring water out of a tub. It went off with a loud report, and the stink was appalling. You could even smell it in the Dowager Empress's room. The younger courtiers found it a great joke, but the priests were very bitter about the Empress's having sent for such a crazy lunatic.

There were several occasions on which Zōga deliberately did crazy things of this kind. But in spite of them, his reputation for holiness continued to grow.

144. (12/8) *How the High Priest Shōhō*[1] *rode along First Avenue*

There was once a Deputy Abbot[2] of the Tōdai-ji who was a very wealthy man. But so miserly was he, never giving away so much as a penny, that he clearly bore a heavy load of sin. Now in the temple—at that time he was just a young priest—was the High Priest Shōhō, and he was so shocked by the Deputy Abbot's sinful miserliness that he went out of his way to tackle him about it. 'What would I have to do to get you to give anything to the rank-and-file priests of this temple?' he asked. The Deputy Abbot reflected what a nuisance it would be if he were beaten in this argument and had to make gifts to the other priests, but was afraid that he would be humiliated if he made no reply now that he had been asked the question in front of everybody. He therefore thought up something which he was sure Shōhō would not be able to do. 'On the day of the Kamo Festival',[3] he said, 'I want you to ride on a scraggy cow wearing nothing but a loincloth and with a dried salmon girded on like a sword, and go along First Avenue from Ōmiya Street in the west to the river-bed,[1] shouting out your name like this as you go—"I am Shōhō from the Tōdai-ji." If you will do that, I will make gifts to everyone in this temple, including the servants as well as the minor priests.' He was prepared to make this firm wager because he felt very confident that Shōhō would never do such a thing. Shōhō gathered all the priests together, rang a gong before the Great Buddha and formally reported the matter of the wager.

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[1] A Tachibana who studied under Ryōgen (i.e., Jie; see LS 69 and 193). He died in 1009, aged eighty-seven.

[2] Fujiwara Akiko or Senshi, consort of the Emperor En'yū. She became a nun in 991 and died in 1001. On the fact that *Konjaku* is confused as to the identity of the man in this story, see Chapter 4, p. 78.

[3] A mountain in Yamato (modern Nara Prefecture). The name appears sometimes in other forms, as Tabu or Tō.

[4] Literally 'dirty thing'.

[1] Became a High Priest in 906; died 909.

[2] *Jōza hōshi*. This was originally a general term, but later came to designate a rank second to that of *bettō* ('Abbot' or 'Intendant').

[3] Also called the 'Hollyhock Festival', held in the fourth month in Kyoto (Tōdai-ji is of course in Nara).

As the day approached, stands were put up at the junction of First Avenue and Tominokōji Lane, and all the priests of the temple, including the Deputy Abbot, assembled to see Shōhō go by. Soon there was a great commotion among the spectators in the street, and as the priests craned their necks to look up toward the west and find out what was happening, they saw their colleague astride a cow, naked and wearing a dried salmon at his waist like a sword, and urging his mount on with whacks on the rump. Behind him came a great crowd of boys calling out, "This is Shōhō from the Tōdai-ji riding past to settle an argument with the Deputy Abbot.' It turned out to be the most popular feature of that year's festival.

Once back at the temple, the priests received generous gifts from the Deputy Abbot. News of the affair reached the Emperor, who said, 'This Shōhō certainly does not count the cost to himself if he can lead others to salvation. How can there be such a saintly man in these days?" And sending for Shōhō, he raised him to the rank of High Priest. It was this same High Priest who founded the Upper Daigo-ji.[2]

145. (12/9) *How a grain-abstaining holy man[3] was shown up*

There was once a holy man who for much of his life had devoted himself to religious rites. For years he had abstained from all grain foods. The Emperor, when he heard of the man, showed his respect by providing a place for him to live in the Shinzen Park,[4] and treated him with special reverence. The holy man ate nothing but tree-leaves. Some frivolous young courtiers got together and visited him with the idea of testing him out. They found him a most saintly-

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[1] The banks of the Kamo, flowing north-south on the eastern outskirts of the city.

[2] South-east of Kyoto.

[3] Note that abstention from cereal foods was a practice of Taoist origin.

[4] Immediately south of the Imperial Palace.

looking man. 'How many years is it since you gave up grain foods, Your Reverence?' they asked. 'I gave them up in my youth', said the holy man, 'So it is more than fifty years.' At this, one of the courtiers said to the others, 'I wonder what your dung looks like when you don't eat grain foods. It must be different from ordinary people's. Come on, let's go and see.' And two or three of them went off together. What they found was a great heap of excrement that did have grains in it. This was so mysterious that they decided to look under the floor of the holy man's hut while he was out. Removing the matting, they found a small hole dug in the ground in which was a cloth bag containing rice. At this find, the courtiers dissolved into uproarious laughter, and jeered, 'The Reverend passes rice-grains,[1] the Reverend passes rice-grains.' The holy man now made himself scarce.

People say that from that time on he disappeared for good, no one knew where.

146. (12/10) *About a poem by the Minor Captain Suenao[2]*

Long ago, there was a man known as the Minor Captain Suenao. He fell ill, and later, when he had begun to recover, he went to the Palace. It was at the time when the Controller Kintada[3] was Assistant Director of the Bureau of Housekeeping and an Archivist. 'I have not completely recovered from my illness yet,' said Suenao to Kintada, 'but I have come to the Palace because I felt uneasy about my duties. I cannot be sure how things will go, but since I feel a little better already, I shall probably be able to come again in a day or two. Please make a favourable report to His Majesty.' He then went home.

About three days later, he sent the following poem:[4]

How much I regret
The promise that I made
To see you soon.
If only I had told you,
'This meeting will be our last.'

That same day he died. How very sad!

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[1] Literally 'Grain-dung-holy-man'.

[2] On the forms of this name that occur in other versions of this story, see Chapter 4, p. 67. The correct form appears to be Suenawa.

[3] A Minamoto, 889–948. He became Middle Controller of the Left in 933; his appointment to the Bureau of Housekeeping took place in 919 and he became an Archivist in 918.

[4] This poem appears in Book 8 of the *Shinkokinshū* as by Fujiwara Suenawa.

147. (12/11) *How a woodcutter-lad composed a poem containing a hidden word*

Long ago, a certain Emperor who was very fond of poems containing hidden words once set people to write one using the word *hichiriki* (oboe), but no one made a success of the task. One morning a lad who made his living cutting wood said as he went off to the mountains, 'I hear His Majesty the Emperor recently set the Court to compose a poem containing the word *hichiriki* and no one managed it. But I have.' 'Here, who do you think you are? You mustn't say things like that', said the boy with him. 'It's just not right. It doesn't suit you.' 'Why should I always have to do things "that suit me"?' said the other, and he recited the poem:

Meguri-kuru/Harubaru goto ni/Sakurabana/
Ikuta*bi chiriki*/Hito ni towabaya[1]

Spring after spring;
Comes round and every year
Come cherry blossoms.
How many times have they fallen?
Oh, that someone could tell me!

Certainly not a poem you would expect from such a lad!

148. (12/12) *About a poem composed by one of Takatada's[2] retainers*

Long ago, when a certain Takatada was Governor of Echizen, he had a retainer who had served him faithfully night and day but for whom life was very hard—even in winter he wore an unlined robe. One very snowy day, this retainer was sweeping up when the Governor noticed that he was shivering like one possessed. 'Compose a poem', said the Governor. 'The falling snow is so lovely!' 'What should the poem be about?' said the retainer. 'About being naked', said the Governor,

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[1] The last syllable of *ikutabi* is written in modern *kana* with the symbol *hi* plus a diacritic indicating voicing. But if, as was customary in writing down poems, diacritics are omitted, the word *hichiriki* is clearly identifiable.

[2] The identity of this figure is not clear, but this was probably a Fujiwara Takatada (whose name is written with a different first character) who appears to have lived in the early eleventh century.

and the man proceeded in a quavering voice to recite the following poem:

Upon my body,
All naked, falls the snow,
A covering of white.
Though I brush it all away,
Still snowy-white remains my head.

The Governor was full of praise for the poem and presented the man with the robe he was wearing. The Governor's wife, too, was so touched that she gave him an exquisitely-perfumed robe of a pale mauve colour. Both robes the retainer rolled up and carried away under his arm. When he reached the guard-post, all the men there were astonished to see him with these robes and wanted to know how he had got them. They were amazed when he told them what had happened.

Some time afterward, the retainer disappeared, and the puzzled Governor sent out men to search for him. It emerged that the retainer had gone to the hut of a venerable priest who lived in the mountains to the north, and giving him the two robes he had received, had made the following request: 'I am old and find life harder with every year that goes by. This life seems to hold nothing for me. But I have been hoping that I might be able to do something about the life to come, and I wanted to enter religion. I have had to wait till now, though, because I have never possessed anything that I could give to the priest who would ordain me. Now that I have unexpectedly been given these robes, I am more happy than I can say, and I am offering them to you as your fee.' And in a voice choked with emotion, he sobbed, 'I beg you to make me a priest.' The holy man was deeply moved by the other's faith and performed the ceremony of ordination.

Then the man went away, no one knew where, and all trace of him was lost.

149. (12/13) *About a poem by Tsurayuki*[1]

Long ago, Tsurayuki lived down in Tosa as Governor of the province. When, in the last year of his term as Governor, one of his children—a particularly beautiful girl of seven or eight whom he loved very dearly—fell ill and died, Tsurayuki was distraught with grief and mourned her so much that his health was affected. After some months, he felt that he could go on no longer and decided to return to the capital. The recollection of various incidents from the child's life in

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[1] Ki no Tsurayuki, 883-945 (or 946), Governor of Tosa from 930 to 934.

Tosa made him feel such great sadness that he wrote this poem[1] on one of the posts of the house:

To the capital
I know I'm soon to go,
But my heart is sad,
For one there is who stays here
Never to go back to our home.

This poem which he wrote on the house-post is still preserved today.

150. (12/14) *How an Easterner composed a poem*

Long ago, a certain Easterner who was extremely fond of composing poetry saw a firefly and composed the following:

Look how it glimmers,
The fly that trails behind it
A little point of light,
How like a tiny roving soul
It looks, as it flies along.

Actually, this poem was composed by Tsurayuki in deliberate imitation of the style of someone from the East.[2]

151. (12/15) *How the spirit of Lord Tōru*[3] *lived in the Palace by the River*[4]

Long ago, the Palace by the River was the residence of the Minister of the Left Tōru. He devised all manner of interesting features while living there, such as having the garden laid out to resemble the scenery at Shiogama in Michinoku,[5] and having salt made in kilns with brine specially brought in. After his death, the place was given to the Retired Emperor Uda,[6] and it was frequently visited by the Engi Emperor.[7]

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[1] This poem appears, with a slight difference in the second line (*omou mono no* for *omou ni tsukete*) in Tsurayuki's account of his return journey from Tosa to the capital, *Tosa nikki*. The form of the poem is slightly different again in *Konjaku* ([illegible] *tsukete kanashiki wa*).

[2] The poem in Japanese contains an exclamatory *sha* which is sometimes used derogatorily but is here simply intended as a provincialism showing emphasis.

[3] Minamoto Tōru, 822–95, son of the Emperor Saga. He was known as the 'Minister of the Left who lived by the River'.

[4] Situated between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, very near the eastern edge of the city, near the Kamo River.

[5] Shiogama is a place in north-east Japan especially celebrated in literature for its salt kilns.

[6] Reigned 887–97, died 937, aged sixty-five.

[7] Daigo, reigned 897–930.

Late one night, while the Retired Emperor was still living there, he heard the sound of a closet being opened in the western wing and thought he heard someone come in. Investigating, he found a man sitting in a formal attitude, beautifully attired in full Court dress, with a sword at his waist and a nobleman's baton in his hand. 'Who are you?' asked the Emperor. 'I am the owner of this house', replied the man. 'Are you the Minister Tōru?' 'I am.' 'Well, what do you want?' 'I live here because this is my home, but it is such a great honour to have Your Majesty living here that I don't feel at ease. What can I do to serve you?' 'That is all very strange. The only reason I am living here is that the late Minister's descendants presented the house to me. It might be different if I had taken possession of the house by force. But I didn't, so what do you mean by these disrespectful complaints?' bellowed the Retired Emperor, so loudly that the ghost suddenly vanished into thin air. Everybody at the time said, 'The Retired Emperor is a very strong-minded man. Can you imagine any ordinary person meeting the Minister and speaking to him with such firmness?'

152. (12/16) *How a lad of eight quizzed Confucius*[1]

Long ago, in China, Confucius was walking along a road when he met a lad of about eight who asked him, 'Which is farther off, the place where the sun goes down or Lo-yang?'[2] Confucius replied, 'The place where the sun goes down is farther off, and Lo-yang is nearer.' 'We can see the place where the sun rises and sets,' said the lad, 'but we can't see Lo-yang. So it seems to me that the place where the sun rises is nearer and Lo-yang is farther off.' 'You're a clever lad', said Confucius admiringly. People said, 'This lad quizzed Confucius in a way that no one has ever done. That means there must have been something supernatural about him.'

153. (12/17) *About Cheng T'aiwei*[3]

Long ago, there was a person who behaved as a model son to his parents, working from morning till night as a woodcutter to support them. His filial piety eventually became known to Heaven. He used to cross to the island opposite their home in a boat with no steering-oar. In the morning a southerly wind would blow and take him north to the island. Then in the evening when he had filled his boat with the wood he had cut, a northerly wind would blow and take him home. After this had been going on for some years, the Emperor[1] heard about it, and made the man a Minister in his service. The man's name was Cheng T'aiwei.

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[1] See Chapter 4, p. 74.

[2] Capital of China in several different periods of history.

[3] 'T'aiwei' is really a title which originated in the Ch'in dynasty, then after being abolished for a while was re-established in the Later Han period. It designates the 'Chief Minister'.

154. (12/18) *How a poor layman gained awareness of the Buddha-nature and became rich*

Long ago, there was a certain man living in a remote province of China. His house was a very poor one and he owned nothing of value. He had no means of support for his wife and children, and all his efforts to find some were fruitless. After some years of living in this state, he went in desperation to see a certain priest and asked how he might become a man of means. The priest had great wisdom and replied, 'If you wish to become a man of means, all you need is to achieve sincerity. Then you will find you have ample means, and you will be reborn in a better place in the future life.' 'What do you mean by "sincerity"?' the man asked. 'To have sincerity,' replied the priest, 'means simply to believe in the Law of Buddha.' 'What is that? Please explain it to me so that I can understand it and put my trust in it.' The priest answered, 'Your own mind is Buddha. Apart from your own mind, there is no Buddha, it is said. Thus it is by reason of your own mind that the Buddha exists.'[2] Wringing his hands in gratitude, and with tears in his eyes, the man prostrated himself in homage to the priest, and from that time on he let his thoughts dwell night and day on this one idea, so that Brahmā and Indra and all the other deva kings came and watched over him. As a result the unexpected happened and he became a man of means and affluence. When his life came to an end, he concentrated his mind on the Buddha and went quickly to the Pure Land. Everyone who witnessed or heard of these events, I am told, felt what a wondrous miracle they were.

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[1] The name given this Emperor in a headnote by Watanabe and Nishio appears to be a misprint. The Emperor in question here was Chang Ti, reigned A.D. 75–88.

[2] Watanabe and Nishio quote several passages from Scripture which can be regarded as the basis of these statements. (See note 3 on p. 348 of their edition.)

155. (12/19) *How one of Muneyuki's[1] retainers shot a tiger*

Long ago, a retainer of Muneyuki, Governor of Iki, finding himself in danger of being executed by his master for some trifling offence, escaped in a small boat and crossed to Silla, where he went into hiding. Now it happened that the area of Kim-hae[2] in Silla was in a great uproar, and when he inquired the reason, he was told that a tiger was coming into the local capital and eating people. 'There is only one tiger,' he was told, 'but it keeps coming out suddenly, eating someone and making off again.' When he heard this, the man said, 'I should like to come up against this tiger and have a shot at it, even if I die in the attempt. If the tiger is too much for me, we'll both die. But I am certainly not going to let myself be eaten without putting up a fight. The men of this country must be very poor warriors.' Someone overheard him and reported to the provincial governor what this Japanese had said. 'Excellent', said the Governor. 'Send for him', and summoned by a messenger, the Japanese presented himself at the Governor's mansion.

'Is it true that you say you could easily shoot this man-eating tiger?' he was asked, and he replied, 'I did say that, my lord'. 'What makes you say such a thing?' 'The men of this country', said the Japanese, 'are so anxious to preserve their own lives when they try to kill the enemy that they act half-heartedly, and against a savage animal like this one, they are not likely to survive. That's probably why they do not tackle it. A Japanese is likely to succeed because he will resign himself to losing his life in tackling an enemy. How can anyone engaged in the profession of arms give any thought to his own safety?' 'Can you be sure of killing the tiger?' asked the Governor. 'Whether I shall be killed or not, I do not know,' said the man, 'but the tiger will definitely be shot.' 'That will be really splendid', said the Governor. 'I want you to do all you can to find some way of killing it. We shall reward you handsomely.' 'Where is the tiger, though?' said the man. 'And how does it eat people?' 'Somehow it finds an opportunity to get into the capital, seizes someone's head in its jaws and then makes off with the body over its shoulders.' 'How does it get hold of the head?' 'When it is going to bite someone, it crouches like a cat watching a mouse, then after a while it opens its mouth wide and pounces, seizes the person's head in its jaws and makes off with the body over its shoulders.' 'One way or another,' said the man, 'no matter what happens to me, I will have a shot at it, before it eats me. Tell me where it has its den.' 'Just over two miles to the west from here there is a field of hemp, and that is where it lurks. People are afraid to venture near the place.' 'I don't know it at all, but I will head in that direction', said the man, and slinging his weapons on his back, he went off. A crowd of local people had collected and made disparaging remarks about him. 'That Japanese fellow won't last long', they said. 'He'll be eaten up by the tiger.'

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[1] The identity of Muneyuki is obscure. Iki, the province of which he was Governor, is now part of Nagasaki Prefecture.

[2] The name is given in the Japanese in *kana* and the identification with Kim-hae is tentative. This was an ancient capital city, in the area which from the fourth to the sixth centuries A.D. was a Japanese colony, known as Mimana.

Having inquired the whereabouts of the tiger, the man now went to the spot and found that there was indeed a vast field of hemp growing there, to a height of about four feet. He pushed his way in and there, sure enough, lay a tiger. Fitting a sharp-pointed arrow to his bow, he went down on one knee. As it caught the scent of a human, the tiger crouched flat on the ground and watched him like a cat watching a mouse, while the man, once he had fitted his arrow, did not move or make a sound. Then the tiger sprang at him with jaws agape and bore down on him from above, but the man drew his bow hard, and just as the tiger pounced, he shot the arrow, which went seven or eight inches into the animal's throat, from below the jaw towards the nape of the neck. As the tiger toppled over and lay on its back with its feet scrabbling wildly, he shot two double-headed arrows into its belly, each of which pinned it to the ground. And thus he succeeded in killing it. Now, leaving his arrows in the beast, he returned to the capital, where he explained to the Governor how he had killed it. The Governor poured out his gratitude, and went off with a crowd of people to the tiger's den, where, sure enough, they found the animal with three arrows through its body. Even dead, it was a fearsome sight. 'Truly,' people said, 'even if a hundred or a thousand tigers were to come out and attack, what chance would they have against ten or so Japanese going in on horseback to shoot them? People in this country shoot tigers with arrows about a foot long fitted with gimlet-like points smeared with poison; so the tigers eventually die from the poison, but we can never shoot them down outright. The Japanese are not the slightest bit concerned about losing their lives, and they shoot tigers with big arrows, so that they kill them on the spot. We just cannot compare with the Japanese as warriors. That's what makes Japan such a formidable and fearsome country.'

Now people were loath to let the man go away and made a great

fuss over him, but he was missing his wife and children and returned to Tsukushi, where having presented himself at Muneyuki's mansion and told of what had happened to him, he found pardon as 'one who had raised the prestige of Japan'. The many presents with which he had been rewarded in Silla he gave to Muneyuki. A number of traders passed on the story they had heard from people in Silla, and so even in Tsukushi, too, this country's warriors came to have a tremendous reputation.

156. (12/20) *How the child of a Japanese ambassador to T'ang China was eaten by a tiger*[1]

Long ago, there was a man who went to China as ambassador to the T'ang Court. Unable to bear the thought of separation from his ten-year old child, he took it with him, and so they were able to be together. One day there had been a heavy fall of snow and the ambassador did not stir outside the house. The child had gone out to play, but when it got very late and the child had still not come home, the ambassador became worried and went outside to see what had happened. There he found a trail of footprints leading away from the back of the house, and these were joined by what looked like the prints of a large dog, after which the child's prints ceased. Seeing that the tracks led away into the mountains, he decided that it must be a tiger that had seized the child and carried it off. Almost beside himself with grief, he drew his sword and followed the tracks to the mountains, where he discovered the tiger lying in the mouth of a cave, licking its belly after devouring the child. Sword in hand, he rushed at it, and as it crouched there, unable to escape, he slashed at its head, which split open as easily as the head of a carp. Then, as it rushed at him to seize him from the side, he struck at its back, severing the spine so that the beast flopped limply to the ground. Though he had not been able to save the child, he put the body under his arm and carried it home, watched by an utterly amazed and awe-struck populace.

The Chinese said what a wonderful feat it was to have killed the tiger and recovered the child, whereas a Chinese encountering a tiger would have had difficulty even in escaping, and they were full of praise for Japan, which they said was a country without equal in fighting skill. But this was small consolation to the ambassador, since his child was dead.

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[1] Nakajima draws attention to the existence of a somewhat similar story in the *Nihongi*, under the sixth year of Kimmei, third month. (See Aston's translation (reprinted ed., 2 vols. in one, London 1956), II, p. 60.)

157. (12/21) *How a certain high Court noble, when he was a Middle Captain of the Inner Palace Guards, encountered two men who had been arrested by the police*

Long ago, a certain high Court noble, at the time when he was still only a Middle Captain of the Inner Palace Guards, was on his way to the Palace when he saw some policemen who had arrested a priest and were taking him away. 'Who is this priest?' he asked. 'He has killed the master he had served for many years', they replied. 'That is certainly a grave crime to have committed. What a shocking thing to do!' observed the noble casually, and with that he walked on. As he passed, the priest looked up and glared at him with such a horrible evil look in his bloodshot eyes that the noble went on his way feeling distinctly uneasy and rather regretting his unnecessary remark. A little later, however, he met some more policemen taking away a man they had arrested, and undaunted by his first experience he asked what the man had done. 'He was cornered in someone's house. We captured the fellow when he tried to get away.' 'He doesn't seem to have done much', the noble commented, and since he knew the man by sight, he persuaded the police to release him, and sent him away.

This was his way, in general; whenever he saw someone in distress, he would help them. In the case of the priest, too, he had inquired with the idea of asking the police to release him if circumstances permitted. However, he had spoken as he did because the crime was one of especial gravity, and the priest had been annoyed by his observations. Not long afterwards, there was a general amnesty and the priest was among the prisoners released.

One bright moonlight night, when his servants had either gone home or were in bed, this Middle Captain was standing admiring the moon when he saw someone come over the garden wall and drop down inside. Suddenly he was grabbed from behind and carried off with lightning speed. He was startled out of his wits and had no idea what was going on. Meanwhile, a gang of ferocious-looking men had collected, and he was taken to a precarious and frightening spot on a mountain some distance away, where he was placed on a high pile of interwoven brushwood which was then set alight. Someone shouted at him, 'This is what happens to people who think they're clever. You made a trivial thing sound like a serious crime and got me into a lot of trouble, so now I'm going to repay you by roasting you to death.' With columns of flames shooting up all round him, the Middle Captain felt he must be dreaming, and being still at a young and tender age, he almost fainted. The heat was growing greater and greater, and he was just feeling that he had only a few more moments to live when suddenly, from the top of the mountain, there came a terrific shower of turnip-headed arrows. The men around him were thrown into confusion, with arrows continuing to rain down on them, and though they shot back for a time, they evidently thought their opponents had too great a superiority in numbers for any resistance to be effective, for they paid no more attention to the fire and under the hail of arrows broke and fled.

A man now came up and expressed his sympathy for the terrifying experience the Middle Captain must have had. He was the man, he explained, who on such and such a date was being taken away under arrest when the Middle Captain procured his release. 'I was so thankful', he said, 'that I've been looking around for some way to repay your kindness. I noticed how that priest has been after you for some time because you gave an unfavourable opinion in his case, and I wanted to warn you, but I said to myself that there was no need since I was keeping this close watch on you. Then just as I had gone away for a short time this happened. I ran into them when they had climbed out over the wall, but I was afraid that you might be hurt yourself if I attempted to rescue you there and then, and so I cleared them out with all that shooting just now in order to get you away.' Lifting the Middle Captain on to a horse, the man escorted him safely back to his home, where he arrived just as dawn was beginning to break.

In his old age, the noble used to say, 'Listen to what happened to me', and tell people his story. They say that the noble in question was the Major Counsellor from the Fourth Ward,[1] but I am not sure whether this is true.

158. (12/22) *About a ghost at the residence of the Retired Emperor Yōzei*[2]

Long ago, the residence of the Emperor Yōzei after his abdication was north of the Palace,[3] west of Nishinotōin Lane and east of Aburanokōji

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[1] Fujiwara Kintō, 966–1041.

[2] Reigned 877–84 and died in 949. His residence was known as the Nijō-in.

[3] It is not clear which Palace (*uchi*) is referred to here. Though some texts have the reading Ōmiya, this seems unacceptable, since Ōmiya Street ran north–south. This whole passage is considered dubious (the location of the Nijō-in disagrees with that of the *Shūgaishō*, for instance).

Lane. The place was haunted by a ghost. One night a member of the guard was sleeping in the fishing pavilion by the large pool when about midnight he felt his face being gently stroked by a skinny hand. His flesh creeping with horror, the man drew his sword, and with his other hand, grabbed what turned out to be an extraordinarily wretched-looking old man dressed in a pale blue coat and trousers. 'I once owned this place and lived here', said the old man. 'I am the younger brother of Urashima Tarō.[1] I have lived here since ancient times, for more than twelve hundred years. I beg you to let me go, and build a shrine here for me. If you do, I will do all I can to protect you.' 'This is not a matter I can decide by myself', said the guard. 'I shall have to inform His Majesty the Retired Emperor first.' 'Damn you for refusing!' shouted the ghost, and kicked the man up into the air three times, till he was limp and battered to a pulp, then as he fell to the ground, the ghost opened its mouth and swallowed him up. The old man had seemed just an average size, but he turned into such an enormous ghost that he ate the man at a single gulp.

159. (12/23) *About a flying squirrel at the Minase Palace*[2]

In the time of the Retired Emperor Go-Toba, it once happened that every night at the Minase Palace some luminescent creature about the size of an umbrella would fly in from the mountain and enter the chapel. Each of the guards on the west and north sides of the Palace kept a sharp lookout, intent on distinguishing himself by discovering the creature's identity, but for some time no one succeeded. Then one night Kagekata[3] slept alone on the island in the pond to wait for the thing, and as it swooped down from the mountain and over the pond, emitting its usual radiance, he continued to lie on his back, being rather afraid to get up, but shot hard at it. He sensed that the arrow had struck home and heard something plunge into the pond. Then he told others what had happened and they all went out with torches to investigate—to find that the creature was an enormous flying squirrel, old and bald and horrible.

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[1] The text actually calls him Urashima-ga-ko, but I use the name by which he is more commonly known.

[2] A detached palace (near modern Osaka) used until his exile in 1221 by Go-Toba. Later converted into a Shinto shrine.

[3] Unidentifiable.

160. (12/24) *About a demon by the viewing stands in First Avenue*

Long ago, a certain man was spending the night making love with a prostitute in a festival-viewing stand[1] erected in First Avenue. In the middle of the night—a very wild night of howling winds and lashing rain—he heard someone going by in the street chanting 'All life is fleeting',[2] and wondering who it could be, he raised the shutter a little and peered out—to find it was a demon as tall as the eaves of the building and with the face of a horse. He closed the shutter in panic and retreated to the other side of the room, but the demon pushed up the lattice, thrust its face inside and shouted, 'How dare you look at us! How dare you look at us!' The man drew his sword and waited with the woman by his side, prepared to strike the demon down if it should come in. But it only called out, 'Take a real good look, then!' and went away. The man was terrified that this might have been the nocturnal procession of demons, and from then on, they say, he never spent another night in that particular viewing stand.

161. (13/1) *How 'Mr Capstrings' acquired some gold*

Long ago, there was a certain Assistant Captain of the Military Guards[3] who, because of the length of his cap strings,[4] was given the nickname of 'Mr Capstrings'. Now in the fields near the junction of Kyōgoku Street and the western end of Eighth Avenue, there was a crude hut, and one evening when he was riding past this hut a shower came on and he dismounted and went inside. There he found a woman. Having brought his horse inside, he seated himself on a large flat stone shaped like a small Chinese casket. Idly toying with a pebble and tapping it against the stone, he found that he had chipped the surface and that the material underneath was gold in colour.

Thinking this very strange, he smeared some earth over the bare place to cover it up, and asked the woman what the stone was. 'I really don't know, sir', she answered. 'It's been here like this for a very long time. There was once a rich man's house here, and this hut is on the site of the storehouses.' Indeed, he could see for himself that there were some very big foundation stones lying about. 'Well, sir,' she went on, 'that stone you're sitting on was dug out of the ground when they were making the site of the storehouses into a field and building up the ridges around it. Having it inside the house like this, I've been wanting for a long time to get rid of it, but women aren't strong and I couldn't manage it myself, so it's just been left here, though it's a real nuisance.' The Assistant Captain was very anxious to get the stone before some other sharp-eyed fellow came along and found it, and he said to the woman, 'Shall I take it away for you?' 'I shall be very pleased if you will, sir', she said. Sending a labourer that he happened to know in this district to fetch an empty cart,[1] he loaded the stone on to it and was on the point of leaving when it struck him as rather unfair to take it for nothing, and he took off his padded coat and gave it to the woman, much to her surprise and embarrassment. 'This stone may seem to you quite worthless,' said the Assistant Captain, 'but I have a use for it if I take it to my house. So I'm giving you this coat, because I don't feel it is right for me to take the stone for nothing.' 'I didn't expect this, sir', cried the woman. 'It quite frightens me to be given so much—a beautiful coat worth a fortune with all that fine padding, in exchange for a useless stone.' And hanging the coat on a pole, she bowed deeply in gratitude.

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[1] Erected for the use of the Retired Emperor when viewing the Kamo Festival.

[2] The opening phrase of a celebrated passage from the Nirvāṇa Sūtra. Presumably the demon recited all four phrases that constitute the passage.

[3] Though this story does not mention his name, this was Taira Sadabumi. (See also UY 50.)

[4] Cords for securing the cap to the hole.

With the stone on the cart, he now went home, where bit by bit he broke it up and sold it to buy all kinds of goods, until he had acquired great stocks of rice and cash and silk and damask, and had become a very rich man. To the north of the west end of Fourth Avenue, and to the west of Kōka Gate Street,[2] there was a piece of soft swampy ground about two-and-a-half acres square that was completely uninhabited. He reckoned that he could buy it up cheaply, and indeed did get it very cheaply. The owner of the land considered it of no value, since it was unusable marshland, unfit either for cultivation or for building on, and when he sold it he was quite convinced that anyone who was prepared to give anything at all for the land must be thoroughly eccentric.

Once he had bought the swamp, 'Mr Capstrings' went off to the province of Settsu. He took four or five boats to the Naniwa area, and

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[1] There are several small variants of the text at this point. Most texts have *yaris as* instead of *yaris o*, so that the meaning becomes 'sending someone to fetch a cart belonging to a labourer he knew in this district'. There are two variants of *munaguruma*, viz. *ninaguruma* and *munaguruma*. In addition, *munaguruma* itself can be interpreted in two ways, as simply 'cart for carrying loads' or as 'empty cart'.

[2] A street that ran southwards from this gate on the south side of the Palace compound.

equipped himself with large stocks of wine and rice gruel, together with a great pile of scythes. He got together parties of passers-by and invited them to have some wine and gruel, asking them in return each to cut a few reeds for him. These groups of people were glad of the opportunity, and cut four or five bundles, some even twenty or thirty bundles for him. And so after three or four days of having people cut reeds, he had an enormous stack of them, about ten shiploads, which he took up to the capital. Having a good stock of wine, on the way up to the capital he persuaded labourers to 'pull these tow ropes, rather than just walk along doing nothing', and paid them for their services with drinks of wine. And so he very soon arrived at the lower reaches of the Kamo River.

From there on he hired carters and had the reeds spread over the swamp, then he hired labourers to scatter earth on top of the reeds and built houses without any difficulty. The southern section is the home of the Major Counsellor Minamoto Sada,[1] and that to the north is where 'Mr Capstrings' reclaimed land to build his own house. This was later bought by the Major Counsellor Sada and added to his own land. It is what is now known as Nishinomiya. It was with capital derived from the lump of gold found in this woman's hut that the place was built.

162. (13/2) *How Motosuke*[2] *fell off his horse*

Long ago, the poet Motosuke, having become Assistant Director of the Bureau of Palace Storehouses, was acting as Imperial envoy at the Kamo Festival, and as he was crossing First Avenue, he passed in front of a group of courtiers' carriages drawn up so that they could view the ceremony. Instead of going quietly by, he spurred his horse, conscious that they were watching him, whereupon the horse reared and he fell off. The courtiers were aghast at the sight of this old man falling on his head—and then, as he quickly got to his feet, his hat came off. He was completely bald. It looked exactly as if he had a bowl on his head.

His groom frantically grabbed up the hat and tried to put it back on Motosuke's head, but Motosuke brushed it off the back of his head and shouted 'Stop fussing! Wait a moment, I've got something to say to these gentlemen', and walked up to the courtiers' carriages. The sunlight on his head made it shine in a very unsightly way. With one accord the whole crowd in the street howled with laughter, and when people in the carriages and those in the viewing stands did the same, Motosuke strode up to one of the carriages and shouted, 'Do you gentlemen find it funny that I fell off my horse and lost my hat? You shouldn't, and I'll tell you why. Even careful people often trip over things. What can you expect of a horse, then?—an animal without much of a brain. The stones on this road stick up very awkwardly. And the horse has a bit in its mouth, so that it can't walk just where it wants to. If you pull it this way and that and turn it round, it stumbles. You mustn't blame the horse. A Chinese saddle is too flat and stirrups aren't enough to enable you to keep your seat on a horse. On top of that, the horse stumbled badly, and so I fell off. There's nothing wrong in that. As for losing my hat—well, it's not something you tie on, it's held on by the hair being stuffed up inside it. But I haven't got a bit of hair left. So I can't blame my hat for falling off. There are plenty of precedents for such a thing. That Minister what's-his-name had his fall off during the purification rites before the Enthronement Ceremony. Then there was some Middle Counsellor or other whose hat fell off at one time during an Imperial progress. There are far more examples like this than I can call to mind. So you young courtiers nowadays who don't know too much about things ought not to laugh. If you do, you will only make fools of yourselves.' He delivered this homily at each carriage, counting the precedents on his fingers. When he had done, he called, 'Bring my hat.' It was handed to him, and he put it on, at which point there was a tremendous roar of laughter. Coming up to him to put his hat on, the groom asked, 'Whatever made you stand there without your hat on, talking such twaddle, sir, the moment you fell off your horse?' 'Don't be so ridiculous', said Motosuke. 'It's only if they're given a good talking to now that these courtiers will refrain from laughing in future. Without that, these scandal-mongering gentlemen never will stop.'

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[1] 815–63.

[2] A Kiyowara, 908–90. A famous poet, one of the Five Poets of the Pear-Jar Room (*nashitsubo no gonin*) and one of the Thirty-six Poetical Geniuses. Father of Sei Shōnagon, authoress of the *Pillow-Book*.

Making people laugh was nothing unusual for him.

163. (13/3) *How Toshinobu*[1] *encountered a misguiding spirit*

Long ago, when the Emperor Sanjō[2] made a progress to the Yahata Shrine,[3] one of his attendants was a Clerk in the Office of the Left Division of the Capital named Kuni Toshinobu. As they were passing

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[1] Identity obscure.

[2] Reigned 1011–16.

[3] The Iwashimizu Hachimangū, south of Kyoto.

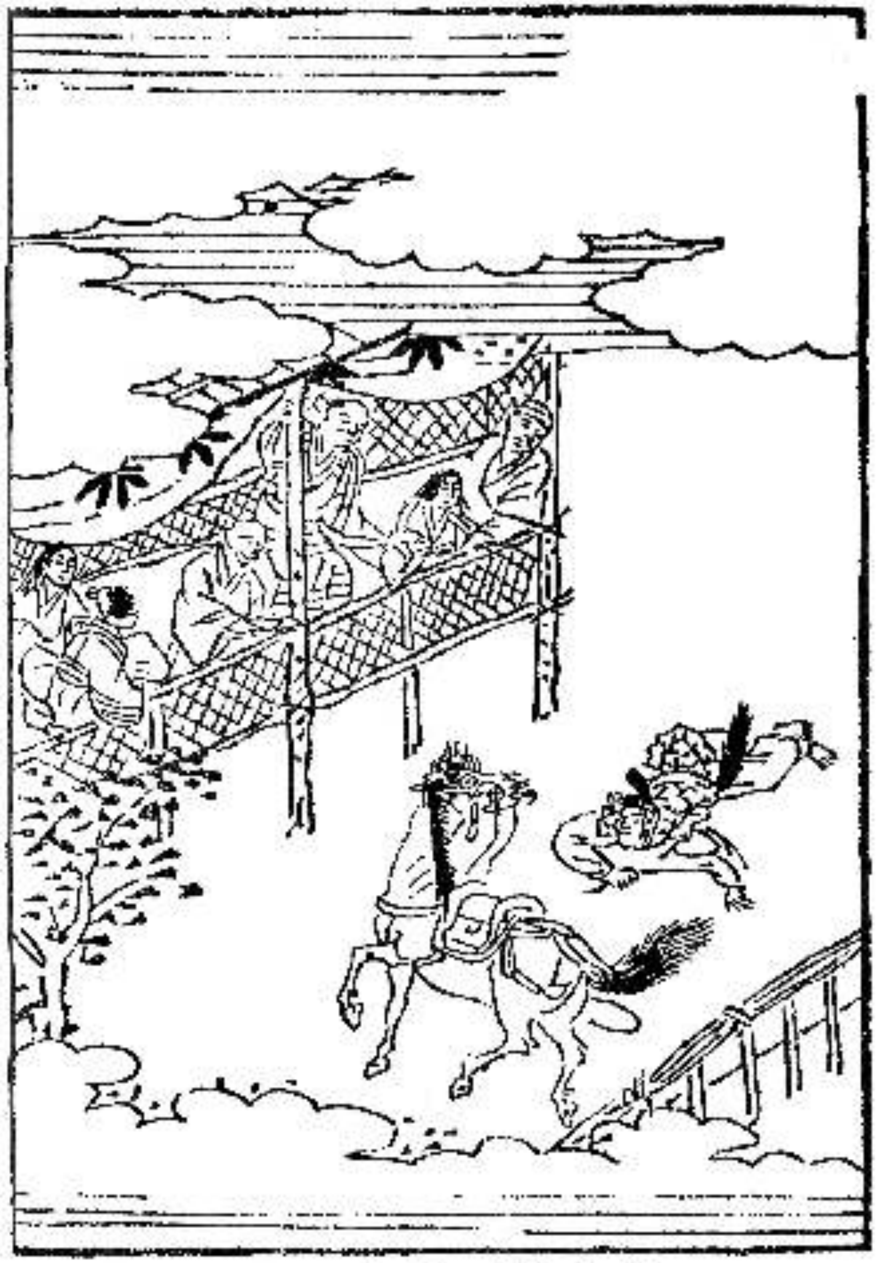

Fig. 29. Motosuke thrown by his horse in full view of the spectators at the Kamo Festival (Story 162)

the place called Terado at Nagaoka,[1] word went round among the attendants that this was a spot inhabited by a spirit which played tricks on people. Toshinobu himself commented as he went by that he had heard of it too. He was still not past the place when the sun began to go down. He ought by now to have reached the vicinity of Yamazaki,[2] but for some mysterious reason, having passed Nagaoka, instead of going along beside the Otokuni River, as he thought, he found himself climbing the bank of Terado. Having passed Terado and continued on, thinking that he would soon be coming to and crossing the Otokuni River, he found himself for a second time crossing the Katsura River.

At length the sun was low in the sky. Looking behind him and up ahead, he found there was no one in sight. Of all the long procession of people that had been behind and ahead of him, there was not a soul to be seen. By now it was very late, and he spent the night lying under the eaves of a wood-roofed hut on the west side of Terado. Next morning he said to himself, 'As an official of the Office of the Capital, I need not have gone any further than Ninth Avenue. What a fool I was to come this far! Still, the fact that I walked round and round the same place all night shows it must have been some malicious spirit that made me do it—it must have got into me at about Ninth Avenue and led me on without my realizing it.' At daybreak, he returned to his house in the west of the capital.

That is the true story, just as Toshinobu told it.

164. (13/4) *How a boy bought some turtles and set them free*

A man in India once sent his son with fifty strings of cash to buy some valuable goods. As he was walking along by a big river, he saw a man in a boat and noticed some turtles' heads sticking up above the side. The boy with the money stopped and asked what the turtles were for. 'I am going to kill them and make some use of them', the man replied. 'I'd like to buy them', said the boy, but the man said he would not sell them at any price, since he had procured them for a very important purpose. But the boy persisted in his plea, and eventually, in exchange for his load of cash, he secured the turtles and set them free.

He was worried at the thought of how angry his father would be, since to buy the turtles he had disposed of the money with which he was supposed to buy goods in the neighbouring country. However, he had no choice but to return home to his father, and he was on his way there when he met a man who told him that the fellow who had sold him the turtles had been drowned when his boat capsized at a ford further downstream. Arriving home, the boy was just about to tell his father that he had given the money away in exchange for turtles when his father asked him why he had sent the money back. 'But I didn't', said the boy. 'I used it to buy some turtles which I set free. That is what I have come to tell you.' But his father said, 'Five men in black, all looking alike, came to the house, each one bringing me one fifth of the money I gave you. I have it here.' And he showed the boy the money, which was still wet.

You see,[1] the turtles which the boy had bought and set free had seen the money fall into the river, picked it up and delivered it to the father's house before the boy returned home.

165. (13/5) *How someone bought a dream*

There was once a district governor in the province of Bitchū[2] who had a son named Hiki no Makibito.[3] While a young man, the son had a dream and went to a clairvoyant to have it interpreted. After she had done so, he stayed talking for a while, and in the meantime, they heard a buzz of talk as a party of people arrived. It turned out that the eldest son of the governor of the province had come, a young man of seventeen or eighteen. What sort of person he was could not be guessed, but he was a good-looking lad. There were about four or five people with him. 'Is this the clairvoyant's house?' he asked, and one of his retainers replied, 'Yes, sir.' As they came in, Makibito withdrew to a room in the private part of the house and watched through a hole. The young gentleman came in and told the clairvoyant of a dream that he had had and asked what it meant. Having listened to his story, the woman said, 'That is a very extraordinary dream. It shows that you are sure to rise to the rank of a Minister of State. You're extremely fortunate to have had such a dream. You must never, never tell it to anyone else.' The young gentleman was very pleased, and before leaving made the woman a present of the robe he was wearing.

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[1] The site originally chosen for the new capital at the end of the Nara period.

[2] Approximately five miles south of Terado.

[1] It is possible to interpret the Japanese word *haya* here in two ways. The other would be as 'already', i.e., the turtles which he had just bought.

[2] Modern Okayama Prefecture.

[3] Said to be a mistake for 'Kibi no Mabi', who as the story tells, studied in China in the early Nara period and became a famous scholar. He died in 775 aged eighty-three.

Makibito now emerged from the inner room and said to the woman, 'I am told that it is possible to take over a dream. I want you to give me this young gentleman's dream. The governor of a province returns to the capital when his four years of office are up. But I am a native of this province and will stay here always—besides, my father is the district governor, so you ought to show me particular consideration.' 'I will do as you say', replied the woman. 'Now then, you must come in like that last gentleman and tell me exactly the same dream that he told me.' Delighted, Makibito did exactly what the other gentleman had done, making an entry and recounting the dream, whereupon the woman spoke exactly as before. Makibito was very pleased, and before he left presented her with the robe he was wearing.

In later years, he studied hard and made such progress that he became a learned man. The Emperor heard of him, and after testing him and finding that he had very great ability as a scholar, sent him to complete his studies in China. On his return to Japan, after a long stay in China during which he acquired a wide range of knowledge, the Emperor considered him such a brilliant man that he was given promotion after promotion, until he finally achieved the rank of Minister of State.

So you see it is a very wise move to take over a dream. The son of the Governor of Bitchū, who had been robbed of his dream, never achieved any official post. If he had not been robbed of his dream, he might have gone as high as Minister. That is why it has been said ever since that no one should reveal his dreams to anyone else.

166. (13/6) *About the great strength of Ōi Mitsutō's*[1] *younger sister*

Long ago, there was a wrestler from the province of Kai named Ōi Mitsutō. A stocky, tough, powerful, fleet-footed man, he excelled all round—in appearance, character, in fact in everything. He had a younger sister of about twenty-six or twenty-seven, a slim girl who was also well-favoured in her looks and character and bearing. She lived in a house that stood apart from his, and one day a man who was being hotly pursued rushed inside the gate with drawn sword, seized her as a hostage and took up a position with his sword held against her belly.

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[1] Few details of his life are known, but he was active about the beginning of the eleventh century.

When someone ran to tell Mitsutō that his sister had been seized as a hostage, he was quite unperturbed and said, 'It would need a man like Ujinaga[1] from Satsuma to seize her as a hostage'. Very puzzled, the man who had come to warn him went back to the house and peered in. There was the girl, wearing a crimson skirt with a single robe of pale mauve (since it was in the ninth month) and sitting with her hand held over her mouth. The man was a big, fierce-looking fellow holding the point of a big sword upwards against her belly, while his legs gripped her from behind in a scissor grip.

The girl was hiding her face with her left hand and crying. With the right hand she was picking up some of the twenty or thirty half-finished arrow shafts which lay in front of her and with studied casualness—gripping them just below the joints, pressing them against the floor-boards and giving a twist—she was snapping them as easily as you would snap a soft piece of rotten wood. As he watched her, the thief felt his blood run cold. 'This girl's brother is supposed to be pretty strong,' he thought, 'but even if he tried to smash those arrow shafts with a hammer, he couldn't do it as easily as this. What tremendous strength! If that's how things are, I shall soon get smashed up myself. I'm not having that. I'm not staying here.' And watching for an opportunity, he dashed out of the house and ran away. But there was a crowd of pursuers on his tail and they captured him and took him back, securely tied up, to Mitsutō's house.

When Mitsutō asked him what had made him run away, he said, 'I did it because I was so flabbergasted and scared when the lady broke those arrow shafts at the joints as easily as if they were rotten wood.' Mitsutō burst out laughing. 'Whatever happens, she'll never be run through', he said. 'If anyone thrust at her, she'd grab his hand and with a twist she'd jerk it upwards till the shoulder was wrenched right out of its socket. You'd have had your shoulder nicely dislocated. Fate must have been on your side—you're lucky she didn't twist your arm. Even I could have killed you with my bare hands. I doubt if you'd have lived to tell the tale if I had twisted your arm and trampled on your belly and your chest. But she is as strong as two of me put together. She is still very slim and feminine, but if I playfully get hold of her arm, I find she gets hold of mine, and I have to slacken my grip and let go. Really, if she were a man, there would be no one to match her. What a pity she's a girl!' This recital made the thief's heart stand still. He had believed he was securing a fine hostage, thinking it was only a woman—but he was wrong. 'I ought to kill you', said Mitsutō. 'If my sister's life really had been in danger, I certainly would have killed you. It was a good thing for you that you made yourself scarce, or you'd have got yourself killed. You know, she breaks big deer antlers across her knee just as if she were breaking little bits of dead wood.' With that, he let the thief go.

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[1] A wrestler of the late ninth century, so celebrated that his name appears in a number of old texts, including the *Konjaku* (Books 9 and 23), though little is known of him in detail.

167 (13/7) *How a man in China was unaware that his daughter had been reborn as a lamb and killed her*

Long ago, there was a man in China who had been appointed to some post or other and was due to leave the capital for the provinces. His name was Ch'ing-chih.[1] His only daughter, an outstandingly beautiful girl, died in her early teens, leaving her parents completely grief-stricken at their loss.

Two years had passed since then, and being about to leave for the country, Ch'ing-chih held a gathering of all his close relatives, intending to announce his departure for the provinces. He bought a lamb in the market and planned to serve it to his guests. But his wife dreamt that her late daughter appeared to her wearing a blue dress, with her head wrapped in white cloth and a set of hairpins in her hair. She looked exactly as she had looked during her lifetime. She said to her mother, 'While I was alive, you and father doted on me and let me do everything I wanted, so that without telling you I used to take things for myself or to give to other people. It was not stealing, but it was sinful of me not to tell you, and as a result I have been reborn as a lamb. I am now coming to atone for my sins. Tomorrow I am due to be killed, in the form of a white-headed lamb. But I beg you to save my life.' When she woke up and looked in the kitchen next morning, the mother found that there was indeed a blue lamb[2] with a white head there. Its shins and back were white, and it had two spots on its head, in the place where people usually put hairpins. When she saw them, the mother cried, "Don't kill this lamb yet! I will explain everything to the master when he comes home, and save its life.' When the Governor[3] arrived home, he demanded angrily, 'Why isn't my guests' dinner ready yet?' 'Well, sir,' the cook replied, 'I was just getting ready to cook the lamb and serve it when Her Ladyship stopped me and told me not to kill it yet, as she was going to ask you to spare its life.' 'Don't be a fool!' shouted the Governor in a rage, and he had the creature strung up for killing. But when his guests came in, they found a very charming and lovely girl in her early teens strung up by a rope tied to her hair. She cried out to them, 'I was the Governor's daughter, but I have been reborn as a lamb. Please, I beg you to save me from being killed today.' 'What a terrible thing, what a terrible thing!' shrieked the guests. 'You mustn't on any account kill her. We will go and speak to your master.' And they went away. But the cook could see nothing but the lamb, just as before. 'His Excellency is sure to be angry if it's not ready', he said to himself, and so he killed the animal. Its bleating sounded no different to him from that of any ordinary lamb, and so he killed it and prepared a variety of roast and baked dishes from it. But the guests went away without touching the food. When the puzzled Ch'ing-chih made inquiries, he learned the whole story and was so distraught with grief that he fell ill and died. And so he never did go to his duties in the provinces.

168. (13/8) *How the Abbot of the Izumo-ji*[1] *killed and ate a catfish, though aware that it was the reincarnation of his father*

Long ago, many years after the Upper Izumo-ji had been built north of the Imperial seat,[2] the Buddha Hall fell into disrepair, and there was no one to see that it was properly restored. Nearby lived the Abbot, whose name was Jōkaku.[3] He was in fact the son of the previous Abbot, the temple having for generations been in the charge of married priests. It gradually went to rack and ruin, and became a tumbledown place. Now this temple had a connection with the Great Teacher Dengyō. When he was in China,[4] and was deciding where to found the Tendai sect, he was sent a picture of the site of this temple, and he inquired which of three places—this temple, or Mt Takao or Mt Hiei—would be best. The reply was that the site of this temple was superior[5] to the others, but that its priests would probably be an unruly

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[1] *Konjaku* gives his family name as well (Wei), while it is more specific in other respects, too, e.g., as to the date (in the period 627–49).

[2] It is interesting to note that there is a kind of blue sheep (found in the Himalayas) known as a bharal.

[3] Ch'ing-chih.

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[1] A once important but no longer existing temple built in the northern part of Kyoto by Saichō (the Great Teacher Dengyō) in the early years of the Heian period. The site is now occupied by the Kami Goryō Shrine.

[2] There is some doubt whether this refers generally to the Imperial capital or specifically to the Palace.

[3] Nothing is known about him.

[4] He had gone to China in 804, returning in 805.

[5] All *Uji shūi* texts have *nochi* here in *kana*, which could be interpreted as '(this temple) later . . .' However, it seems better to follow *Konjaku*, which says clearly *Kono tera no chi* (i.e., 'the site of this temple').

lot. As a result, he decided against it. It was a place of great sanctity, but for some reason it finished up in this wretched state.

Now Jōkaku had a dream in which his father, the former Abbot, an extremely old man leaning on a stick, came to him and said, 'The day after tomorrow, at two o'clock in the afternoon, it is going to blow a gale and this temple will collapse. But I am now a three-foot catfish living under the roof-tiles of the temple, unable to get away and in a cramped dark place where there is hardly any water. I am suffering awful hardship and misery. If I am thrown out when the temple falls down, and crawl about in the garden, children will try to beat me to death. At that moment I shall go up to you. Please, do not let them beat me, but turn me loose in the Kamo River. If you do, I shall be free to roam. I shall be able to get to open water and live a happy life.' When Jōkaku woke, he told people of the dream he had had, but it remained a mystery to everybody.

On the appointed day, the sky suddenly clouded over and a wind sprang up of such force that it snapped trees and blew down houses. Frantically, people rushed to patch up their houses, but the wind blew harder and harder, until every house in the village was blown down, and all over the countryside the bamboos and other trees were snapped off. Sure enough, the temple was blown down at about two in the afternoon. It was a complete ruin, with its pillars broken and its roof fallen in. Now on the backing-boards beneath the roof there lay some rainwater that had been collecting for years, and in this were a number of large fish. The people of the neighbourhood were rushing around with baskets, stuffing the fish into them, when a catfish about three feet long came flopping out into the temple garden. Just as foretold in the dream, it went up to Jōkaku. But he took no notice of what he had been told, and gloating with pleasure at the size of the fish, plunged a big metal rod into its head and called his eldest son over to pick it up. It was too big, however, for the boy to catch, so Jōkaku chopped it through the gills with a sickle, had it wrapped up and took it home. Then, after dealing with the other fish, which he had his womenfolk carry away in tubs on their heads, he went home. His wife was very distressed, and said, 'This must be the catfish you saw in your dream. Why did you kill it?' 'It would have been killed by other people's children in any case,' Jōkaku told her, 'so what difference does it make that I did it? The late priest will be glad that the only people to eat him were from his own family, his own sons.' And with that he cut the fish up into small pieces, boiled it in a saucepan and ate it. 'It's very strange,' he said, 'but for some reason this tastes

better than other catfish. It must be because it's the late priest's flesh. Have a sip of this liquor—' and he was eating with great relish when suddenly a big bone stuck in his throat and he choked. There was no easy way of getting the bone out, and he suffered great agony, till eventually he died. His wife was so horrified, it is said, that she never ate catfish again.

169. (13/9) *How a priest devoted to the worship of Amida was tricked by a malicious spirit into thinking he was going to Paradise*

There was once a holy man who had for many years performed his devotions on Mt Ibuki[1] in the province of Mino. He knew no creed save that of Amida Buddha and throughout the years had devoted himself assiduously to calling on His holy name. Late one night, when he was kneeling before the Buddha reciting the invocation, there came from out of the sky a voice which told him, 'You have a sincere faith in me. Your invocations of my name have now grown so numerous that tomorrow at two o'clock in the afternoon I shall without fail be coming to welcome you into my Paradise. On no account must you neglect to call on my name. On hearing this, the holy man recited the invocation with the utmost fervour; he took a bath, burned incense and scattered flowers, and instructing his disciples to join him in the invocation, seated himself facing the west. Gradually there came into view a being that radiated light, and as with hands joined he invoked the name of Amida, the body of the Buddha sent forth a golden radiance which came right to him in his room. It was just like moonlight in autumn shining through the clouds. Flowers of many kinds rained down and the light from the Buddha's forehead lit up the holy man's body, and he prostrated himself in adoration. It seemed that his rosary string must surely break. Kannon came before him bearing a lotus seat, and with thick purple clouds trailing over him, the prostrate holy man drew close and mounted it. The divinities now proceeded towards the west. The disciples, left behind in their master's quarters, wept at the wonder of what they had seen, and prayed that the holy man might gain bliss in the other world.

Now seven or eight days later, some minor priests from the temple were out in the mountains, cutting wood to heat the bath water for the priests whose office was to pray, when they came across a cryptomeria tree growing far out over a waterfall, and heard a voice calling to them from its branches. Looking up in surprise, they found a priest who had been stripped naked and tied to a branch. One of them who was adept at climbing trees clambered up, and found it was his master, the holy man who had been taken to Paradise. He had been left here, tied to the tree with vines! 'How did this happen to you, master?' asked the priest, going up to him and untying his bonds. 'The Buddha went away and told me to stay here like this for a while as He would shortly come back to take me to Paradise', cried the holy man. 'Whatever are you untying me for?' But the priest still went up and untied him, while he shrieked, 'Amida Buddha, someone is killing me. Oh! Oh!' But several of the priests climbed up and brought him down, then he was taken back to the temple, where his disciples were beside themselves with grief at this sad occurrence. The holy man had lost his reason and in two or three days he died.

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[1] A mountain near the north-eastern end of Lake Biwa, on the border between modern Gifu and Shiga Prefectures.

This foolish priest, as you see, had been tricked by goblins.[1]

170. (13/10) *How the Great Teacher Jikaku*[2] *went to Tie-Dyeing Castle*[3]

Long ago, while the Great Teacher Jikaku was over in China studying Buddhism, he was caught up in the disorders which occurred when the T'ang Emperor Wu-tsung, in the Hui-chang period, persecuted Buddhism, destroying temples and pagodas, arresting and executing monks and nuns, or forcing them to return to lay life. The Great Teacher himself was on the point of being arrested, but fled and took refuge inside a chapel. When his pursuers came in to look for him, he had no choice but to hide among the statues, meanwhile praying to Fudō. The searchers found a new Fudō among the statues, which they suspiciously lifted down to examine. Jikaku now changed back to his original form, much to the surprise of his pursuers, who reported the matter to the Emperor and were told, 'He is a holy man from a foreign land. Send him away at once.' Jikaku was then released.

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[1] *Tengu*, winged creatures with long noses who are enemies of Buddhism.

[2] Ennin, 794–864, whose diary of his travels in China between 838 and 847, *Nittō guhō junrei kōki*, has been translated by E. O. Reischauer (*Ennin: the record of a pilgrimage to China in search of the law* (New York 1955)). After returning to Japan, he became Abbot of Tendai.

[3] Kōkechi (= kōketsu)-jō. *Kōketsu* is a term used for dyeing cloth that has been puckered or crumpled, then tied so that the dye does not reach all the fabric, causing a variegated effect. This castle was so named because the blood collected there was used to dye material in this way.

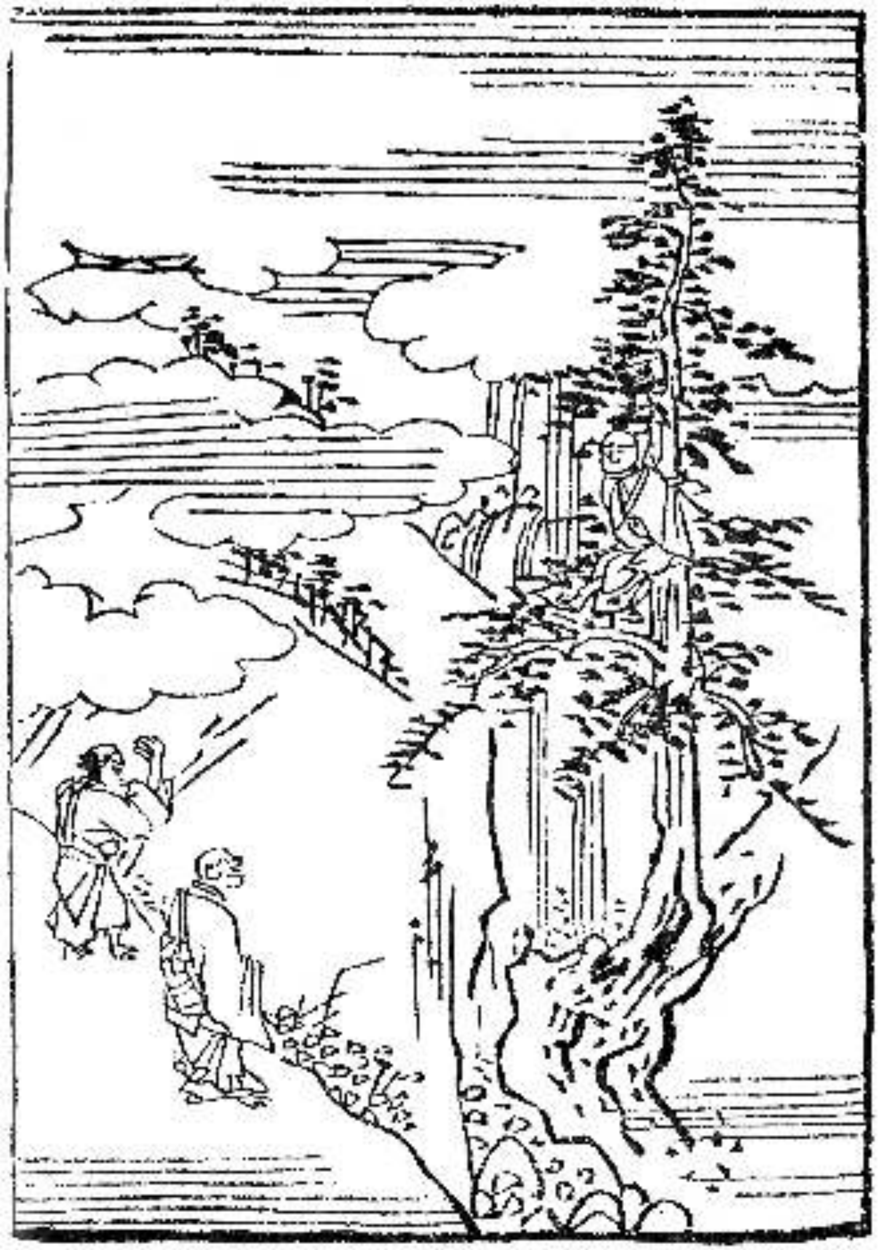

Fig. 90. The priest thought to have gone to Paradise is found tied to the branch of a tree (Story 169)

Thankfully, he escaped to another country, where, far away over the mountains, he came to a house that was surrounded by a high earth wall, with a gateway in which someone was standing. Greatly relieved, Jikaku asked where he was. 'This house belongs to a rich man', the other replied. 'Who are you?' 'I am a priest here from Japan to study Buddhism,' answered Jikaku, 'but I have been caught up in these dreadful disorders and wish to go into hiding for a time.' 'This is not a place that people can easily get to', said the man. 'You are welcome to stay here for a while and go out to continue your Buddhist studies when the world is in a more settled condition.' Very pleased, the Great Teacher went inside. The man locked the gate and walked to the other end of the compound. Following him, Jikaku came to rows of houses of different kinds and noisy crowds of people. He was put in a house at one side of the compound.

Now when he walked around to see if there was any place where he could pursue his Buddhist studies, he could find no trace of sūtras or priests. At the further end of the compound, there was a building close to the mountainside, and when he went up to it he could hear a number of people groaning. Puzzled, he peeped through a gap in the fence and saw some trussed-up human bodies, suspended off the ground with vessels placed beneath them into which their blood was being drained. In horror, he asked what was going on, but there was no reply. Greatly perturbed, he listened in another spot, and again he heard groaning. When he peered in he saw a number of people sprawled on the ground, ghastly pale and terribly emaciated. He beckoned one of them over and asked, 'What is happening here? How do you come to be in this appalling condition?' The other took a scrap of wood and stretching out his thin arm, wrote on the ground: 'This is Tie-Dyeing Castle. Anyone who comes here is first given a drug which deprives him of speech, then one which makes him fat. After this, he is strung up off the ground, several cuts are made on his body and his blood is drained off. The blood is used to dye variegated cloth, which is then sold. People are unaware of the fate in store for them and this is how they end up. You will find some blackish things, like sesame seeds, in your food. They are the drugs which deprive people of speech. If you are offered anything of that sort, pretend to eat it but throw it away. And if anyone speaks to you, just give a groan. Then make ready to escape somehow, and get away. The gates are securely locked, so getting away will not be easy.' Now that he had been given all this information, the Great Teacher returned to the quarters assigned to him.

After a while someone brought him some food in which, just as the man had said, there were some suspicious-looking objects. Jikaku made a show of eating them, but hid them inside his robe and later threw them away. When someone came and asked him a question, he groaned and said nothing. Thinking that he had been successfully dealt with, his captors fed him different kinds of drugs to make him fat, which he likewise pretended to swallow but did not. At a moment when they had left him alone, he turned towards the north-east[1] and joining his hands in prayer called upon the Three Treasures of his mountain to save him. A big dog now appeared which took his sleeve in its teeth and pulled him along. Confident that this was not mere chance, he followed where the dog pulled him, and it dragged him out through a drain which happened all unexpectedly to be at hand. Once outside the castle, the dog vanished.

Now at last Jikaku felt safe and ran off, letting his legs take him where they might. He had gone a long way, over the mountains, when he reached a village, where someone came up to him and asked, 'Where have you come from, sir, running like this?' Jikaku explained where he had been and how he had escaped. 'Why, that's amazing!' he was told, 'that is Tie-Dyeing Castle. No one who goes there ever comes away again. There is no way out, unless some Buddha performs a miracle to help you. What a marvel! You must be a very holy man indeed, sir.' And the man bowed reverently as he walked away.

Leaving this village, Jikaku continued his flight, until he once again entered the capital, where he lay low. In the sixth year of Hui-chang (846) Wu-tsung died, and in the following year (the first of the Ta-chung period) Hsüan-tsung succeeded to the throne and stopped the persecution of Buddhism. As a result, Jikaku is said to have been able to study the Buddhist Law without hindrance, until, after some ten years in China, he returned to Japan and spread the doctrine of Shingon.

171. (13/11) *How a Chinese priest[2] in India went into a cave*

Long ago, a priest from China went to India, and being absorbed with curiosity, he travelled around seeing all he could, thus visiting a number of places. Now on the side of a certain mountain, he found a large cave, and when he saw a cow go into it, he felt so curious that he followed the cow inside. On and on they went until they came out into daylight again. Looking about him, he saw what seemed like some other world. All around him bloomed exquisitely coloured flowers such as he had never seen before. The cow was eating them, and when the priest picked one and tried it, he found it had a taste as sweet as he imagined nectar must be, so wonderful that he ate a great many of the blooms—only to find himself now getting fatter and fatter.

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[1] Presumably because Mt Hiei, where his home temple was situated, lies to the north-east of Kyoto.

[2] In *Konjaku*, not a priest but a cowherd.

Bewildered and frightened, he went back to the cave where he had started, but the opening that he had passed through quite easily at first seemed narrow now that he had grown so fat, and though he eventually made his way as far as the cave mouth, he could not get out, and found himself in a terrible plight. He screamed for help to people passing by the mouth of the cave but nobody paid any attention. No one helped him. What can people have thought he was? It is all very strange. Some days later, he died. Afterwards he turned to stone, and it looked just as if a head were being thrust out of the cave.

This story is related in Hsüan-tsang's[1] account of his stay in India.

172. (13/12) *How the Venerable Jakushō[2] sent his bowl flying to fetch food*

Long ago, while the Priestly Nobleman from Mikawa was over in China, the Chinese Emperor summoned a group of eminent priests to a banquet in a specially decorated hall, after which he had them lecture on the Scriptures. 'At today's banquet', the Emperor announced, 'there will be no waiters. Each of you must make your bowl fly off to fetch your food.' His purpose was to test the Japanese priest. Each of the priests in order, then, beginning with the most distinguished, sent his bowl flying off to fetch food. When Jakushō's turn came—he was last in the order—he took the bowl in his hands and made to stand up. But the others stopped him, and said, 'What are you doing? You must make your bowl fly to fetch your food.' 'To make a bowl fly you have to employ a magical technique that I have not yet learned', said Jakushō. 'Even in Japan there have been people who could do it, but in this decadent age, there is no one. How can I make my bowl fly, then?' 'What's the matter with this holy man from Japan?' jeered the other priests, 'his bowl's got left behind, his bowl's got left

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[1] Hsüan-tsang Tripitaka. One of the most famous Chinese translators of Buddhist sūtras. His travels in India between 629 and 645 are recorded in his *Ta-T'ang Hsi-yü-chi*. However, that work in its present form does not include our story.

[2] See also *US* 59. Jakushō went to China in 1003, where he died in 1034.

behind!'[1] Jakushō now turned in the direction of Japan and uttered a prayer: 'O Three Treasures of my country, O Gods of Heaven and Earth,[2] help me! Do not put me to shame!' As he sat fervently praying, his bowl spun round like a top, flew off faster than the Chinese priests' bowls, and came back with his food. Thereafter, it is reported, the whole company, including the Emperor himself, paid homage to Jakushō as a man of true eminence.

173. (13/13) *About the holy man by the Kiyotaki River[3]*

Long ago, there was a priest who practised his rites in a hut which he had built on the upper reaches of the Kiyotaki River. When he wanted a drink of water, he would make his water jar fly off to fetch some. As the years went by, he was occasionally conceited enough to think that there could be no other practitioner of religious magic to equal him.

Now it happened that another jar came from some place upstream and drew water. He wondered with some annoyance who else could be doing this sort of thing, and made up his mind to find out. When the same water jar came flying along again, drew water and went away, he followed it until, about three or four miles upstream, he came to a hut. This turned out to be some eighteen feet square, with a separate and very splendid building housing the Buddha that the hermit worshipped. The hut was in spotless condition. In the garden was a mandarin orange tree, with signs that someone had been performing religious ceremonies beneath it. Under the shelf for the holy water was a pile of withered flowers. Moss was growing around the flagstones. There was an air of real holiness about the place. Looking in through a chink in the window, he saw a number of half-unrolled sūtra scrolls and other things on a table. The hut was filled with the smell of the ever-burning incense. Examining the occupant of the hut, he found him to be a venerable-looking priest of seventy or eighty, sitting there asleep with his five-pronged staff[4] in his hand and leaning on an arm rest.

Eager to put this holy man to the test, the priest went quietly up to him and began casting spells, using the Realm of Fire incantation.[1] Instantly, flames leapt up and took hold on the hut. Without waking up, the holy man picked up his water-sprinkling rod[2] and dipped it in perfumed water, which he sprinkled in all directions. The fire in the hut at once died down, while the priest's own clothes caught fire and burned furiously. As the priest from downstream danced around shrieking, the man from upstream looked up and sprinkled the other's head with his rod. The fire now died down. 'How did you come to be in this state?' asked the man from upstream. The other replied, 'I am a hermit who has spent many years practising religious rites in a hut built by the river. When a water jar came along recently to fetch water, I wondered who could be living here and came to find out. Just to test you, I cast a spell. Please forgive me. In future I wish to be your disciple and serve you.' The other holy man, they say, seemed to pay hardly any attention to his words.

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[1] In Japanese *Nihon no hijiri, hachi ososhi, hachi ososhi.*

[2] Note that his appeal is addressed to Shinto deities as well as to Buddhist.

[3] A river that runs south from the mountains north-west of Kyoto and joins the Ōi River near a place called Kiyotaki.

[4] *Goko.* Used in esoteric Shingon rites. A vajra with five prongs at each end, used as a symbol of the power to smash the evil enticements of the world and achieve true enlightenment.

What had happened was that, because the man from downstream was arrogant and thought himself holier than anyone else, the Buddha was displeased and conjured up an even more holy man to confront him with. That is the story that has been handed down.

174. (13/14) *About Upagupta*[3] *and his disciple*

Long ago, there lived in India a holy man named Upagupta, a disciple of the Buddha. About a hundred years after the Tathāgata had entered Nirvāṇa,[4] this holy man had a disciple to whom—perhaps because he had noted in him some predisposition that way—he constantly gave this warning: 'Never associate with women. If you do, you will be like a wheel, ever revolving in the cycle of life and death.' 'What have you observed, sir, that you should always be telling me this?' asked the disciple. 'As one who has gained enlightenment, I would never associate with women.'

The other disciples could not understand why Upagupta should speak this way to the most devout of them all. Now this disciple was once crossing a river on his way somewhere when a woman appeared and began to cross along with him. But she was swept off her feet by the water and cried out, 'Oh, I am lost. Reverend priest, save me.' The priest decided to pay no attention to her, in view of his master's

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[1] A dhāraṇī uttered while meditating on the final destruction of the world by fire.

[2] Used for sprinkling holy water.

[3] In Japanese, Ubakukuta.

[4] The date of the Buddha's entering Nirvāṇa was some time between 486 and 478 B.C.

warning. But the woman was being carried right away, coming to the surface and then going under again, and he felt such pity for her that he went and took her by the hands and helped her across. They were such lovely hands, white and plump, that he could not let them go. When the woman looked scared and begged him to let go of her hands, he replied, 'Can it be that there is some strong link between us from a former existence?—I am deeply in love with you. Will you grant my wishes?' The woman answered, 'Seeing that you have just saved me when I was on the brink of death, how can I refuse you anything at all?' Delighted, the priest took her by the hand, and saying, 'Come with me', led her in among the clumps of lespedeza and pampas grass.

Forcing her to the ground, he lay between her legs, intent on violating her—and at that moment he looked at her and found that instead of a woman he had hold of the holy sage who was his master. Aghast, he tried to pull away, but Upagupta held him fast between his legs, and called out, 'Why do you torment an aged priest in such a manner? Are you the saintly man who has gained enlightenment and is untainted by sexual desire?' The disciple was overwhelmed with shame and struggled to get free of Upagupta's legs, but they held him in a vice-like grip and would not let go. As the master went on upbraiding him, a crowd of passers-by gathered to watch, and the disciple was overcome with shame and mortification.

After exhibiting him to people in this way, Upagupta stood up, and taking hold of his disciple, took him back to the temple, where the bell was rung and an assembly held at which all the priests were informed of what had happened. They all found it extremely funny. But Upagupta's disciple was in a complete daze, scarcely aware whether he was alive or dead. Thus he repented of his sins and attained the fruit of non-returning.[1] The holy Upagupta had employed this device to deceive his disciple and lead him into the way of the Buddha.

175. (14/1) *About the monk Hai-yün*[3] *and a lad who was his disciple*

Long ago, the monk Hai-yün was walking along the road when he met a lad in his early teens. 'What do you want, my boy?' asked the monk. 'I am just passing along the road, sir', said the boy. 'Have you read the Lotus Sūtra?' asked the monk. 'I have never even heard the name of this—"Lotus Sūtra", did you call it, sir?' replied the boy. 'Come with me to my temple, then, and I will teach you the Lotus Sūtra', said the monk, and promising to do as he said, the boy went along with him. When they reached the monk's quarters on Mt Wu-t'ai,[1] Hai-yün taught him the Lotus Sūtra.

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[1] The third of the 'four fruits'. The third stage of enlightenment, the reward of the seeker after the stage of *anāgāmin* 'non-returning' or 'not-coming', who will not be reborn in this world but in the heavens of form and without form (rūpa and arūpa), where he will attain to Nirvāṇa.

[3] In Japanese, Kaiun biku.

While he was studying it, a young priest kept coming in and talking to them. Who he was, the boy did not know. Hai-yün asked him if he knew this reverend young man, and he said no. 'That is Mañjuśrī,[2] who lives on this mountain. He comes to talk to me.' In spite of this explanation, the boy admitted that it did not mean much to him, for he did not know who Mañjuśrī was. The monk said to him, 'You must never, never associate with women. Do not let them come anywhere near you, and avoid any intimacy with them.' Now the boy was one day going somewhere when he met on the road a gorgeously adorned and beautiful woman riding a grey horse. 'Please lead my horse for me', she said. 'The road is so terribly bad that I am afraid of falling off.' But the boy walked on without paying any attention. Just then the horse reared and the woman fell backwards on to the ground. Resentfully she cried, 'Help me! I feel as if I'm going to die any minute.' Still the boy paid no attention. Reflecting that his master had told him never to approach a woman, he went back to Mt Wu-t'ai and told the monk about this woman, adding, 'But I paid no attention to her and came home'. 'You did the right thing', said Hai-yün approvingly. 'That woman was Mañjuśrī, who took that form to test your will.'

In due course, the boy read the whole of the Lotus Sūtra, after which the monk said to him, 'You have read all the Lotus Sūtra. Now you must enter the priesthood and take your vows.' The boy then became a priest. 'I will not administer the vows to you myself. A man called the priest Lun,[3] who lives in the Ch'an-ting Temple[4] in the eastern capital,[5] has lately received the Imperial mandate to conduct ceremonies of ordination. You must go to him to be ordained. But now this means that I shall not be able to see you again,' said Hai-yün, and he wept bitterly. The boy said, 'As soon as I have taken my vows I shall come back, sir. Why do you talk like that?' And he asked Hai-yün why he was crying. 'Only because of something very sad', replied Hai-yün with tears in his eyes. Then he told the boy, 'When you reach the house of the priest who will administer your vows, if you are asked where you have come from, say "From the monk Hai-yün of Mt Ch'ing-liang"'.[1] And tearfully he watched the boy set off on his journey.

Following his instructions, the boy went to the house of the priest Lun and asked to be ordained. Then as he had expected, he was asked where he came from, and when he replied as his master had told him to, the priest Lun exclaimed in astonishment, 'This is a miracle'. He prostrated himself before the boy and showed him the utmost reverence. 'Only Mañjuśrī lives on Mt Wu-t'ai', he said. 'My young novice friend, what has happened is that in meeting the good sage Hai-yün you have been face to face with Mañjuśrī himself.' Having taken his vows, the priest went back to Mt Wu-t'ai—but when he went to where Hai-yün's quarters had been, where he himself had lived for so long, he found no sign of human habitation at all. With tears in his eyes, he searched the whole mountain, but no trace of Hai-yün's temple could be find.

On the one hand, the disciple of Upagupta was a clever man, but his will was weak and he had dealings with a woman. On the other hand, this boy, young though he was, had a strong will and kept away from the woman he met. That is why Mañjuśrī took this clever boy as his pupil and led him into the way of the Buddha. So you see, everybody should keep the commandments.

176. (14/2) *About the immense strength of the High Priest Kanchō*[2]

Long ago, the High Priest Kanchō of the Henjō-ji[3] also had control of the Ninna-ji,[4] and having decided to have the dilapidated parts of this temple repaired, he assembled a large gang of carpenters to do the work. One evening, when all the carpenters had gone home, he thought he would see how the work had progressed that day, and made a tour all alone, with his robe tucked up about his waist, wearing high clogs and leaning on a stick. As he walked around under the rope

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[1] Near the north-eastern border of Shansi. The principal temple was built about A.D. 471–500.

[2] In Japanese, Monju. The chief Bodhisattva in Mahāyāna Buddhism, the guardian of wisdom.

[3] Apparently a practitioner of Ch'an (Zen), 'meditation'.

[4] Ch'an-ting means roughly *samādhi*, a state of absorption through meditation.

[5] Lo-yang.

[1] Another name for Mt Wu-t'ai.

[2] See note 1 on p. 390.

[3] A temple west of Kyoto belonging to the Omuro branch of the Shingon sect.

[4] Also west of Kyoto. The head temple of Omuro Shingon (so named from the district in which the temple stands).

scaffolding, inspecting the work in the dusk, a man suddenly appeared in front of him who was dressed in black and had his hat pulled right down so that his face was almost invisible. Kneeling down, the man drew his sword and held it point uppermost, trying all the time to keep it out of sight. 'Who are you?' asked Kanchō. Still down on one knee, the man replied, 'I am very hard up, sir, and it's so unbearably cold that I should like you to let me have one or two of those robes you're wearing.' As he spoke, he looked as if he were planning to attack the High Priest. 'By all means,' said Kanchō, 'but you ought to be ashamed of your attitude. Why ever didn't you just ask for one, instead of frightening people with your threats?' And with that he suddenly ran round behind the man and kicked him hard on the backside. The man completely vanished from sight. Kanchō walked calmly back and as he approached the priests' quarters he called out in a loud voice, 'Is anyone there?' A novice came running out. 'Go and fetch a torch', said the High Priest. 'I can't make it out—there was a man trying to rob me of my clothes and suddenly he vanished, so I want to investigate. Go and call all the priests out.' The novice ran back indoors and shouted, 'Come out, everybody. His Reverence has run into a thief.' Every single priest in the whole temple came out, seven or eight of them, perhaps even ten, each one with a flaming torch or a sword in his hand. 'Where is this thief, sir?' they asked.

'There was a thief here trying to rob me of my clothes, and I was afraid of being cold if I lost them so I kicked him hard on the backside and he vanished. Hold your flares up high and see if he is hiding', said Kanchō. 'What a curious business!' said the priests, then as they flourished their torches and stared upwards they spotted a man tangled up in the rope scaffolding where he had fallen, quite unable to move. 'There, you can see someone. It may be one of the workmen, but he's dressed in black', they called, and when they climbed up, they found the man with a look of anguish on his face, caught up in the scaffolding and unable to move an inch. The upturned sword was still in his hand. Once they spotted him, the priests crowded round him, grabbed his sword and his topknot and his arms, and lifted him down, after which they took him to Kanchō. The latter went back with the man to the priests' quarters, and told him, 'Never under-rate an old priest again, or you'll be sorry'. With that, he took off a thickly padded robe that he was wearing and gave it to the man, then sent him packing.

177. (14/3) *How Tsuneyori*[1] *had a brush with a snake*

Long ago, near the house of the sumō wrestler Tsuneyori, there was an old river, in which there was at one spot a deep pool. It was shady in summer under the trees by the river, and Tsuneyori one day went for a walk there, wearing only a thin summer robe tucked up around his waist and high clogs, and leaning on a forked stick. With just a serving lad to accompany him, he stopped to cool off in the shade of the trees by the pool. The water was blackish and fearsome-looking, with no bottom to be seen. As he stood near the edge, looking down at the rank growth of reeds and rushes and other plants, the water suddenly rose over by the other bank, some thirty-five to forty feet away, and came surging across towards him. As he watched to see what would happen, the surge came close to the bank on his side of the river and a snake thrust its head out of the water. 'This snake must be enormous', he thought as he stood looking at it. 'I wonder if it will get out of the water.' Meanwhile, the snake had lifted its head and was staring fixedly at him.

'What on earth does it have in mind?' he thought, and stood on the bank watching, about a foot or so from the water's edge. For some time the snake continued to stare at him, until at length it withdrew its head beneath the water. Now he noticed a surge of water heading for the other bank, then back came a wave in his direction, after which the snake poked its tail up over the bank and thrust it towards where he was standing. Suspecting that the snake was scheming something, he simply stood waiting to see what it was. It thrust its tail out further and further and wound it three or four times round Tsuneyori's legs. Then, as he stood wondering what to do, it finished coiling itself round him and with a rasping noise it began to pull. He now suddenly realized that it was trying to drag him into the river, and he braced his legs firmly, with his feet thrust so hard against the ground as he felt the snake's tremendous pull that the supports of his clogs gave way. It seemed that he must be dragged off his feet, but by a great effort he recovered his stance. The snake was pulling with incredible force and he was afraid he would be dragged away. But he kept his feet so firmly planted that they sank as much as five or six inches into the hard ground. Just as he was marvelling at how strongly the snake could pull, it suddenly snapped, like a rope, and immediately blood could be seen welling up in the water. Clearly it had broken in two, and as he pulled with his legs, the snake ceased to tug and came out on to the bank.

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[1] *Kojidan* calls him *Ama no Tsuneyo*. The reference is possibly to a certain *Oshi no Tsuneyo* who is mentioned in several works of the Heian period.

He now disentangled the tail from his legs and washed them in the water, but he could not get rid of the marks the snake had left. Told that washing them in rice-wine would do it, he sent for some and washed them in that. Finally he sent for his servants and had them drag the tail on to the bank. Big is not the word for it! The snake had evidently been as much as a foot in diameter at the point where it had snapped. When he sent men to bring him the head part, they found that the snake had wound this end of its body several times round a big tree root on the opposite bank and had then poked its tail up out of the water to wind round his legs and drag him in. Apparently it had not been able to match Tsuneyori's strength and had broken in two. What a fantastic thing, to have pulled so hard and not cared whether its own body might snap in two! Later, in order to see how many men the snake was equal to in strength, Tsuneyori got as many as ten men to pull on a large rope fixed where the snake had coiled itself round his legs, but he said they were not pulling as hard as the snake. Not until a full sixty men were pulling did he finally say, 'That's how it felt'. This shows that Tsuneyori must have been as strong as—why, a hundred men.

178. (14/4) *About Uokai*[1]

Long ago, a Japanese ambassador to the T'ang Court took a wife while in China and had a child by her. The child was still in its infancy when he returned to Japan, but before he left he promised his wife that he would send her a letter when the next ambassador came and that he would send for the child when it no longer needed a wet-nurse. Whenever an embassy arrived, the mother inquired if there was a letter for her, but no word ever came. She resented this so much that she picked up the child and, tying a tag round its neck with a written message stating that this was the child of such-and-such an ambassador to the T'ang, faced towards Japan and threw it into the sea. 'If such is its karma, this child will be united with its father', she cried, and she walked off.

Now the father happened to be passing the bay of Naniwa[2] one day when he noticed out to sea a white object like a bird floating on the water. As it came nearer and nearer, he saw that it was a little boy.

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[1] Apparently a member of the Oshiumibe

[2] The modern Osaka.

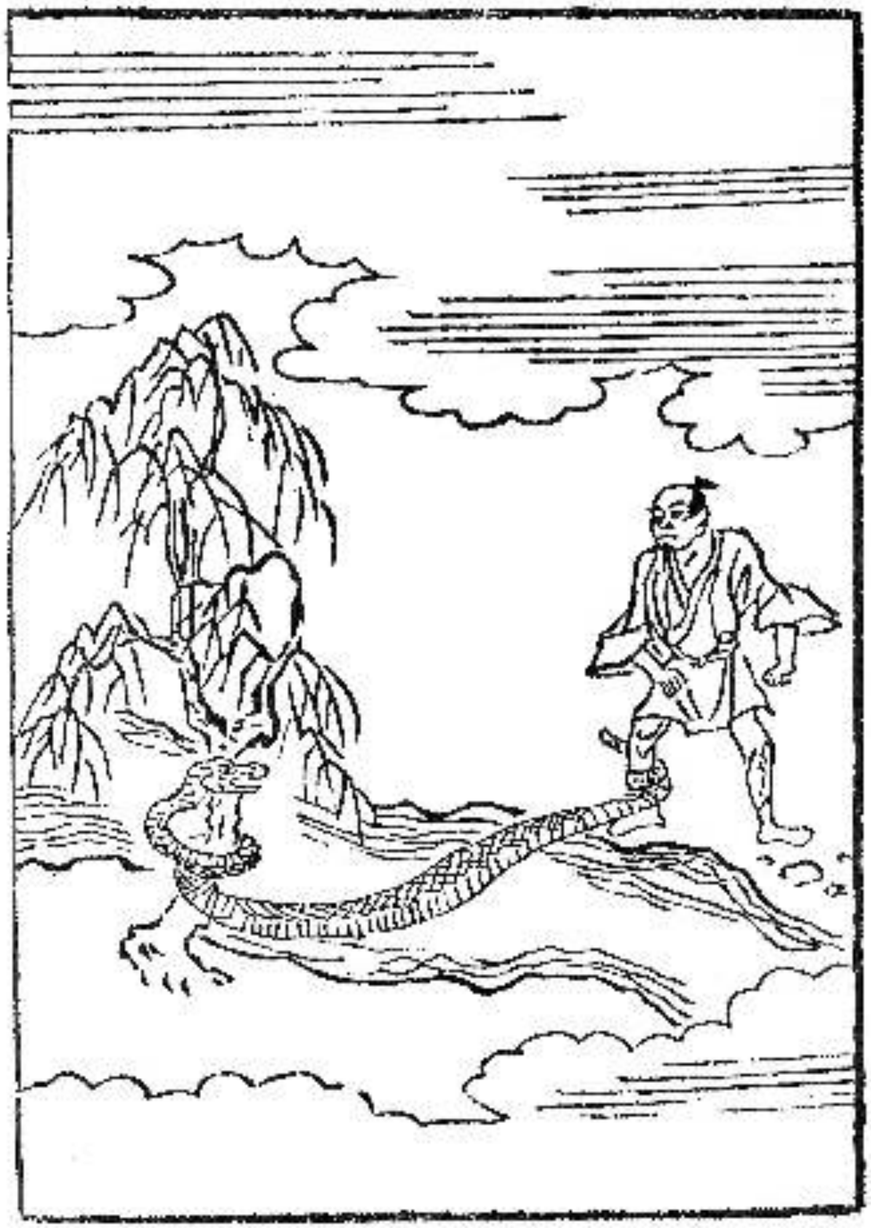

Fig. 31. The trial of strength between Tsuneyori and the snake (Story 177)

This was so strange that he reined in his horse to watch, and as it came right in close to the shore, he made out a beautiful, fair-complexioned child of about four, being carried in by the waves. Galloping up, he found that it was riding on the back of a large fish. He had one of his retainers lift the child off, and on examining it, he found a tag round its neck stating that it was the child of such-and-such an ambassador to the T'ang Court. 'It's my own child, then!' he said to himself. 'I suppose its mother must have thrown it into the sea because she was angry with me for promising to send for it and then not making any inquiries about it. It was evidently not destined to die but instead to come here like this, astride a fish.' He was deeply moved, and brought the child up with the utmost loving care. Through an ambassador who was going to China, he sent word of what had happened, much to the amazement and joy of the child's mother, who had been thinking it must be dead.

Now when the child grew up, he was an excellent calligrapher. Having been saved by a fish, he was given the name of Uokai (Fish-keeper). It is said that the inscriptions on the tablets in the seven temples[1] are by his hand.

179. (14/5) *About the Empress of Silla and a golden footstool*

Again, long ago, there was an Empress in Silla who had secretly taken a lover. When the Emperor heard of this, he had her seized and strung up by a rope tied to her hair, with her legs two or three feet off the ground. In desperation, she thought, 'Here I am in this awful plight, but there is no one to help me. I have heard that to the east of this country there is a country called Japan, and that there a Bodhisattva called the Hase Kannon[2] manifests herself. The compassion of the Bodhisattva is known even in this country and is beyond measure. If I pray to her, surely she would not fail to help me.' And she closed her eyes in prayer, whereupon a golden footstool appeared beneath her feet. When she stood on this, she suffered no pain at all. To anyone else the stool was invisible. Several days later, she was released.

Thereafter she sent a messenger to present many of her most valuable possessions to the Hase-dera. Among them were large bells and mirrors and blinds made of precious metal which are said to be there to this day. They say that no one who prays to this Kannon, even a foreigner, finds his prayers unanswered.

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[1] The Seven Great Temples of Nara, i.e., Tōdai-ji, Kōfuku-ji, Gangō-ji, Daian-ji, Yakushi-ji, Saidai-ji, Hōryū-ji.

[2] See note 4 on p. 276.

180. (14/6) *About some priceless jewels*

Again, long ago there lived in Tsukushi a man called the Fifth-Ranker Sadashige.[1] He was the grandfather of a man in our own day called the Fifth-Ranker Norishige, of Hakozaki.[2] This Sadashige went up to the capital, and in order to give presents to the late Lord Uji[3] and to his own friends, he borrowed cloth worth about sixty or seventy thousand cash from a Chinese, giving him as surety for the loan ten swords.

Up in the capital, he gave some cloth to Lord Uji and made such gifts as he wished to his friends, then set out on his way home. When he embarked at Yodo, someone gave a party and while the feasting was in progress, some traders came alongside in small boats, offering a variety of goods for sale. Among them was one who offered a jewel, but no one took much notice of him until an attendant of Sadashige's who was standing in the bows of the ship called out to him to bring it over so that he could have a look. The man brought out from the waistband of his skirt a pearl about the size of a large bean, and gave it to the attendant, who took off his coat and said, 'Will you take this for it?' Thinking he had made a good bargain, the owner of the pearl lost no time in taking the coat and rowing away, leaving the attendant wondering whether he had paid too much for the pearl. But the man had made off in a frantic hurry, and the purchaser stowed the pearl away in the waistband of his skirt and put on another coat, bitterly regretting what he had done.

Now several days later they arrived at the port of Hakata. As soon as he left the ship, Sadashige went to thank the Chinese for having lent him so much on such a small surety. The Chinese was very pleased to see him, too, and they sat talking together over refreshments. In the meantime, the attendant who owned the pearl had encountered a Chinese of the lower class, and asked him if he wanted to buy a pearl. The man took it and put it on his palm, shaking it about as he examined it. Immediately a look of astonishment came over his face, and he asked the price. 'Ten thousand cash', said the attendant, seeing from the man's face how much he wanted it. But the man almost fell over himself in his hurry to accept at that price. 'I really meant twenty thousand', said Sadashige's attendant, and again the other eagerly agreed. By now, Sadashige's attendant was beginning to suspect that the pearl was very valuable, and asked the man to give it back for a moment. The latter was loath to part with it, but the attendant insisted, and when the man reluctantly handed it over, the attendant said, 'I've got to give the price a bit of thought before I let you have it', and putting it away in his waistband, he went off. Beaten, the man went to the house of the Chinese (a ship's captain) who had made the loan to Sadashige and who was sitting chatting with him. When the man jabbered away to him in a language that meant nothing to Sadashige, he nodded, and said to Sadashige, 'One of your attendants has got hold of a pearl. Would you get it for me?' Sadashige called one of his men and told him to find out if one of the attendants had a pearl and bring him in. The jabbering Chinese now hurried out and in a very short time brought the man in, holding him by the sleeve and shouting, 'Here, this is the man, this is the man'. 'Have you really got a pearl?' asked Sadashige, and the attendant reluctantly admitted that he had. 'All right, give it to me', he was told, and when he produced it from the waistband of his skirt, Sadashige had a servant hand it over. The Chinese opposite him took it and laid it on his palm, shaking it about as he examined it, then he got up and hurried through into the back part of the house. Just as Sadashige was wondering why, he came back with all ten of the swords that had been pledged as surety for the seventy thousand cash loan and returned them to him. Sadashige sat dumbfounded, seeing that something that had cost only an old coat should end up fetching such a high price.

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[1] Unidentifiable.

[2] A member of the Hata family known to have been an official of the Dazaifu, the headquarters of the Governor-General of Kyushu, in the last three or four decades of the eleventh century. Hakozaki is now part of the city of Fukuoka.

[3] Fujiwara Yorimichi died in 1074.

For a jewel to be worth so much is nothing new. In Tsukushi there lived a man named Tōshi Shōzu,[1] who told the following tale. One day he was on his way somewhere when a man offered to sell him a jewel, produced one from inside his coat wrapped in an old scrap of paper and handed it to him. It turned out to be not quite the size of a rosary bead. 'How much do you want for it?' he asked, and when the man told him, 'Twenty rolls of silk', he was completely taken aback. Abandoning the errand he was engaged on, he went back home with the owner of the jewel and gave him fully sixty rolls of silk, every bit he had. 'It's a shame for you to ask so little for something that must be worth more than twenty rolls,' he said, 'so I'm giving you sixty.' The man went away very pleased with himself.

Tōshi Shōzu took the jewel with him when he went to China, and

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[1] Unidentifiable. It is possible that these are corruptions of *Rishi sōzu*, 'The Junior Assistant High Priest-Preacher'.

though he had a terrible journey, he carried it on his person all the time, hung round his neck like a charm. Now when the Chinese run into a storm at sea, it is their custom to throw overboard the most valuable thing on the ship. So when a gale blew up, there was talk of throwing Shōzu's jewel into the sea. 'If you throw this jewel into the sea, I shall have nothing left to live for. If you throw that in, then throw me in with it', cried Shōzu, and he kept tight hold on it. It was of course out of the question to throw a man overboard, and while they were arguing—Shōzu was evidently not destined to lose the jewel—the gale moderated, and to his great relief the jewel was not after all thrown into the sea. The man in command of the ship also possessed a big jewel but it was flattish and inferior to Shōzu's.

When they arrived in China, Shōzu was asked to take the captain's jewel to the house of a prospective buyer, but on the way he lost it. In panic he retraced his steps to look for it, but despairing of finding it, Shōzu took his own jewel and gave that to the captain, saying, 'Since I have lost your jewel, I have no choice—please accept this as a replacement for yours.' 'Mine wasn't as good as this', the captain protested. 'It would be very wrong of me to accept this jewel in place of the other one.' And he gave it back. How different from people in this country! Would any Japanese have refused it?

Now one day Shōzu, still grieving over the loss of this jewel, was visiting a prostitute, and while they were making love, she put her hand on his chest and asked why his heart was palpitating so much. He explained about the loss of the jewel, and how the mere thought of the awful thing he had done was enough to give him palpitations. 'I can well imagine', the girl replied.

Two days after his visit to her, the prostitute sent a message asking him to come at once as she had something urgent to say to him. Anxious to know what it could be, he went there as fast as he could. He was not admitted through the usual entrance but was directed to enter by an inconspicuous door, and went in very puzzled by all the mystery. 'Is this by any chance the jewel you lost?' the girl asked, and when he looked at the jewel she had produced he found it to be the very one. 'How did you come by this?' he asked in amazement. The girl said, 'When someone went by here offering a jewel for sale, I remembered that you had told me something about a jewel and called him in to have a look at it. It was such a big one that I wondered if it might be yours, so I kept the man talking and sent for you.' 'Let's not waste words', said Shōzu. 'Where is this fellow with the jewel?' 'He's in there', said the girl, and he sent her to fetch the man, then took him to see the jewel's owner. When he explained how this jewel for sale was one he had lost, stating the circumstances and the place, the man could not dispute it, and admitted that that was where he had found the jewel. He was given a small reward and sent away.

After he had restored the captain's jewel to him, Shōzu sold his own for five thousand pieces of embossed Chinese silk—each one of which had about the same value in China as five rolls of Mino silk in Japan. If you work it out, this jewel which was picked up for sixty pieces of silk made the equivalent of fifty million cash in Japanese terms. At that rate, it is no wonder that Sadashige's pledge worth seventy thousand cash was returned to him. That's the story I was told.

181. (14/7) *About a maidservant in the guards' quarters of the Retired Emperor's Palace*[1] *who was called Roku*[2]

Again, long ago, in the time of the Retired Emperor Shirakawa,[3] there was in the guards' quarters of his Palace a witty maidservant[4] whose name was Roku. The courtiers used to amuse themselves exchanging banter with her, and one drizzling wet day when they were feeling bored, somebody proposed sending for 'Roku' to cheer them up. A servant was sent to fetch her and when he returned shortly afterwards to announce that he had brought 'Roku', one of the officers was directed to go out and bring her inside, into the Palace Reception Room. He went out and invited this 'Roku' to come in, but the invitation was refused 'because it would not be proper.' The officer returned to report that 'Roku' felt too embarrassed to accept the honour of being invited in, but the courtiers said, 'Whatever is she talking about? Tell her to stop making a fuss and come on in.' 'Roku', however, protested, 'There must be some mistake. I've never been in the Palace Reception Room before.' Still, the crowd of people around urged strongly that 'Roku' should go in, because there must be some special reason for the invitation, and so, protesting, 'It frightens me to death', 'Roku' decided that the invitation could not be refused and went into the Reception Room.

And now, what did the courtier who had sent for 'Roku' find but

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[1] The guards of a Retired Emperor were known as *hokumen no bushi* 'north-side warriors', because their quarters were in that section of the Palace.

[2] Literally 'Six'.

[3] I.e., some time between 1086 and 1129.

[4] There is some doubt as to the interpretation of the word *zōshi* here; the meaning can either be 'there was a witty woman in the apartments on the north side' or 'there was as a maidservant on the north side a witty woman....'

an official from the Retired Emperor's Office, a humble Recorder (*Roku*)[1] in the Ministry of Justice! He was a man with greying hair and whiskers, wearing a blue skirt over a dark-green hunting coat, and he came and sat down in a very ceremonious manner, with much rustling of robes, his fan held like a baton and his eyes demurely looking at the floor. As the courtier sat speechless with astonishment, the Recorder became more and more obsequious and fairly grovelled on the ground. Feeling he had to say something, the courtier asked, 'Look, who's on duty besides yourself?' The Recorder told him, and unable to understand why he had been sent for, edged backwards across the floor. 'This is excellent service indeed. I shall certainly bring you to His Majesty's notice. And now you may go, hurry along', said the courtier, dismissing him.

They say that Roku the maidservant had a good laugh when she heard about this.

182. (14/8) *About a verse link composed by the Assistant High Priest Chūin*[2]

Again, long ago, when the Seventh Prince[3] was on a visit to the Abbot of Tendai[4] in the Shōren'in,[5] a number of young priests of various ranks were holding a 'monkey-night' vigil[6] to entertain him. There was an extremely ugly page going round serving the wine and other refreshments, and one of the priests, sotto voce, made up the first part of a verse about him:

> A gentleman's page
> Isn't nearly as good
> As a temple lad.

Now the Assistant High Priest Chūin happened to be present, and while the company were cogitating on this verse, he said, 'Here, I've made up a couplet to finish that'. The young priests sat watching his face, waiting to hear what he would say. The line he added went:

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[1] A fourth-grade official.

[2] See also *UY* 2 (note 1 on p. 137) and *US* 80.

[3] Died 1161, aged forty-eight. Seventh son of the Emperor Toba. Although the Abbot of Tendai mentioned here was his teacher, Gyōgen, he himself later became Abbot of Tendai and took up residence in the Shōren'in Temple, from which time it became a *monzeki*, a temple regularly in the charge of an Imperial prince.

[4] Gyōgen, the second founder of this temple, which was originally on Mt Hiei, became Abbot of Tendai in 1138.

[5] At Awataguchi, the eastern end of Third Avenue.

[6] It was believed that if a person slept on the night preceding the day on which the cyclical sign *kanoe* (metal elder brother) coincided with that of *saru* (monkey), he would be affected by evil influences. It was customary, therefore, to spend the night playing games or doing such things as composing verses, in order to stay awake. This was known as *kōshin-machi*.

All he can look forward to
Is services at Gion.'

Everybody furtively consulted his neighbour to ask what this couplet could mean. Chūin overheard them and said, 'There, you see, I added that couplet to prove to you that it couldn't be done'. The priests who caught what he said burst out all together in roars of laughter, they say.

183. (14/9) *About ritual precautions for the Captains of the Inner Palace Guard*

Again, long ago an astrologer reported to the Court that the moon was impinging upon the constellation of the General. As a result the Captains of the Inner Palace Guard were advised to take strict ritual precautions, and the Captain of the Right Guards, Lord Ononomiya,[2] had all manner of prayers said on his behalf at such places[3] as the Kasuga Shrine and the Yamashina-dera.

The Captain of the Left Guards at the time was the gentleman known as the Biwa Captain of the Left Guards Nakahira.[4] Now the Assistant High Priest Hōzō[5] of the Tōdai-ji, who was this gentleman's officiating priest, waited expectantly for instructions to hold prayers, but when no word came from the Captain of the Left, he was so worried that he went up to the capital and presented himself at the Biwa Mansion. When Lord Nakahira received him and asked his reason for coming to the capital, Hōzō replied, 'According to what I heard in Nara, a Doctor of Astrology[6] has forecast that the Captains of the Inner Palace Guard need to take ritual precautions, and as a result the Captain of the Right Guards is having all manner of prayers said

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[1] There is here an untranslatable pun on the word *Gion* (referring to the services held during the Gion Festival in the sixth month) and *Goi* meaning 'Fifth Rank(er)'. The meaning of the verse is that a temple lad may go on to high priestly rank but a page cannot normally expect to achieve more than (the Archivists') Fifth Rank.

[2] Fujiwara Saneyori. See also *US* 97. I have preferred to retain here my usual translation of his rank in the Guards (*taishō*) as 'Captain' and not 'General', even though this obscures the connection with the constellation named *taishō*.

[3] The Kasuga Shrine, the family shrine of the Fujiwara, is of course a Shinto shrine, but was very closely associated with Buddhism. The Yamashina-dera or Kōfuku-ji was the family (Buddhist) temple of the Fujiwara.

[4] 875–945. Also a Fujiwara, son of Mototsune.

[5] Became Abbot of Tōdai-ji in 965, and died 969.

[6] *Tenmon hakase*, officials of the Bureau of Divination (On'yōryō).

at places like the Kasuga Shrine and the Yamashina-dera. I therefore thought that you too, my Lord, would surely have prayers said, but when I made inquiries, everyone said he had heard no word of it. This was very disturbing, and that is why I have come to see you, sir. It would certainly be best for you to have some prayers said.' 'You are quite right,' said the Captain of the Left Guards, 'but my idea was that, although I understand both Captains of the Guard were advised to take precautions, for me to do so would perhaps be harmful to the Captain of the Right. Not only is he a brilliant man, but he's young, too, and likely to serve the Emperor for a long time to come. I, on the other hand, am neither particularly distinguished nor young, and I felt that it didn't matter what happened to me. That's why I have not had any prayers said on my behalf.' His eyes brimming with tears, Hōzō said, 'That is better than any number of prayers. If that is how you feel, you have nothing to fear at all.' And with that, he went away.

And so the Captain of the Left Guards did indeed remain unharmed, and became a Minister, living to the age of more than seventy.

184. (14/10) *About an uncanny incident involving Seimei[1] and a dog belonging to the Chancellor of the Buddha Hall[2]*

Long ago, after the Chancellor of the Buddha Hall had built the Hōjō-ji, he used to go there every day. Now he had a particular pet, a white dog, which would go along with him and never leave his side. One day it was with him as usual, and just as he was about to go through the gate it ran round and round in front of his carriage, blocking his path and refusing to allow him in. Wondering what was the matter, he alighted from the carriage and was about to walk in when the dog seized the hem of his robe in its teeth and tried to hold him back. 'There is more in this than meets the eye', he thought, and calling for the shaft-stand, he sat down and sent a messenger to Seimei with instructions that he must come at once. In no time, Seimei was on the scene.

When the Chancellor explained what had happened and asked what it meant, Seimei spent a few minutes divining, and then reported, 'There is something buried in the road which bears a curse on you, my lord. If you pass over it, you will suffer harm. The dog possesses supernatural powers and was warning you.' 'Find out where it is buried, then', said the Chancellor. 'That will be no problem, sir', said Seimei, and after a few minutes of divining, he said, 'Here it is.' The Chancellor had a hole dug at that spot and sure enough something was found about fifteen feet down. There were two earthenware vessels, fitted together and tied crosswise with yellow paper twisted into a string. When the vessels were opened up, they were found to contain nothing but a figure 1 written in vermilion on the bottom. 'There is no one besides myself who understands this sort of thing,' said Seimei. 'I wonder if it can be the work of the priest Dōma.[1] Let me test and see.' Taking some paper from his robe, he twisted it in the shape of a bird, put a spell on it and flung it into the air. Immediately, it turned into a white heron and flew off southwards. He ordered a servant to run after the bird and observe where it settled. It came down and went through the double-doored entrance to an old house near the junction of Madenokōji Lane and Rokujōbōmon Lane.[2] The owner, an old priest, was at once arrested and brought before the Chancellor. Questioned about his reason for the curse, he confessed that he had done it at the instigation of the Horikawa Minister of the Left, Lord Akimitsu.[3] 'For such a crime you should suffer banishment to some island,' he was told, 'but it is not your fault.' And with the strict injunction never to do anything of the kind again, he was sent away to his native province of Harima.

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[1] See also *US* 26 and 126–7.

[2] Fujiwara Michinaga, see note 7 on p. 230.

This Lord Akimitsu after his death became a vengeful spirit and haunted the area of the Buddha Hall, being known, they say, as the Malicious Minister.[4] It is said that the dog was treated as more of a pet than ever after this incident.

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[1] A pupil of Seimei, and evidently a bad lot, since he is reputed to have committed adultery with Seimei's wife while his master was away, to have stolen a secret text belonging to him, and finally to have killed him.

[2] In some versions of the story, the house is identified as the *Kawara-no-in*, the Palace by the River. (See *US* 151.)

[3] 944–1021. Son of Fujiwara Kanemichi (who is referred to as Lord Horikawa in *US* 124).

[4] Literally 'Evil Spirit Minister (of the Left)'. He is said to have borne a grudge against Michinaga because Prince Atsuakira (Ko-ichijō-in), son of the Emperor Sanjō, transferred his affections from Akimitsu's daughter to the daughter of Michinaga.

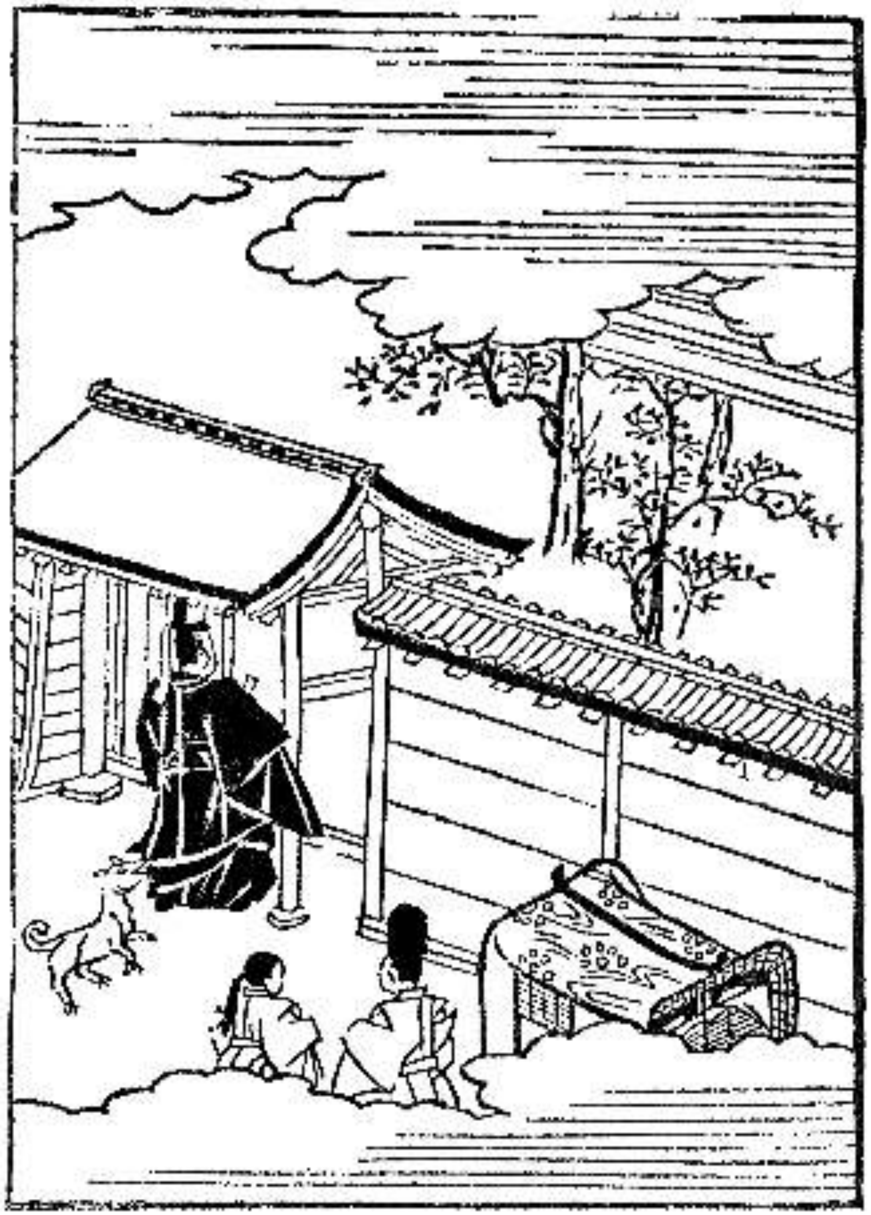

Fig. 92. Michinaga's dog preventing him from entering the gate and exposing himself to danger (Story 184)

185. (14/11) *About the Priestly Gentleman*[1] *who was Takashina Shumpei's*[2] *brother and the magical art of laying sticks*

Again, long ago, there was a man named Takashina Shumpei, a former Governor of Tango. He later entered religion and was known as the Priestly Nobleman from Tango. He had a younger brother who held no government post. Now this brother accompanied his master from the capital down to Tsukushi, and while there, he went to see a certain Chinese who had recently come to Japan and who was highly skilled in the art of divining by laying sticks. When he expressed a wish to learn this art, the Chinese was at first not interested and refused to teach him. But then he had Shumpei's brother lay a few sticks while he watched, and he told him, 'You have it in you to become a skilful diviner. But there is no future for you in Japan, it is a very poor place as far as divination is concerned. If you promise to come with me to China, I will teach you.' 'Provided you will give me proper instruction and I can become skilled in the art, I will do as you say. Yes, I will do as you say and go to China with you, so long as there is some prospect of your employing me when we are there', said Shumpei's brother, putting things so cleverly that the Chinese was finally induced to give him careful instruction.

As the lessons progressed, Shumpei's brother picked up everything so effortlessly that the Chinese had nothing but praise for him. 'There are many diviners in our country,' he said, 'but none with such a grasp of the art as you have. You must certainly come with me to China.' 'Of course', said Shumpei's brother. 'I am going to do as you tell me.' 'In this art of divining,' said the Chinese, 'there is a way of curing sick people and a way of killing instantly people that you hate or have a grudge against. All these things I intend to pass on to you, and I will not keep anything from you. I want you to take a solemn oath that you will come with me.' Shumpei's brother then took an oath of a sort, but rather with his tongue in his cheek. Still the Chinese said, 'I won't teach you this method of killing people until we are aboard the ship on our way to China', and though he gave him instruction in everything else, he refrained from teaching him this one art.

In time, Shumpei's brother had acquired a good knowledge of divining, but then his master suddenly had occasion to go up to the capital, and Shumpei's brother accompanied him. When the Chinese was told of this, he tried to dissuade him, but Shumpei's brother fobbed him off by saying, 'How can I refuse to accompany the master I have served for so many years when something of this sort suddenly happens and he has to go to the capital? Rest assured that I shall not break my promise.' Convinced by this, the Chinese said, 'Very well, be sure you do come back. My plan was to return to China in the next day or so, but now I will wait until you get back before leaving.' With that solemn agreement, Shumpei's brother went up to the capital. All the while life had not been treating him too well, he had quite looked forward to going to China. Once up in the capital, however, he was dissuaded by his friends, and the Priestly Nobleman Shumpei himself, when he heard of the proposal, discouraged him, so that in the end he was not even able to go back to Tsukushi.

The Chinese waited for a while, and when no word came, he sent a special messenger with a letter expressing his annoyance. Shumpei's brother wrote in reply that his aged father was ill and might die any day, so that he did not wish to leave until he knew the outcome of the illness. In the end, he did not go to Tsukushi at all, and though the Chinese waited for a time, he eventually realized that he had been tricked and returned to China—but not before he had pronounced a solemn curse. After the curse had been laid on him, Shumpei's brother changed from a very clever man into a very dim-witted and scatter-brained fellow, and finally in desperation he entered religion, becoming known as 'The Priestly Gentleman'. He spent his time moving around between the Priestly Nobleman Shumpei's house and mountain temples, a stupid man of no consequence whatever.

Once when some young ladies-in-waiting had got together for a 'monkey-night' vigil, this 'Priestly Gentleman' sat in a corner looking rather vacant. It was so late at night that everyone was feeling sleepy, and one of the women, a haughty young miss, said, 'Look, Reverend Gentleman, you're the sort of person to tell us amusing stories, I'm sure. Tell us a story to make us all laugh. Laughing will keep us awake.' 'I am not very good with words, and I don't know any stories funny enough to make people laugh,' said the Priestly Gentleman, 'still if all you want is to laugh, I will make you do that.' 'You won't tell stories but you'll just make us laugh? What do you mean? Are you going to do a *sarugaku* turn?[1] That will be much better than a story', said the girl, laughing at him before he had even started. 'No, I'm not going to do that', the Priestly Gentleman replied. 'I'm just proposing to make you laugh.' 'Whatever do you mean? Hurry up and make us laugh. Come on, come on', she urged. He now emerged into the lamplight holding something in his hand—though what it was, they couldn't see. Then, as they watched to see what he would do, he opened his diviner's bag and with a clatter tipped out the sticks. The ladies chaffed him when they saw the sticks. 'Is this something funny? Is this something funny?' they said. 'Right, then, let's have a good laugh.' He made no answer but went on slapping down the sticks.

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[1] Shumpei's brother, after taking orders, is always referred to in this story as *gusō no kimi*, and I have tried by translating it in this way to make a distinction between him and Shumpei.

[2] The Takashina genealogy and *Sompi bummyaku* contain only a Shimpei, but no Shumpei. Since this Shimpei is said to have been Governor of Tango and to have taken holy orders, it is thought that the present story refers to him. Some of Shimpei's poetry appears in *Go-Shūishū* and *Kin'yōshū*, which gives an idea of his dates, the former anthology having been completed in 1086.

When he had finished, he picked out one that was just under an inch wide and held it up. 'Now, ladies,' he said, 'mind you don't laugh so much that it hurts. Here goes then, I'm going to make you laugh.' 'Doesn't he look silly holding up that stick?' they told each other. 'What is there he can do to make us laugh so much that it hurts?' Now he added the one-inch stick to those he had laid, and the sight made everyone in the room quite unaccountably dissolve into fits of laughter. Having had a good laugh, they tried to stop, but could not. They felt that their sides would split and they would die of laughing. They laughed till tears ran down their faces and they were quite helpless with laughter. They could not get a word out, but could only wring their hands in front of him in a mute plea of desperation. 'Well, I warned you, didn't I?' he said. 'Have you had your fill of laughing?' They nodded frantically, rolling on the floor and wringing their hands in desperation while they went on laughing and laughing. When he had given them a thorough tormenting, he broke up the pattern of sticks that he had laid and the laughter died away. They all began chattering to each other—'Any longer, and I should have died! I've never had such an ordeal.' The whole crowd were so exhausted with laughing that they lay on the floor as if they were ill. People said, 'Well, he was told there was a method of laying sticks to kill people and another to bring them to life again—what a dreadful thing it would have been if he had learnt that.'

The art of divination was a very terrible thing, they say.

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[1] A comic turn of the kind described in *UY* 74.

186. (15/1) *About the struggle between the Kiyomihara Emperor*[1] *and Prince Ōtomo*[2]

Long ago, the Emperor Tenchi had a son called Prince Ōtomo, who became Prime Minister and had charge of the conduct of affairs. Secretly he nurtured the hope that if the Emperor died he himself would become Emperor. Word of his designs came to the ear of the then Crown Prince, later the Kiyomihara Emperor, and he became apprehensive, reflecting, 'Prince Ōtomo is in charge of the affairs of the day and has tremendous reputation and power. As Crown Prince, I cannot rival his power, and I may well find myself murdered.' When the Emperor fell ill, he promptly went into seclusion, announcing that he was going to a remote spot in the Yoshino mountains to become a priest. Someone now said to Prince Ōtomo, 'Driving the Crown Prince into seclusion in the Yoshino mountains is like fitting wings to a tiger and turning it loose in the fields. You should instal him in the same palace as yourself, then you can do with him as you like.' This seemed good advice, and getting together an army, the Prince pretended that he was going to fetch the Crown Prince home, but actually planned to kill him. Now Prince Ōtomo's wife was the Crown Prince's daughter, and it grieved her that her father was to be killed. She longed for some way to warn him, but there was nothing she could do. In desperation, she took a baked stuffed carp that she happened to have and sent it to her father with a note in very small handwriting inserted into its belly. When he read the note, the already apprehensive Prince realized that his fears had been justified. Hurriedly, he donned a poor man's hunting-coat, skirt and straw sandals, and unbeknown to any of his attendants, set out all alone, heading north over the mountains. Not being familiar with the route, it took him four or five days to make his laborious way to Tahara in the province of Yamashiro, where the villagers were so impressed by his strangely noble bearing that they offered him dishes of roast and boiled chestnuts. He buried some of both kinds on the mountainside, saying, 'If my hopes are to be fulfilled, may these grow up and make trees.' This made the inhabitants very curious, and they stuck markers into the ground to indicate the spot.

Leaving this place, the Crown Prince skirted the mountains and headed for the province of Shima. When someone there became suspicious of him and questioned him, he replied, 'I have lost my way. I am thirsty; could you oblige me with a drink of water?' The man filled a large pitcher and gave it to him, which pleased the Prince so much that he said, 'I will make your family governors of this province'. He then continued on to the province of Mino.

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[1] Temmu, reigned 673–86. Son of the Emperor Jomei and the Empress Kōgyoku.

[2] Succeeded his father, the Emperor Tenchi (661–71) in 671, the second year of Kōbun, but committed suicide after his defeat the following year in the Jinshin War. In 1871, however, he came to be designated 'the Emperor Kōbun'.

At the ferry at Sunomata in that province, there was no boat, and as he stood there, he asked a woman washing cloth in a big tub if she would do something to help him get across. 'The day before yesterday,' she replied, 'a messenger from the Prime Minister Ōtomo came and ordered that all ferry boats should be hidden, so that even if I were to take you across this one, there are many ferries that you would not be able to cross. In view of all the measures that have been taken, I expect the army will be coming to attack you. How can you get away, my lord?' 'What do you think I should do, then?' said the Crown Prince. 'I can see that you are no ordinary person, my lord, so I will hide you', the woman said, and turning her hot water tub upside down, she made him lie down beneath it; then, setting a pile of cloth on top, she poured water over it and got on with her washing. It was not long before some four or five hundred soldiers arrived and asked her whether anyone had crossed the ferry from that point. She said, 'A very distinguished gentleman passed this way with a force of about a thousand men. I think he must be in Shinano by now. He fairly flew past, riding a magnificent steed, a real dragon of a horse. With this small force, even if you were to catch up with them, you would all be killed. You ought to go back and wait until you have got a large number of troops together before going after him.' Believing she was telling the truth, Prince Ōtomo's soldiers turned back.

The Crown Prince now asked the woman, 'If I were to raise troops here, would I get volunteers?' She scurried about to enlist the support of the leading people in the province, and thus a force of two to three thousand men was formed. With these, the Crown Prince pursued Prince Ōtomo, and catching him at the place called Ōtsu[1] in the province of Ōmi, he gave battle. Prince Ōtomo's force was routed and fled in disorder, the Prince himself being finally struck down and beheaded at Yamazaki. After this, the Crown Prince returned to the province of Yamato and ascended the throne.

The roast and boiled chestnuts that he had buried at Tahara grew into quite normal trees. Their fruit is still presented to the Emperor

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[1] The former site of Tenchi's palace by Lake Biwa. The exact location of this (as also of Yamazaki) is not known.

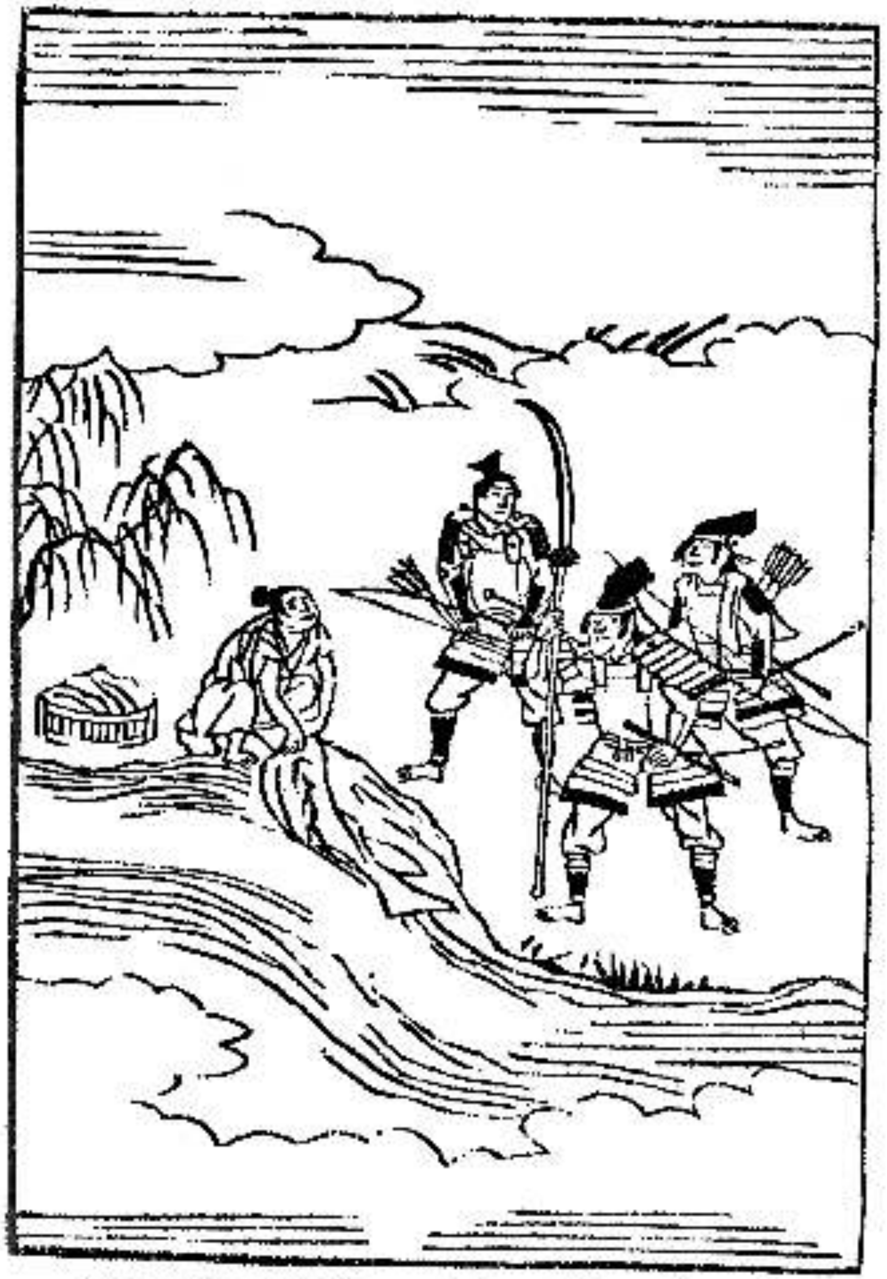

Fig. 33. The Crown Prince's pursuers being put off the scent by a washerwoman, who has hidden him under her washtub (Story 186)

as 'the Imperial chestnuts of Tahara'. The man who had given the Crown Prince a drink of water in the province of Shima was a member of the Takashina family. That is how his descendants come to be governors of the province. The pitcher in which he offered the water is still in the Yakushi-ji. The woman at Sunomata, they say, was the Deity of Fuwa.[1]

187. (15/2) *How Yoritoki[2] saw some of the inhabitants of Hu[3]*

Long ago, a certain priest named Munetō,[4] who lived in Tsukushi, suggested that the country of Hu, said to be far to the north of China, might be that adjacent to the territory of Michi no kuni.[5]

Now this Munetō's father was one Yoritoki, a barbarian who lived in this province of Michi. Since he refused to give his allegiance to the Imperial house, the Emperor took steps to attack him, whereupon he said, 'From ancient times to the present day, no one has ever defeated the Imperial power. Though I consider myself innocent of any crime, I am continually being subjected to accusations and I have no way of clearing my name. Now to the north-west of Michi there is land to be seen. I will cross over and see what it is like, and if it is reasonably habitable I will take all my retainers across and settle there.' First, a ship was got ready, and well supplied with food and wine, it set sail with Yoritoki, his second son Kuriyagawa,[6] his third son Torinoumi[7] and about twenty of his closest retainers aboard. Their destination being in sight, it did not take the ship long to get across.

To left and to right of them reedy wastes stretched into the distance. Sighting the mouth of a large river, they sailed in. They looked all round to see if there were any people in sight, but there was no sign of anyone. They looked for somewhere to go ashore, but in the reedy wastes there was no vestige of a footpath, so they continued on up

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[1] Evidently the deity of a shrine in Mino province, but there seems to be some confusion as to exactly which shrine is meant.

[2] A member of the Abe family, who attempted to establish himself as an independent authority in north-east Japan but was killed in battle in 1057 when his revolt was quelled by Minamoto Yoriyoshi. Though he is here called a barbarian, the word used in Japanese is *ebisu*, not to be confused with the barbarians that he encountered in this story.

[3] Hu is actually the name of a barbarian region on the northern border of China, but here it seems to designate the land of the barbarians north of Honshu, i.e., Hokkaidō. It is therefore perhaps a reference to the Ainu.

[4] Son of Yoritoki. After his father's defeat, he was taken as a prisoner to Kyoto, and eventually went to live in Kyushu, where he became a priest.

[5] Mutsu, or Michinoku.

[6] Abe Sadatō, killed in battle in 1062.

[7] Munetō.

river for a full seven days to see whether there was any sign of human habitation. To their utter amazement, however, everywhere was the same, and they went on for about three weeks without once seeing a sign of any people. About the thirtieth day of their journey up river, they suddenly felt the earth rumbling, and in terror at what might be going to happen, they hid among the reeds, peering out in the direction from which the rumbling seemed to be coming. They now saw a column of barbarians ride out on horses, picturesque figures with some red stuff bound round their heads. And as they stared wonderingly at these riders, a great horde of others came swarming out one after another.

They gathered on the river bank, jabbering to each other in some unknown language, then, breaking ranks, they plunged into the river and crossed to the other side. By this time, Yoritoki and his companions could see that there must have been about a thousand horsemen in all. The noise that they had heard in the distance had been the thundering of the horses' hooves. From the fact that all the horses had men on foot clinging to their sides, it looked as if this must be a ford. In all the thirty days of travelling up the river there had not been a single ford, so the watching men decided that this was the place for them to cross, and when the barbarians had gone they went up to inspect it, only to find that the water there, as elsewhere, was of unfathomable depth. What must have happened was that the horses had been made to swim across close enough together to form a kind of raft, and the men on foot had crossed by clinging on to this.

It seemed too hazardous to go on, and they were so afraid that they turned back. It was not long after this that Yoritoki died. So you see, people said that the land of Hu is opposite the extreme eastern part of Japan.

188. (15/3) *How Lord Hosshō-ji[1] watched Takemasa[2] and Kaneyuki[3] in the procession returning from the Kamo Festival*

Again, long ago Shimotsuke Takemasa and Hata Kaneyuki were acting as Imperial envoys at the Kamo Festival. As the procession made its way back, Lord Hosshō-ji was watching at Murasakino,[1] and Takemasa and Kaneyuki, knowing that His Excellency[2] was watching, made a special effort to look smart as they passed him. Takemasa in particular went all out to look impressive as he rode by, then Kaneyuki passed in his turn. Each in his way was quite magnificent.

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[1] Fujiwara Tadamichi (see also *US* 62, 75 and 100).

[2] A retainer of Tadamichi who figures also in *US* 62 and 100. He is mentioned in the *Chōshūki* (the diary of Minamoto Morotoki) in connection with the Kamo Festival in 1131. Note that though the present story does not mention the fact, both Takemasa and Kaneyuki were *fushō* (see note 6 on p. 231), which provides a link with the following story.

[3] Likewise a retainer of Tadamichi, mentioned in the *Chōshūki* in several years (1130, 1131 and 1134).

After he had seen them, Lord Hosshō-ji gave orders that they should go by once more, in the opposite direction (i.e. northwards), which they did. Since they still had to go back into the capital, they came past again, heading south, and this time Kaneyuki went past first. Everybody was expecting Takemasa to follow him, but quite a long time went by without his appearing and people were beginning to wonder what had happened to him when suddenly he was seen to be going past on the eastern side of the canvas screen set up opposite the viewing stand. Wondering whatever he was doing, they waited, and he went past in a southerly direction, with just the tip of his cap showing above the screen. Everybody was full of praise, they say, for a man of humble station who could show such remarkably good judgment.

189. (15/4) *How the Guards Officer Kadobe[3] frightened off pirates with his shooting*

Again, long ago there was a certain low-ranking officer of the Gate Guards named Kadobe who served as an Imperial Attendant. Though he was a young man and not well off, he loved to practise archery. He used to shoot even at night, and to provide light to shoot by, he would burn planks torn from the roof of his humble home. His wife disapproved, and his neighbours, too, said what a silly thing it was to do, but he would reply, 'What harm does it do to anyone else if I break up my house in order to practise archery?' and he continued to burn roof planks to provide light for his shooting. In due course, all the roof planks had gone. Eventually he ripped out and burned the rafters and the lathing, and next he burned the ridge pole and its supporting beams. After that he chopped up the cross-beams and the house posts for firewood, and even as people were telling each other what a crazy way this was to behave, he went so far as to chop up and

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[1] Approximately where the Daitoku-ji now stands, in the northern part of Kyoto.

[2] See note 4 on p. 286.

[3] In Japanese, *Kadobe no fushō*. There is some obscurity here, since both *kadobe* and *fushō* are ranks in the Gate Guards (*fushō* being the superior). It is considered that *kadobe* should here perhaps be treated as a name.

burn the floor boards and floor joists. He then sought accommodation with his next-door neighbour. The latter, seeing what he was like, refused, because he thought that the man might eventually break up *his* home for firewood, too, but Kadobe assured him that things would not always be as they were, and asked him to wait. In course of time Kadobe gained a reputation for his archery and he was picked by the Emperor to take part in the annual tournament.[1] He shot so well that he received the Imperial commendation, and eventually went out into the provinces as an official recruiter of wrestlers.[2]

He procured a great number of good wrestlers, and, what is more, acquired considerable wealth for himself before he returned to the capital. Now the place called the Island of Corpses[3] was a haunt of pirates. As Kadobe was passing it, one of his companions said, 'Look there, sir! Those must be pirate ships. What do you think you should do?' Kadobe called out, 'Don't panic, men! Never mind if there are millions of pirates, just watch me!' And he took from a leather box the suit he had been wearing at the time of the archery contest and dressed himself up smartly, complete with all the regulation items such as cap and earpieces. His servants became very agitated, and cried, 'Are you mad, sir? Even though we can't defend ourselves properly, at least make a wall of shields or something.' Having donned his fine clothes, he bared his shoulder, looked around to his right and his rear, then he stood on the roof of the cabin and shouted, 'Are they within thirty yards of us yet?' 'What's the point of answering him?' his servants asked each other, their hearts in their mouths, but again he shouted, 'Hey, are they within range yet?' and they replied, 'Yes, it looks like it.' Now he walked out on the roof of the cabin and, taking up the regulation archery stance, lifted his bow and presently raised it in the air to take aim. Meanwhile, the leader of the pirates, dressed in black and flourishing an open red fan, shouted, 'Quick, quick, pull alongside, go aboard and transfer their valuables to our ship.' But Kadobe remained quite unperturbed, and bending his bow to the limit, he shot with practised ease. As he lowered his bow and watched, the arrow flew too fast for the eye to see right at the pirate chief. In a flash, a blunt practice arrow had buried itself in his left eye, and howling with pain, he flung away his fan and collapsed on his back. When the arrow was pulled out, it was found to be a tiny one, quite unlike the proper ones used in fighting. When they saw this, the pirates cried, 'Oh-h, that was no ordinary arrow, that was a god's arrow', and shouting 'Quick, quick, everybody row away!' they made off.

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[1] A tournament held in the first month for Imperial Attendants (*toneri*) from the Guards and watched by the Emperor. The winners were given prizes, the losers were made to drink sake and perform dances.

[2] Such recruiters were sent out by the guards early in each year to recruit for the wrestling tournaments held in the seventh month.

[3] Kabanejima. This can perhaps be translated either as Corpse Island or as Skeleton Island. An island of this name off the coast of Bizen is mentioned in Story 7 of Book 1 of the *Nihon ryōiki* (also a story in which pirates figure).

With a smile, Kadobe said, 'When they come up against someone like me, fellows of that sort take their lives in their hands', and he spat as he stood there rolling his sleeves down. In their precipitate flight, the pirates had dropped a bag and some other things which were now floating in the sea. Kadobe fished them out and stood there laughing, so people say.

190. (15/5) *How the Tosa Fourth Secretary Michikiyo*[1] *mistook His Excellency the Chancellor for someone else*

Again, long ago there was a Fourth Secretary in the Office of the Retired Emperor who was known as the Tosa Fourth Secretary Michikiyo. A poet who knew by heart romances like that of *Genji* or *Sagoromo*, he loved to saunter on moonlight nights beneath the flowers. Being a man of such refined tastes, he received a pressing invitation from the Minister of the Left from Gotokudai-ji[2] to accompany him on a flower-viewing party at Ōuchi,[3] and delighted at this good fortune, he drove there in his dilapidated carriage. As there were two or three other carriages following his, he felt sure that this was the Minister of the Left coming along, and rolling up the blind at the rear of his carriage, he beckoned with his open fan and called out, 'Here, this won't do! Hurry up!' It turned out in fact to be His Excellency the Chancellor[4] on his way somewhere. An attendant in his suite, seeing Michikiyo beckon, galloped up and jerked down the blind at the rear of his carriage. Michikiyo was so flustered that he fell flat on his face and his cap fell off. It really was rather a shame, people said. For all his refinement, this man was perhaps a bit of a fool, too.

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[1] A Minamoto. 'Fourth Secretary' refers to the fourth-ranking post (*hōgandai*) in the Office of the Retired Emperor (*inchō*). The way Michikiyo is spoken of here is thought to mean that he was at the same time Governor of Tosa. One of Michikiyo's poems appears in the *Senzaishū* (No. 1135), the Imperial anthology compiled by Fujiwara Shunzei about 1187–8.

[2] Fujiwara Sanesada, 1139–91. Became Minister of the Left in 1189.

[3] The location of the Ninna-ji, head temple of Omuro Shingon.

[4] There was in fact no Chancellor (*kampaku*) at this time, only a Regent (*sesshō*).

191. (15/6) *How a priest of the Gokuraku-ji*[1] *demonstrated the miraculous power of the Ninnō Sūtra*[2]

Again, long ago the Prime Minister from Horikawa[3] became seriously ill in an epidemic. Prayers of all kinds were said on his behalf. There was not a single priest of note who did not visit his mansion. Crowds of them came to recite prayers, and the whole mansion was in an uproar.

Now the priests of the Gokuraku-ji, a temple founded by Lord Horikawa, had not been ordered to say any prayers, and none of them had been sent for. At this point one of them reflected, 'It is through the patronage of His Lordship that we are able to live undisturbed in this temple. If he were to die, our means of support would vanish. Even though I have not been sent for, I will go to his mansion.' And taking the Ninnō Sūtra with him, he presented himself at the Prime Minister's mansion. Everything was in such a commotion that he squatted down in a corner of the covered walk on the north side of the inner gate, where he diligently recited the sūtra without anyone taking any notice of him.

Some four hours later the Prime Minister mentioned a certain priest from the Gokuraku-ji and asked if he was present. 'He is in one of the side corridors by the inner gate', he was told. 'Bring him here', he ordered. His servants were puzzled, being unable to understand how he could ignore the many distinguished priests present and send for this one, of all people, whose very presence in the mansion they regarded as rather futile. Nevertheless they went to tell him he was wanted, and he presented himself, squatting down on the verandah behind the rows of famous priests who were seated there. 'Well, is he here?' asked the Prime Minister, and learning that the priest was on the front verandah, he said, 'Tell him to come, then', and the priest was brought in to his bedside. Till now he had been too ill to talk, but when he had this priest come in, he seemed to everybody's surprise to be perfectly well. He said, 'While I was asleep, I was just dreaming that fearsome demons were inflicting all manner of tortures on me when a boy with his hair done in a bun on each side and carrying a wand came in from the direction of the inner gate and drove the demons off with the wand, till they scattered and ran away. When I asked him who he was, he said, "A certain priest of the Gokuraku-ji, grieving over your illness, has been beside the inner gate ever since this morning, praying for you by zealously reciting the Ninnō Sūtra, the scripture he has recited for so many years. As a tutelary spirit watching over him, I have driven off these evil demons which were afflicting you." At that point I woke up, and afterwards felt quite well, just as if I had been wiped clean of all illness. And so I have sent for you to express my gratitude.' Rubbing his hands reverently together, he paid homage to the priest, then took down a robe from a hanger and gave it to him as a present. 'When you go back to your temple, please continue to pray hard for me', he said, and the priest took his leave, feeling very happy. As he walked out, priests and laymen alike thought how distinguished he looked. Although he had been squatting all day long by the inner gate without anyone paying attention to him, now, as he left the mansion, he was a remarkably fine figure.

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[1] At Fukakusa, just to the south-east of the city.

[2] See note 5 on p. 298.

[3] Some texts of *Uji shūi* name him as Kanemichi (called in *GS* 124 Lord Horikawa), but this is incorrect. The temple was in fact founded, as the *Kojidan* version says, by Fujiwara Mototsune, 836–91, who was also known as 'Lord Horikawa'.

So you see, the efficacy of the prayers that people have said does not depend on whether the priest looks smart or not. It is those said with utter sincerity that are successful. This is what is meant by the traditional saying, 'When you want someone to say prayers for you, choose your mother, if she is a nun.'[1]

192. (15/7) *How Irae no Yotsune*[2] *received written instructions from Bishamon*[3]

Long ago, there lived in Echizen a man called Irae no Yotsune. Having had nothing to eat and being hungry, this man prayed for help to Bishamon, the deity to whom he was particularly devoted. At that moment, he was informed that a very beautiful woman was at his gate asking to speak with the master of the house. Wondering who it could be, he went out to meet her, and she gave him a bowl full of food. 'Eat this, since you are hungry', she said. Thankfully he took it indoors, and he had eaten only a few mouthfuls when he felt completely satisfied, nor did he feel hungry again for two or three days. So he

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[1] Because her prayers for her beloved child will be deeply sincere and so more effective. I have followed Nakajima and Nomura in taking the obvious interpretation of this evidently proverbial expression. Watanabe and Nishio, however, suggest it means, 'Pray with the same degree of sincerity as a mother shows in her love for her child.'

[2] *Kojidan* has 'Irae no Yotsune', *Kohon* has 'Iraeno Yotsune' in the title and 'Iraeno Yotsune' in the body of the tale. (*Gōdanshō* has Ōe no Munenori.) In a supplementary note on this story in his new *Koten* commentary on *Kohon*, Kawaguchi suggests *Kojidan* may be correct and the other readings corruptions.

[3] Vaiśravaṇa (see note 1 on p. 257). In *Kojidan*, the divinity to whom the man is devoted and from whom he receives favours is Kichijōten.

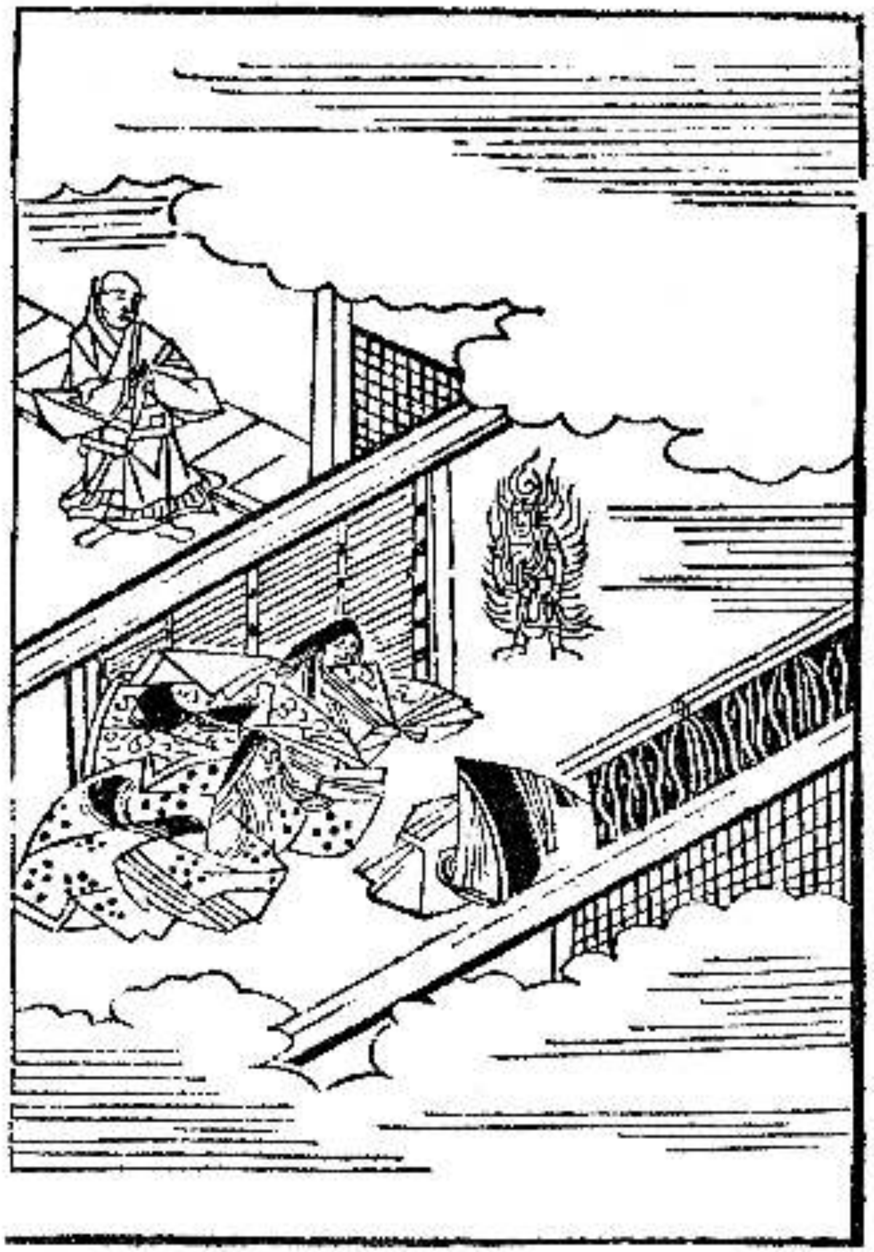

Fig. 34. The humble priest from the Gokuraku-ji curing the Prime Minister's illness through the power of his sūtra-recitation (Story 191)

kept the food, eating just a little at a time when he felt like it, and continued in that way for several months, until it was exhausted.

He wondered what he could do now, and again he prayed, whereupon once again, exactly as before, someone called him, and remembering what had happened before, he rushed out and found the same woman, who said to him, 'Here, I have an official order for you. Go about six or seven miles northwards from here, over mountains and valleys, and you will come to one peak that is especially high. If you stand on that and shout "Narita",[1] someone will appear. Show him this order and take what he gives you.' With that she went away. Examining the order, he found that it said, 'Hand over two bushels of rice'. Without further ado, he set off and came to a really high peak. When he called 'Narita' from the top of it, he was answered by a fearsome voice, and a creature appeared which proved to have a horn growing out of its forehead and only one eye, and which was wearing a loincloth. It came up and knelt in front of him. 'This is the order. Let me have that amount of rice', said Yotsune. 'Those are my instructions', said the creature, but when it looked at the order, it added, 'It says here "two bushels", but what I was told to give you was one bushel.' And one bushel was all it handed over. Yotsune accepted the one bushel without demur and went home, where though he used the rice in the bag, that one bushel was never exhausted. Though he consumed ten million bushels of rice, it was always the same, the one bushel was never exhausted. This came to the ears of the Governor of the province, who sent for Yotsune and ordered him to hand over the bag. Being a native of that province, he could not refuse, but handed it over with the words, 'Sir, I present you with an amount of five hundred bushels.' Whenever they took out a bushel, it was replaced, and the Governor hung on to the bag, thinking he had secured a real treasure. But when they had eventually taken out five hundred bushels, the rice was exhausted. Since there was nothing left but the bag, the Governor reluctantly returned it. Back in Yotsune's house, it was once again found to contain a bushel of rice. And so he lived a life of untold wealth.

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[1] In *Konjaku*, he is to call 'Shuda'.

193. (15/8) *How the Venerable Sōō[1] went up to the Tuṣita Heaven;[2] and how he exorcized the Somedono Empress[3]*

Long ago, in the Mudō-ji on Mt Hiei, there lived a man named the Venerable Sōō. Another place he used to visit to practise religious rites was San-no-Taki (Third Waterfall) on the Katsura River, west of Mt Hira.[4] By this waterfall, he appealed insistently to the god Fudō: 'Take me on your back to the seat of the Bodhisattva Miroku[5] in the Inner Palace of the Tuṣita Heaven.' 'That is very difficult,' the god replied, 'but as you are so insistent, I will take you. You must wash your buttocks.' Sōō bathed beneath the waterfall and thoroughly washed his buttocks, then sat on the god's head as he ascended to the Tuṣita Heaven. There, on the gate of the Inner Palace, he found a tablet bearing the words, 'The Lotus of the Wondrous Law'. 'All who enter here must first recite this sūtra from memory', the god told him. Sōō lifted his gaze on high and said, 'I can read this sūtra, but I cannot yet recite it from memory'. 'Well, that is very unfortunate. In that case, you will not be allowed in. Go home and come again when you have learned the Lotus Sūtra by heart', said the god. And taking Sōō on his back, he returned to the Katsura River, where Sōō wept bitterly and grieved beyond all measure. But they say that after reciting the sūtra before the main divinity of the temple, he achieved his heart's desire. The Fudō in question is a life-size statue that is still in the Mudō-ji even today.

Since this venerable priest had such remarkable powers of miracle-working, when the Somedono Empress was suffering from possession by an evil spirit, someone reported that the Venerable Sōō of the Mudō-ji, a disciple of the Great Teacher Jikaku, was renowned as an exorcist, and she sent for him. At once he accompanied the messenger to her palace and stood by the inner gate. He proved to be a very tall figure, looking almost like a demon, wearing a robe of Shinano cloth and low clogs of cedar wood, and carrying a rosary of large soap-berries. When the Empress's attendants told her, 'He doesn't look at all a suitable person to have appear before Your Majesty; he is a priest of the poorest class', and suggested that he ought to stay out on the verandah to say the prayers, she gave instructions that he was to stand by the handrail of the steps. He therefore took up his position by the handrail on the eastern side of the steps, leaning on it as he intoned his prayers.

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[1] 831–918. Of Imperial descent, he studied under Jikaku (for whom see UI 170), and founded the Mudō-ji in 856.

[2] In Japanese, *Tosotsuten*. The fourth devaloka in the realm of desire. 'Its inner department is the Pure Land of Maitreya who, like Śākyamuni and all Buddhas, is reborn there before descending to earth as the Next Buddha; his life there is 4,000 Tuṣita years, or (each day there being equal to 400 earth-years), 584 million such years.' (Soothill, *Dictionary*, p. 343.)

[3] Fujiwara Akirakeiko, 829–900, daughter of Yoshifusa, who was known as the Somedono Minister (the Somedono was the place where material for Court use was dyed). She became consort of Montoku (reigned 851–8).

[4] North-east of Mt Hiei.

[5] Maitreya, the Buddha of the future. See note 2 above.

The Empress was lying in the main room of the mansion. From time to time her cries of pain could be heard outside the blinds. Sōō listened to them for a brief moment and then began to recite his prayers in a loud voice. His voice made the Empress's attendants feel that their hair was standing on end, as if he were an apparition of Fudō himself. Presently, the Empress, wrapped in a couple of crimson robes, came tumbling out through the blinds like a ball, and was dumped down on the verandah in front of Sōō. Her attendants were most upset, and cried, 'This is very unseemly. You must take Her Majesty inside and go in with her yourself.' 'How can a beggarly person like me go into her presence?' said Sōō, and he refused to go inside. He was annoyed at not having been invited in from the first, and so had raised her four or five feet in the air and deposited her on the verandah. In despair the attendants produced some screens, which they stood round the Empress to conceal her, while the inner gate was locked and the place cleared of people. But the Empress was still very much exposed to view. Four or five times Sōō let her drop, and he intoned spells to hurl her inside, so that eventually she was flung back into the room again. Then Sōō took his departure. Though they asked him to wait, he refused to listen, and complaining that his back ached from standing for such a long time, he went off.

After being flung aside, the Empress found that the evil spirit had left her, and she felt quite well again. A decree was issued declaring Sōō to be the possessor of miraculous powers and appointing him an Assistant High Priest of Buddhism. But he only said, 'How can a beggar like me join the hierarchy?' and spurned the appointment. On a later occasion he was sent for again, but refused to go, saying that in the capital people were not treated with sufficient respect.

194. (15/9) *How the Venerable Ninkai[1] was reborn in Paradise*

Again, long ago, there was a man in the southern capital called the Venerable Ninkai, a priest of the Yamashina-dera. For learning, there was not a priest in the temple to equal him. Now he was suddenly seized by a religious fervour and wished to leave the temple, but the Abbot at the time, the Assistant High Priest Kōshō, was very loath to lose him and would not allow him to leave. In desperation, he entered into a marriage with the daughter of a man in the village to the west of the temple, and his regular visits to her naturally gave rise to gossip. In order to publicize the affair, he would stand behind his wife at the gate of the house with his arms round her neck, a sight which utterly disgusted and saddened people passing by. His purpose was to convince everyone that he had become a libertine. Yet all the while he lived with his wife, he was never once intimate with her. He would go into the chapel and spend all night at his devotions, without sleep, while tears streamed from his eyes. When news of this reached the Abbot, he felt more than ever moved by Ninkai's saintliness, and sent for him, whereupon Ninkai became desperate and ran away, eventually becoming the son-in-law of the district governor of Katsuragi-no-shimo.[2] He had purposely left behind his rosary and things of that sort, yet he went on with his devotions with a stronger faith in his heart than ever.

Now the district governor of Sō-no-shimo[3] began to take notice of this holy man and felt a profound reverence for him, and through all his unsettled wanderings from place to place the governor followed him to see that he was provided with food and clothing and baths. When the holy man, wondering why the district governor and his wife should be so concerned for his welfare, asked them the reason for their concern, the governor replied, 'What other reason could we have but that we revere you? Yet there is one matter that I wish to mention to you.' 'What is that?' said the holy man. 'How may we be present when your last hour comes?' asked the governor. As though this was something that he could arrange at will, Ninkai replied, 'That will be no problem', and the governor rubbed his hands together in delight. Some years later, on a snowy winter's evening, the holy man came to the district governor's house. The governor was very pleased, and instead of having his servants prepare food, he and his wife served it themselves, as they had been accustomed to doing. Ninkai took a bath and went to bed. Next morning, having got up early and once more prepared all kinds of food, the governor and his wife found a most wonderful fragrance coming from where the holy man was sleeping, a fragrance that filled the whole house. They thought that Ninkai must be burning some particularly fine incense. Though he had said he wanted to leave early in the morning, he was still not up by daybreak. When the governor said to one of Ninkai's disciples, 'The gruel is ready. Would you please tell your master?' he replied, 'My master is very easily annoyed. If he doesn't like what I say, he will hit me. He will be up soon.' And he stayed where he was.

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[1] In a long supplementary note (p. 467) Watanabe and Nishio discuss the problem of the identity of this figure and of the Abbot Kōshō later in the story. It is thought that Ninkai might be a mistake for Ninga, who figures in *Zoku honchō ōjōden* and in *Kojidan*, and who lived about 919. But the only Kōshō whose name is written with the appropriate characters appears to be one who died in 1290 and who is not known to have had any connection with the Kōfuku-ji. There is record of a Kōshō who was Abbot of the Kōfuku-ji between 859 and 871, but this date is too early. Above all, the second character of his name is not only different but in the Kamakura period would still have been pronounced differently from the character in the name of the other Kōshō (*kana* spelling *se-u* as opposed to *shi-ya-u*). Watanabe and Nishio think there must have been some strong psychological association of the figure Kōshō in this story with the thirteenth-century priest of that name; the latter was a very prominent man, being the first Japanese to be named (ten years after his death) a Bodhisattva.

[2] In modern Nara Prefecture.

[3] The district of Ikoma in modern Nara Prefecture.

In the meantime, the sun had risen, and feeling rather puzzled, since the holy man did not usually stay in bed as late as this, they went to his room and called him, but there was no reply. When they opened the door, they found him seated erect facing the west with hands joined in prayer—and quite dead! They were utterly dumbfounded. The district governor and his wife and Ninkai's disciples all broke down in lamentations and weeping, though at the same time they prostrated themselves before the corpse in token of reverence. They realized that the fragrance they had smelt that morning had emanated from the divine beings who had come to welcome the holy man into Paradise. The governor and his wife understood that the holy man had visited them because they had expressed a wish to be present when his last hour came, and tearfully they made arrangements for his funeral.

195. (15/10) *How Ch'in Shih-huang-ti*[1] *imprisoned a priest who had come from India*

Long ago, in the reign of Ch'in Shih-huang-ti in China, a priest crossed over from India. The Emperor was curious and asked who

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[1] The 'First Emperor', who by 221 B.C. had founded the Ch'in Empire, the first Chinese Empire.

he was and why he had come. 'I am a disciple of the Buddha Śākyamuni', the priest replied. 'I have come all the way here from India, in the west, to spread the doctrine of Buddha.' The Emperor was angry and said, 'This man looks very suspicious to me. He has a shaven head. His clothes look different from other people's. He says he is a disciple of the Buddha. Who is this "Buddha"? This man is a suspicious character. I won't just send him away—put him in prison! From now on, anyone else who tells this kind of dubious tale is to be killed.' So the priest was put in prison. The Emperor issued an order that he was to be kept in strict confinement and heavily chained up.

The governor of the prison, in accordance with the Imperial command, shut him up along with the worst criminals, with many locks on the door. The priest now prayed fervently to the Buddha, 'Oh what a sorry plight I am in through my encounter with this evil king! My master, Śākyamuni Tathāgata, even though you be in Nirvāṇa, I am sure that in your miraculous way you can see me. Save me!' And even as he prayed, Śākya Buddha took on a form some sixteen feet high and, emitting a purplish-gold radiance, came swooping down from the sky. Then, kicking in the prison door, he seized the priest and flew away. A number of criminals took advantage of this to escape. When the prison governor, hearing a noise, went out to investigate, he found that it was made by a priest some sixteen feet tall, gold in colour and radiant with light, who had come swooping down out of the sky, kicked in the prison door and made off with the Indian priest. When the Emperor was informed, they say, he was terror-stricken.

After this first attempt to transmit Buddhism, it was not until some generations later, in the Han period, that it was finally introduced.

196. (15/11) *About the promise of a thousand taels of gold*

Long ago, there lived in China a man called Chuang-tzu.[1] His household was very poor, and one day they ran out of food entirely. His neighbour was the marquis of Chien-ho,[2] and Chuang-tzu called on him to beg some millet for the day's food.

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[1] Or Chuang-chou, 369–286 B.C. (according to Watanabe and Nishio, 365–290 B.C.). The ultimate source of this story is the work called *Chuang-tzu*, probably a combination of the essays of Chuang-chou with those of later writers, and the most important formulation of Taoist thought.

[2] All texts of *Uji shūi* give the name of this man in *kana*, as 'Ken-a-ō', except one which calls him 'Kan-ka-kō'. The latter reading of the name corresponds with the name found in *Chuang-tzu*; commentators have therefore emended their texts, spelling the name with the characters used in the original Chinese story.

The marquis's reply was, 'Come back in five days' time. I am shortly to receive a thousand taels of gold. I will give you that. How could I give someone as celebrated as yourself only enough millet for a day's food? It would be utterly shameful.' 'Yesterday when I was walking along I heard a voice from behind calling me', said Chuang-tzu. 'When I looked round, nobody was there. There was nothing but a carp, floundering about in a tiny puddle of water that lay in a cart rut. When I went up close to see what sort of carp this could be, I found that it was a very big one for such a small quantity of water. I asked the carp about itself, and it said, "I am a messenger of the River God on my way to the rivers and lakes.¹ But I missed my jump and fell into this rut. I am nearly dying of thirst. I called you in the hope that you would save me." I replied, "In two or three days, I shall be going to visit the rivers and lakes. I will take you and set you free there." "I can't possibly wait till then", the fish said. "All I want you to do is to moisten my throat with one beaker of water." This I did, and saved its life. What the carp said I have found to be true myself. Unless I have something to eat, I shall not be able to live through the day. Promising me a thousand taels of gold will do me no good at all.'

Ever since then, the story of 'the promise of a thousand taels of gold' has been famous.

197. (15/12) *How Confucius argued with the bandit Chih*[2]

Again, long ago there lived in China a very wise and widely respected man named Liu Hsia-hui.[3] He had a brother called the bandit Chih, who lived on the slopes of a mountain, and accompanied by a large band of ruffians which he had gathered around him, used to rob people. Whenever he went out, he was accompanied by two or three thousand of these ruffians. Anyone that they met they killed or subjected to humiliating treatment. Indeed, they were wholly given over to criminal acts of every kind. Now, one day when Liu Hsia-hui was walking along the road, he encountered Confucius.

'Where are you going?' asked Confucius. 'I am very glad that we have met, since I had something I wanted to see you about.' 'What is that?' asked Liu Hsia-hui. 'What I wanted to advise you about was this. Your brother is always committing crimes and causing people distress. Why do you not stop him?' 'He would not pay the slightest attention to what I said', replied Liu Hsia-hui. 'That is why I have let so many years go by without doing anything, even though I have been deeply worried.' Confucius said, 'If you will not remonstrate with him, I will go and do it. Do you mind?' 'You must not go', said Liu Hsia-hui. 'You may use all your words of wisdom remonstrating with him, but he will not be swayed. In fact, it may lead to unfortunate results. It is not wise for you to go.' Confucius said, 'No matter how evil he is, anyone who has come into this world as a man may take advice if someone should explain to him what is right. It is a mistake, therefore, to say "The results will be unfortunate; he is sure not to listen". See now, I will remonstrate with him and show you.' And with his boast, Confucius went off to visit the bandit Chih.

When he dismounted from his horse and stood at the gate, he could see that the whole band were killing animals and birds and doing all kinds of other evil things. Beckoning to one of the men, he sent in word that Confucius from the state of Lu had arrived, and in no time the messenger returned with the message, 'I have heard of you. What have you come for? They say you teach people. Have you come to teach me? If you are to my liking, I will employ you. If not, I will make mincemeat of your liver.' Confucius now strode on and having first saluted the bandit Chih from the garden, he went into the house and sat down. The bandit turned out to have a shock of bristling hair as untidy as a mugwort plant. His eyes were large and rolling. He sat snorting angrily, clenching his teeth and tossing his beard.

'What have you come for?' he said. 'Tell me the truth.' He spoke in an angry voice, loud and menacing. Confucius reflected that in spite of all he had heard he had never expected anyone as fearsome as this. There seemed to be nothing human about this bandit—not his face, nor his general appearance, nor his voice. Confucius felt his blood run cold and trembled like a leaf, but he steeled himself to say, 'The way

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[1] There is some doubt about the meaning of the word *kōko* here. On its second appearance a few lines further on—*kōko nado* (? *no to*) *to iu tokoro*, from which editors expunge the *nado* (the corresponding passage in the *Konjaku* version of this story has '——[i.e. a lacuna of three characters] *to iu tokoro*', though a few lines before it has '*Kōma*')—it might seem like a place-name, but this can hardly be so. Nomura takes it in the sense of 'the world', 'society'. Watanabe and Nishio, however, consider the meaning to be more or less literal, referring vaguely to 'watery' natural features in general, though they suggest that since *Taiheiki* specifies various groups of Chinese lakes and rivers under the heading of 'the three rivers' and 'the five lakes', the phrase in this story may have had for contemporary Japanese certain specific associations. The *Chuang-tzu* story gives no help here, being somewhat different in detail, with the fish calling itself a 'Wave Official of the Eastern Sea' (note that in *Konjaku* too it calls itself 'God of the Waves of the Eastern Sea') and with Chuang-chou saying, '. . . I'm just about to start south to visit the kings of Wu and Yüeh. I'll change the course of the West River and send it in your direction. Will that be all right?'

[2] Though he is said to have been the brother of Liu Hsia-hui, he is a legendary figure noted for his ferocity and reputed to have lived at the time of the mythical Yellow Emperor. The present story is another whose ultimate source seems to be *Chuang-tzu* (but see also Chapter 4, p. 60).

[3] An official of Lu about 500 B.C.

for man to live is to look on right and truth as the ornaments of the body and as the rule for his heart. He should, that is, while living on this earth and under Heaven, guard himself from attack from any quarter, revere the Emperor, look with pity on his inferiors and have compassion for all men. But I hear that you act as the fancy takes you, and do nothing but evil. This may seem to bring you satisfaction, but it will end badly for you. Therefore, it is in the long run best for man to follow the path of good. That being so, you should do as I say. That is what I came to tell you.' At this, the bandit Chih let out a thunderous roar of laughter and said, 'Everything you have said is wrong, and I'll tell you why. Long ago, the two emperors Yao and Shun[1] were venerated in the world. But now their descendants do not even own enough land to stick a pin in. Po I and Shu Ch'i[2] were two other wise men. They lay down on Shou Yang mountain and died of hunger. Then there was your disciple Yen Hui.[3] For all your wise teaching, he was unlucky and had a short life. There was another of your disciples named Tzu Lu,[4] who was killed at the gates of Wei. So you see even the most intelligent of men in the end get nowhere. I, on the other hand, choose to do evil deeds, and yet no disaster has come upon me. When you are praised it is only for a few days, and when you are blamed, that too is only for a few days. Good deeds and bad, neither will be praised for long or blamed for long. Therefore people should behave as the fancy takes them. You yourself have cut[5] wood for a hat and used bark for a robe; you have feared the world and trembled before the Imperial power, yet still you have twice been banished by Lu, and could not even remain in Wei. What a fool you are! You talk nonsense. Now be off with you, quickly! I'm not going to take any notice of you.' Confucius was completely nonplussed. He got up from his seat, hurried out, and mounted his horse, and he must have been thoroughly scared, for twice he dropped the reins, while his feet kept slipping out of the stirrups.

This incident is what people refer to when they say 'Confucius stumbles'.

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[1] The mythical model rulers of prehistoric China.

[2] Two brothers who lived at the end of the Yin dynasty and the beginning of the Chou, and refusing to be employed by the first Chou ruler Wu-wang, preferred to die of hunger on Shou Yang mountain.

[3] The most virtuous and gifted of Confucius' disciples. At twenty-nine, his hair was white, and he died at thirty-two.

[4] Famed for his filial piety, his boorishness and his military prowess.

[5] The word used in the Japanese here is oru, but *Konjaku* has in the corresponding place *kizamu*, and Nomura suggests that oru may be a mistake for eru, 'carve'.

APPENDIX OF TABLES

TABLE 1. *A list of the tale collections described in Chapter 1*

Title	Compiler	Date
BUDDHIST WORKS		
Nihon ryōiki (or *reiiki*)	Kyōkai	822–3?
Nihon kanreiroku	Gishō	after 848?
Daian-ji engi	—	895
Hasedera engi	—	896
Kōfuku-ji engi	—	900
Yakushi-ji engi	—	900
Sambō-e	Minamoto Tamenori	984
Nihon ōjō gokuraku-ki	Yoshishige Yasutane	985–6
Jizō bosatsu reigenki	Jitsuei	1026–68
Dai-Nihon (Honchō) Hokke genki	Chingen	1041
Zoku honchō ōjōden	Ōe Masafusa	before 1111
Shūi ōjōden	Miyoshi Tameyasu	before 1139
Go-Shūi ōjōden	Miyoshi Tameyasu	before 1139
Hokke shuhō ippyakuza kikigaki-shō	—	after 1110
Uchigikishū	?	before 1134
Hōbutsushū	Taira Yasuyori	c. 1178–9
Senjūshō	Saigyō?	1183? 1241–58?
Hosshinshū	Kamo Chōmei?	1208–16?
Kankyo no tomo	The Venerable Keisei? (Keisei shōnin)	1222
Shiju hyaku-innenshū	Jūshin	1257
Shasekishū	Mujū	1279–83, with additions in 1295 and 1308
Zōtanshū	Mujū	1305
Shingonden	Eikai	1325
SECULAR WORKS		
Zenke {*hiki* *iki* *isetsu*}	Miyoshi Kiyoyuki	c. 901–18
Ki-ke kai-i jitsuroku	Ki no Haseo	? (but before 912)
Yamato monogatari	?	c. 950
Gōdanshō	Recorded from tales told by Ōe Masafusa	1104–8?
Sumpishō	Minamoto Toshiyori	before 1124
Chūgaishō *Fuke gogen*	Recorded from conversations of Fujiwara Tadazane	middle of twelfth century
Fukuro zōshi	Fujiwara Kiyosuke	before 1177
Mōgyū waka	Minamoto Mitsuyuki	1204

TABLE I *continued.*

Title	Compiler	Date
Kiri-hioke *Guhishō*	Fujiwara Teika?	?
Kyōkunshō	Fujiwara Takamichi	1232–3
Ima monogatari	Fujiwara Nobuzane?	after 1239
Jikkinshō	Rokuhara Jirōzaemon	1252
Kokon chomonjū	Tachibana Narisue	1254
Yotsugi monogatari (*Uji dainagon monogatari*, *Koyotsugi*)	?	early Kamakura (in part or in whole)? or long after 1254?
Kara monogatari	?	before 1275
Kara kagami	Fujiwara Shigenori	after 1294
WORKS OF MIXED CONTENT		
Konjaku monogatari(shū)	?	c. 1120?
Kohon setsuwashū	?	c. 1130?
Kojidan	Minamoto Akikane	1212–15
Uji shūi monogatari	?	early thirteenth century, c. 1213–19
Zoku Kojidan	?	1219

TABLE 2. *The division of 'Uji shūi' texts into books*

The table on p. 439 shows the division into books of the various texts of *Uji shūi* used by Watanabe and Nishio in the preparation of their edition. These texts (all of which, except where noted, bear the title *Uji shūi monogatari*) are:

I. A printed edition, thought from the forms of movable type used to have been made in the Kan'ei period, 1624–43. This seems to preserve an older form of the text than the following (II).

II and IIA. II is a block-printed edition of 1659. It should be noted that though this is the text on which most modern editions are based, they do not follow its division of the first fifty-two tales, but I have not seen any statement of why this is so. The numbering according to books given by Watanabe and Nishio in addition to their numbering from 1–197 corresponds with that used, for example, by *Kokushi taikei* and by the Nakajima and Nomura editions. In the table, I have included the now customary division of the first three books under the heading IIA.

III. An undated but probably early-Tokugawa manuscript in the library of the Ministry of the Imperial Household. It bears the title *Uji no dainagon no monogatari*. This and the following (IV) are thought to preserve the text closest to the original.

IV. A manuscript in the Momozono library, untitled and copied at the latest by 1703, since the original owner has written inside the cover of the first book the family tree of Minamoto Takakuni, and the statement that 627 years have passed between the death of Takakuni and the current year, 1703.

V. An undated but probably early-Tokugawa manuscript in the Hōsa Library, entitled *Uji (no) monogatari*. The fourth of its five books consists of the collection *Koyotsugi*. The position of *Koyotsugi* in both this and the following manuscript (VI) is indicated in the table by an asterisk.

VI. An undated but probably early-Tokugawa manuscript in the library of Kyushu University. It resembles V in that it contains *Koyotsugi*, but as the fifth of its five books.

VII. An undated but probably mid-Tokugawa manuscript in the Cabinet Library. A very imperfect text thought to be derived from II.

I	(1) 1–27	(2) 28–52	(3) 53–87	(4) 88–102	(5) 103–22	(6) 123–49	(7) 150–78	(8) 179–97							
II	(1) 1–8	(2) 9–36	(3) 37–52	(4) 53–69	(5) 70–82	(6) 83–91	(7) 92–8	(8) 99–105	(9) 106–13	(10) 114–23	(11) 124–36	(12) 137–60	(13) 161–74	(14) 175–85	(15) 186–97
IIA	(1) 1–18	(2) 19–32	(3) 33–52	(4) 53–69	(5) 70–82	(6) 83–91	(7) 92–8	(8) 99–105	(9) 106–13	(10) 114–23	(11) 124–36	(12) 137–60	(13) 161–74	(14) 175–85	(15) 186–97
III	(1) 1–103	(2) 104–97													
IV	(1) 1–34	(2) 35–71	(3) 72–103	(4) 104–50	(5) 151–97										
V	(1) 1–52	(2) 53–104	(3) 105–49	(4) 150–97											
VI	(1) 1–52	(2) 53–102	(3) 103–49	(4) 150–97											
VII	(1) 1–52	(2) 53–91	(3) 92–113	(4) 114–60	(5) 161–97										
VIII		(2) 104–97													
IX		(4?) 150–97													
X		(2?) 28–55													
XI	(1) 1–25	(2) 26–75	(3) 76–104												

TABLE 2 *continued.*

VIII. An undated but probably early-Tokugawa manuscript in the library of Kyoto University. The text, incomplete and very poor, is closest to III. The original title label is missing, and the words 'An old manuscript of *Uji shūi monogatari*' have been written in.

IX. An undated but probably early-Tokugawa manuscript in the library of the Ministry of the Imperial Household. It is incomplete and has no title label, the words *Uji shūi* being written directly on the cover.

X. An incomplete manuscript in the Moonzono library. Since it contains only Stories 28–35, it may be the second book of an eight-book version. The text, corrupt in places, is close to III. Watanabe and Nishio, who have seen only a copy of this, and not the original manuscript itself, quote Ikeda Kikan as saying, 'The fragmentary manuscript, which appears to have been copied in the late Muromachi period, is entitled *Kogoto monogatari*; it has no table of contents, but seems to be an old manuscript of *Uji shūi*'.

XI. An incomplete manuscript in the possession of Kobayashi Tadao. The text is close to IV. It has no title label, but has *Uji shūi* written on the cover. Watanabe and Nishio have no suggestion to make about the date of this text.

TABLE 3. *The dates of Japanese stories in 'Uji shūi'*

In this table, the Japanese tales of historical (but not necessarily only famous) figures whose action can be dated at least approximately are grouped according to period.

Before 800 85, 165, 178, 186 (perhaps also 89)

800–1050 1, 4, 9, 18, 20–1, 23–4, 26–9, 31–2, 35, 39–40, 49–51, 55, 59–61, 63, 68–9, 81, 84, 94–5, 97, 102, 105–6, 111, 114, 117–18, 120–2, 124–8, 132, 134–5, 139–46, 148–52, 157–8, 161–3, 166, 170, 172, 176–7, 182–4, 187, 191, 193

Second half of eleventh century 34, 41, 46, 67, 71
(but possibly before 1070)

Late eleventh century (definitely after 1070) 10, 57, 79, 93, 180

Late eleventh or early twelfth century 6, 11, 66, 74, 78, 115–16, 129, 181, 185

Twelfth century 2, 14, 62, 64–5, 72, 75, 80, 98–100, 179, 182, 188, 190

(In addition, the action of 159 is to be dated sometime between the abdication in 1198 and the death in 1239 of Go-Toba.)

TABLE 4. *'Uji shūi' correspondences with 'Konjaku', 'Uchigiki', 'Kokon' and 'Kojidan'*

As *Kojidan* (*KD*) stories are not numbered, page references to the *Kokushi taikei* edition are given, as well as the numbers indicating in which of the six books the stories occur.

US No.	Category	Parallels
1	B E	*KD* 3/p. 63 *KM* 12/36
4	A	*KD* 2/pp. 56–7
7	D	*KD* 3/pp. 77–8
9	A	*KD* 3/p. 66
16	E	*KM* 17/1
18	B	*KM* 20/17
20	D	*UGS* 4
23	B	*KM* 28/30
24	B	*KM* 20/44
25	B	*KM* 28/20
27	B	*KM* 23/16
28	D	*KM* 25/7
29	B	*KM* 28/4

TABLE 4 *continued.*

US No.	Category	Parallels
30	B	*KM* 10/36
31	B	*KM* 29/21
32	D	*KM* 20/3
35	E	*KD* 2/pp. 44–5
39	B	*KM* 29/31
40	A	*KSS* 18
41	A	*KSS* 20
42	A	*KSS* 21
43	A	*KSS* 25
44	D	*KM* 17/24
45	D	*KM* 17/45
50	E	*KM* 30/2
54	B	*KM* 26/15
55	D	*KM* 15/4
56	B	*KM* 26/20
58	D	*KM* 15/22
59	C	*KM* 19/2
60	A	*KD* 2/p. 48
61	A	*KD* 3/p. 67
63	A	*KD* 5/p. 109
64	A	*KD* 5/p. 100
65	A	*KD* 3/p. 73
66	A	*KD* 4/p. 90
67	A	*KD* 3/p. 68
68	A	*KD* 3/p. 69
69	A	*KD* 3/pp. 58–9
84	E B	*UGS* 25 *KM* 27/3
85	A D	*KSS* 56 *KM* 3/22
86	A B	*KSS* 57 *KM* 16/37
87	A E	*KSS* 64 *KM* 16/6
88	A	*KSS* 66
89	A B	*KSS* 69 *KM* 19/11
90	B	*KM* 10/30
91	B	*KM* 5/1
92	B	*KM* 5/18
93	B	*KM* 22/36
94	D	*KM* 28/23
95	B C	*KM* 20/40 *KSS* 49
96	A B	*KSS* 58 *KM* 16/28
97	C E	*KM* 24/3 *KD* 2/p. 44
101	A B	*KSS* 65 *KM* 11/26
102	B	*KM* 14/29
103	B E	*KD* 3/p. 51 *KM* 12/7
104	B	*KM* 20/19
105	C	*KM* 13/9
106	B	*KM* 20/10
107	B	*UGS* 10
108	B E	*KM* 16/7 *KSS* 54
111	B D	*KM* 24/55 *KSS* 44
112	B	*KM* 19/20
113	A	*KD* 6/p. 115
116	A	*KD* 6/p. 115
117	D	*KD* 3/p. 57
118	B	*KM* 27/20
119	D	*KM* 26/7
120	B	*KM* 31/25
121	B	*KM* 31/26
122	B	*KM* 24/18
124	B	*KM* 28/21
126	C	*KM* 24/16
127	C	*KM* 24/16
128	B	*KM* 25/9
131	A D	*KSS* 59 *KM* 16/30
132	B	*KM* 23/15
135	A	*KD* 3/p. 88
136	B	*KM* 19/12
137	C	*KM* 4/9
138	D	*KM* 4/25
139	E	*UGS* 17
140	C	*KM* 19/3
141	C	*KM* 12/35
142	C	*UGS* 26
143	C	*KM* 19/18
144	E	*KD* 3/p. 75
145	D	*KM* 28/24
146	A	*KSS* 11
147	A	*KSS* 38
148	A B	*KSS* 40 *KM* 19/13
149	A B	*KSS* 41 *KM* 24/43
150	A	*KSS* 22
151	A B E	*KSS* 27 *KM* 27/2 *KD* 1/p. 4
152	C	*KM* 19/5
161	B	*KM* 26/13
162	B	*KM* 28/6
163	B	*KM* 27/40

TABLE 4 *continued.*

164	B	*KM* 9/13	180	C	*KM* 25/16
	B	*UGS* 21	183	B	*KM* 20/43
166	B	*KM* 23/24	184	D	*KD* 6/p. 127
167	B	*KM* 9/18	185	B	*KM* 24/29
168	B	*KM* 20/34	187	D	*KM* 31/11
169	B	*KM* 20/12	188	B	*KD* 6/p. 129
170	C	*KM* 11/11	191	A	*KSS* 32
	D	*UGS* 16		B	*KM* 14/35
171	C	*KM* 5/31	192	A	*KSS* 61
	B	*UGS* 20		D	*KM* 17/47
172	C	*KM* 19/2	193	B	*KM* 20/7
173	B	*KM* 20/39		B	*KD* 9/pp. 56–7
	E	*KD* 9/p. 58	194	E	*KD* 3/p. 75
174	B	*KM* 4/6	195	A	*UGS* 2
176	B	*KM* 29/20		B	*KM* 6/1
177	B	*KM* 23/22	196	D	*KM* 10/11
178	B	*KM* 16/19	197	B	*KM* 10/15

TABLE 5. '*Konjaku*' correspondences with '*Uji shūi*', '*Kohon*' and '*Uchigiki*'

KM	*US*	*KSS*	*UGS*
Book 3			
22	85	56	—
30	—	—	12
Book 4			
6	174	—	—
9	137	—	—
24	—	63	13
25	198	—	—
Book 5			
1	91	—	—
3	—	—	15
18	92	—	—
31	171	—	20
32	—	—	7
Book 6			
1	133	—	4
2	—	—	22
3	—	—	1
4	—	—	3
5	—	—	8
6	—	—	9
Book 9			
13	164	—	21
18	167	—	—

TABLE 5 *continued.*

KM	*US*	*KSS*	*UGS*
Book 10			
9	152	—	—
10	90	—	—
11	196	—	—
15	197	—	—
36	30	—	—
Book 11			
2	—	60	—
11	170	—	18
12		—	16
25	—	—	6
28		—	5
36	101	65	—
Book 12			
7	103	—	—
21	—	47	
24	—	70	—
35	141		
36	1	—	—
Book 13			
3	105	—	—
Book 14			
29	110	—	—
35	191	52	—
41	—	—	19
42		51	23
45	—	—	11
Book 15			
4	56	—	—
22	58	—	
27	—	—	27
Book 16			
4	—	53	
6	87	64	—
7	108	54	—
19	179	—	—
28	96	58	—
30	131	59	—
37	88	57	—
Book 17			
1	16	—	—
24	44	—	—
25	15	—	
46	—	62	—
47	92	61	

TABLE 5 *continued.*

KM	*US*	*KSS*	*UGS*
Book 19			
2	59 172	—	—
3	119	—	—
5	—	28	—
11	89	69	—
12	136	—	—
13	148	40	—
17	—	1	—
18	143	—	—
20	114	—	—
40	95	40	—
41	—	49	—
Book 20			
3	32	—	—
7	198	—	—
10	106	—	—
12	169	—	—
13	104	—	—
34	160	—	—
35	178	—	—
43	193	—	—
44	84	—	—
Book 22			
7	—	—	94
Book 23			
15	132	—	—
16	27	—	—
20	176	—	—
21	31	—	—
22	177	—	—
24	168	—	—
Book 24			
3	97	—	—
16	146 127	—	—
18	122	—	—
22	105	—	—
23	—	24	—
33	—	2	—
34	— —	2 31	—
38	—	32	—
43	149	10	—
44	—	45	—
46	—	47	—
47	—	29	—
48	—	34	—
49	—	33	—
51	—	5	—

TABLE 5 *continued.*

KM	*US*	*KSS*	*UGS*
52	—	4	—
54	—	35	—
55	111	44	—
56	93	—	—
Book 25			
7	20	—	—
9	128	—	—
Book 26			
4	99	—	—
7	119	—	—
10	56	—	—
13	161	—	—
15	54	—	—
16	180	—	—
17	18	—	—
Book 27			
2	151	27	—
3	84	—	25
26	118	—	—
42	163	—	—
Book 28			
6	162	—	—
20	95	—	—
21	124	—	—
23	94	—	—
24	145	—	—
30	23	—	—
Book 29			
31	99	—	—
Book 30			
1	91	—	—
Book 31			
11	187	—	—
15	120	—	—
29	121	—	—

TABLE 6. *The introductory formulas used in 'Uji shūi'*

This table is based on the edition of Watanabe and Nishio. It should be noted that in all the cases marked with an asterisk, there is a variant reading *kore mo ima wa mukashi*. The abbreviations used are: I = *Ima wa mukashi*, Ki = *kore mo ima wa mukashi*, M = *mukashi* and Km = *Kore mo mukashi*.

US No.	Formula	*US* No.	Formula	*US* No.	Formula
1	I	91	M	135–6	Ki
2	Ki	92	Km	137–8	M
3	Km*	93	I	139–40	—
4–6	Ki	94	I*	141–5	M
7–8	—	95	Ki	146–58	I
9	Ki	96–7	I	159	—
10	I*	98–100	Ki	160–2	I
11–15	Ki	101	I	163–5	M
16–23	I	102–3	Ki	166–8	I
24–33	M	104–7	M	169–70	M
34–5	I	108–9		171–6	I
36–9	Ki	110	M	177	M
40–3	I	111–12	I	178	I
44–6	Ki	113	M	179–83	Ki
47–52	I	114	I	184	I*
53	M	115–17	Ki	185	Ki
54	—	118–25	I	186	I
55	I	126	M	187	I*
56–9	—	127	—	188–91	Ki
60	I	128	M	192–3	I
61–71	Ki	129–30	Ki	194	Ki
72	Km*	131–2	I	195–6	I
73–83	Ki	133	Ki	197	Ki
84–90	I	134	M		

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